

## Every Time I Die

### "Grudge Music"

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Deaf, blind granite block content to graze with familiar stock.

A local lard not an English black, we don't venture into the fog.

Homeward bound and gagged not twenty steps from the door.

Dispensable as cooks at sea or journalists sent to war. No one found me spellbinding, no one offered me a drink.

But by crippled hands at the potters wheel,  
I was given shape and sex appeal.

Sent to work the graveyard shift at heaven's JDC.

A legend to the peasants there, lights had caught me unaware.

I've wandered into your graces, so how do I get out?  
I want out...

It's been quiet for too long,  
but pompous phrases and alarms can't help you now.  
And every pervert outside of every fence has had his fill of your kids.  
He's clocking out.

Such indecisive crusaders; a martyr made into a scenic blur.

A lookout into a left behind; what wounded pride.  
No one finds me spellbinding, no one's buying me a drink.

I've been fed to the lions; left high and dry by the 8th circle of hell.

Where are the spoils? I want the ticker tape parade.  
Damn these filthy rats.

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