

Jana Mashonee

"You Wake Up Deadmen"

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You wake up deadmen
With your loose sex
You shout at them, C'mon
And as they fumble in half-delirium
You smash them back down dead
With a thud
Or drain them dry and throw them aside like an empty
bottle
Always keeping them as a collector
In a nearby trash barrel
Unless they completely break
And are fortunate enough to be swept away
And you, all knowing handler
You heartlessly say
You don't know me, you don't know
And we turn further to the grave
More lost than ever before
Unless some unknown force
And even then that island is an enigma (?)
And they long for the trash barrel
And your scathing rebuke
Ah you knew them well
Before you consulted the night
And their dreary ways
Your instinct is the truest thing
Your hate is the staunchest foe
Your queen bee love leaves a lot to be desired
Take it from a friend

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