

Palehorse

"Don't Die On An Empty Stomach"

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You discovered ostrich eggs in your back yard
Where you buried your neighbour's body and his dog
Vomitory string quartet in your front yard
Where you buried your wife and children
And all hope
So let go, and be a good boy
And do your best to forget
You have the god-given right to lose everything
I want to see you keep trying just to fail again
There's not enough bullets in this world for me
To shoot you as many times as I want to
You'll be a good boy
Suffering's just a page in a book
That you burnt everytime you were naked as a child
Who would pay to be interred and for the last breath
Funeral, who cares? I'll be dead I won't care
Just like you, you won't care and who would?
Portioned body
You won't care cause you'll be dead just like me
And this will be the last time
So don't fool yourself
No-one comes back

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