

Beef Supreme

"Death Shuts It's Mouth"

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A shiny vine that climbs up the side and grinds all the
mortar out
A tiny worm that winds through your mind and tunnels
deep throughout
A photograph in fading color, a bruise that's yet to
bloom
Death slowly shuts it's mouth and ups to leave the room

A little shiver that soon proves feverish, shaking,
sweating for air
A magician's swift illusion, a hope that was never there
A scalpel in a shaking hand, a clotting pool of doubt
Death slowly shakes his head, 'cuz he'll sit this one out

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