

Gaza

"Hospital Fat Bags"

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Jesus is tight, but you'd probably find more happiness
with a good plastic surgeon.

I'm chewing on dog teeth and hospital fat bags.

So maybe we should welcome it with open arms?

And should you smell the burning and hear the
screaming.

You can't tell yourself we didn't deserve it.

Piles of human and antiseptic as we cut the ugly.

Mothers wielding crosses made of children bones.

Armies of the half dead with their arms to the sky.

Those who spoke against him bled from their throats
as their jaws had been torn away.

We knew it was blood because it was warmer than the
air.

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