

Year of the Pig

Fucked Up

Pigs at the trough show no fear
Fat full of death they will not starve this year
Feed stains their skin in the mud
Fed through the nose plant their feet in the blood

Pigs at the trough getting fat
Surfeit of the beast turned to tricks for a feast
Tear into the filth like a whore
Suck the meat from the bones leave the corpse on the floor

Pigs at the trough disappear
One final meal before kissing the spear
Skins on the hook left to dry
Just use the flesh pay no mind to the hide

Pigs at the trough slit and squeal
Done up and stuck like a pig for a meal
Painted and tied and dressed up
Get it on your hands as it fills your cup

Pigs at the trough are to blame
They are the monsters we never became
they poison our crops and our name
We hate that we need them to manage our shame

Pigs at the trough live in grime
Carrión meals fit for these profane swine
No mind to the scum they live in
They tremble in fear as they swallow your sin

Pigs at the trough swell and burst
Bearing the brunt as they launder the cursed
We keep our pigs in a pen
Our place to defile again and again and again and again

Pigs killing pigs turned to pigs killing pigs
Pigs fed to pigs turned to pigs fed to pigs
The farmers asleep under the tree
No ones here watching over us

Ashamed of what pigs mean to men
Ashamed of what we do to them
Ashamed of the pig in our head
Ashamed so we kill them instead

Pigs at the trough are obscene
Punish the products but not the machine
Pregnant with guilt and disgrace
Delivering scorn on the mess they create

The pigs at the trough are pristine
They live in our dirt and still they stay clean
Recoil from the stigma and hate
And suffer the pig who can't change its fate