

Circle Of Dead Children

"Corsage Of Fresh Meat And Rotted Pride"

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Climb the fibrous ladder dear friend
Watch your head
Watch your step
Chained meat-hook your new ally and playmate
Hang yourself from the virginal I-beam above
Hang from your anatomically correct eye sockets
A perfect match for the grapple
Hang like the meat you have been farmed to become
Hang raw and arrogant
Watch the gold-wash
Watch the spin and spit
Sweat, drip, foam and hiss
Hang like meat
Dangle in indifference
Suspend above the spectators
Fresh meat sways
Rotted pride withers
Raw

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