

# Archive, Children They Feed

Children they feed teeth clenched tight  
Don't let them see, on either side  
What they can't hear, won't hurt them no  
Keep them well fed, this one's bone dry  
Bring me the next, the promising eyes  
Diminishing light of your soul  
The devil he calls, in the industry halls  
The honest disguise, bloated and blue  
It's time for a star, the siblings are full  
Pretty and clean  
Prepare to be spilled  
Stay on your knees and please them all