

The Irish Front "Monsterbation"

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Three hairless men lay before us handing out cold film,
Made from our ancestors!
Each one bore through thick feet and into our home.
The walls drink quicksand and swallow furniture.

Half formed dogs burst from the chest and feed
cancer patients,
Spoon fulls of vulgar tasting women,
None the less they all hatch,
None the less they begin to hatch.
They all hatch!
And chant the alphabet to their god fathers.
Commonly people are surrounded by chicken wire,
And grown in crops and rows.

Touching yourself to ugly girls with ugly faces,
"Oh honey that's what we call monsterbation."
Ooo-ooo-ooo.
We are the engineers, we are the engineers.

Fumes spill from our eggs the cracks forge with fruits
and snakes,
But honestly were all incubated,
Felt fed ejaculated,
Fought freed and running underwater.

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