

My Severed Head

Alice Donut

What if my...
Head were severed.
By the gears...
Of a carbine.
And it landed several feet from my convulsing twitching body.
On the stump of my neck.

It took seven minutes
for the blood to drain.
Would I be conscious.
Be conscious
and able to see?

Initially,
I'd be upset.
For fucking up...
in such a tremendous fashion.
But I'd get easily distracted
I've got a tendency toward sloth.
Be a trooper, keep my chin up.
Ponder something pointless.

Am I my head or my body?
Am I my body or my head?
I think I'm more...
..attached to...
..my head emotionally.

(Instrumental Break)

It's horrible.
The average death.
In a hospital room
Stuck on a Frankenstein machine.
I hope I die in a freakish way,
by an act of sheer stupidity.
Something like....(2x)

Electric shaver in a bathtub.
A lunchbox falling from a scaffold,
drops twenty floors...
..and crushes...
..me like an insect.

(Instrumental Climax)