

Showbread

"Welcome to the plainfield tobe hooper"

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That thing inside my ribs is like a pile of reptiles,
Pressed on splintered vertebrae, so cold, so
claustrophobic,
Echoing in hollow fruit are orders sent with love to you,
To serve a will more shallow still than paramecium

I'll bet your hands are beautiful,
I'm sure your head is beautiful,
But the world is ugly,
The world is ugly and it's true,
I'll bet your hands are beautiful,
I'm sure your head is beautiful,
But with world is ugly,
The world is ugly even after you

Invertebrates now contemplate your lavishing and
humble service,
All set to hide behind the guise that this empty thing
can't hurt us,
Sensationalized for virgin eyes, it's graphic, it's
disturbing,
And it's worse still to think it's real,
Degrading and unnerving

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