

Innocence, smiles in the playground  
As a grey man, touches her hair  
"Sweets for a pretty girl ?"  
But she's not such a silly girl  
As she slaps the hand away

Poison on my plate, so hungry I ate  
Poison on my plate, so hungry  
I feel, the steel, inside  
Our mouths open wide  
We sharpen our teeth, and flexing our jaws  
We bite the hand that feed us

He grows to be big and strong  
Eats the vegetables, joins their family  
The ignorance he found  
Helps the medicine go down  
Helps the stale untruths taste nicer

Poison on my plate, so hungry I ate  
Poison on my plate, so hungry  
The lies, disguise wears thin  
The fasting begins  
The scraping of chairs, cutlery screams  
When may we leave the table ?