

A Gentleman's Sport

Every Time I Die

Vague men tied to a stake.
Gather round your little ones.
Feast your eyes.
Steady your arm, behold!

We hit shore dragging miles of verse.
Poisoned food on the line,
we're throwing it back.

Thought the meat of this kill
would feed starving artists for centuries.

Skin him!
Got him!
This is not what we bargained for.
He is worthless unless he is whole.

Make bait.
Food for thought.
Spit back every hound.
Spit back every hound.

All that we hunt for, we are.
All that we hunt for, we are.
All that we hunt for, we are.
All that we hunt for, we are.

Plastic rabbits, white elephants.
An unclothed singularity is the fox
that the dogs couldn't reach.

Skin him!
Got him!

The contaminated repast
for the head of the bachelor band.
Make bait.
Food for thought.

You have no idea what you're up against,
you have no idea.
Chewed off my very own head to get me out of this trap.
Chewed off my very own head to get me out of this trap.
Chewed off my very own head to get me out of this trap.
Chewed off my very own head to get me out of this trap.

Bring me the tongue.
Everything else is fat.
Salvage the tongue.
Discard the rest of him.
Bring me the tongue.
Everything else is fat.

Bring me the tongue.
Bring me the tongue.
Bring me the tongue.

Throw back the rest of him.