

Lard "Forkboy"

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A fork is a cold shiny tool
To pierce, tear and ingest
Whoever has the fork in hand
Controls the meal of its choice
We're told the first few punctures
They're for our own good
Better carved up in pieces
Than blown up in the oven
Agh! Agh! Agh!
Forkboy
Flies by night on stolen fuel
To Santa Rosa, CA
Opens a fake employment office
"Want a job? Go get me drugs"
People desperate for work
Return to quite a surprise
Busted for intent to sell
Cops pay him a bounty
Forkboy skips town
Agh! Agh! Agh! Agh!
We came
We peed
We conquered
You bleed
The choice:
Fork Boy
Or Finger Food

Ugly joy
What does it replace?
Why wait
When you can eat yourself alive today
Junk bondage takeover glutton
Ready to bore in
Unfold his rotary blades inside
Pull the guts out and resell them
Buys out his next target
With the last one's pension funds
Thousands more thrown out of work
So Leona won't have to settle for a mint
Forkboy
Picked by the FBI

To be the black pied piper
After Dr. King died
Watches soap operas on TV
While 6 billion's disappears from HUD
Who are you working for
What did you hope to gain
Why do you hate your past
So much you destroy the ones you love
Forkboy!

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