

Sick Butchers

Flux of Pink Indians

I used to graze in a field,
I used to breathe - I used to be alive
Did chew the grass in the field
Could see and hear the world around me
See and fear man around me
Had a virgin skin but now sold in supermarkets
Now studded blankets
Used to hear the cars and the birds going by
And the people going by, they were my destiny
They were my reason, my purpose in this field
For their plates their cold bodies their car seat covers
My soul for your soles of shoes
You may like my taste you may like my warmth
It may say in the bible that you can kill me
...but I dont want to die

You try to stroke me in a field then go home
And eat me as your meal