

Residents

"Kick A Picnic"

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Afterwards, it's like a dream
You can't remember but it seems
To stay alive inside your mind
And pray upon your leisure time

It happens in an open spot
The air is sticky and it's hot
First they take away our clothes
Then they lay us down in rows

A cloud appears and melts away
The flesh of some while others stay
Machines that look like little cars
Consume the bones and count the scars

Kick a cat, a cat, a cat today
Fish are dumb, pluck an eye from one

Is everybody ready for the picnic in the jungle?
Is everybody ready for the picnic in the jungle?
Is everybody ready for the picnic in the jungle?
Is everybody ready for the picnic in the jungle?

We're in a place that no one knows
We are prisoners of those
No one sees and no one hears
But everybody hates and fears

Every day they leave a tray
And take an empty one away
On that tray are chicken legs
Potato salad and some eggs

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