

Alice DeeJay

"Mrs Hayes"

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Mrs. Hayes
Takes a fork
And stabs in her husband's neck

Rips his tounge
From his throat.
And slashes at his fatty jowls.

It's just a dream
A drunken dream
But it makes her feel better.

30 Years
Of wasted...

Mr. Hayes
Lives alone
With his maid and cook.

"Get over here!
Get over here!
Christ! You're an idiot!"

30 Years
Of wasted life

My small comfort when I go.
When I go.
Is he'll be rotting in a home.
A breathing corpse.
Open casket Mr. Hayes.
When I go.

You...
..Gave...
..Me...
..NOTHING!!!

NO-O-O-O-O-O!!!

