

Why don't you build yourself any higher temple of flesh?
These grounds are disgusting,
But your pores are starving maybe we can feed off of conversati
on.
Hunger drives us close to the corpse
And impure thought drive us closer to feeding them.
But this is just how things are, complex.
With these gnashing teeth their pointing fingers are unforgivin
g,
But I don't know when the next time is that I'll be eating