

The Dead Won't Mind

Vulture Industries

One by one send them shuffling down the slope. in a jumble to tied together with string or rope. In pairs or clustered like the ticks in a dead dog's ear. The deceased... the dead... they just don't care. You know the dead won't mind.

They won't mind if we cut them up into tiny little bits, if we take away their children, throw them into the streets. Sells them off for science or feed them to the throng, the dead are easy; with the dead you can't go wrong. Grind their bones to dust to fill in the cracks, or hang them up as warnings along the hangman's rack. Dead dogs don't bark, nor do dead dogs leave their mark. The dead are easy, with the dead you can't go wrong.