

Franks Enemy, Cannibalized

Put them in the jars
Stomach will not turn
Waste raw factory matter
Chewed instead of burned
This is rage
Usable resources
The trains will run on time
With coal of placenta
Food of the gods of the mind
This is rage
Toothpick bones in the goo
Eggshell cranium blue
What you eat you were
There is no place for tears
After all that's been cheered
What you eat you were
Pain or no pain
There is a face and name
What you eat you were
The imagery has been played with
Non-points well-made
Illustrating lack of purpose
Win by denying the game
It will take landing in back yards
And stomachs being cut open
And questionnaires filled out
At one's own dying moment