

# Forkboy

Lard

A fork is a cold shiny tool  
to pierce, tear and ingest.  
Whoever has the fork in hand  
controls the meal of its choice.  
We're told the first few punctures,  
they're for our own good.  
Better carved up in pieces  
than blown up in the oven.

Agh! Agh! Agh!

Forkboy,  
flies by night on stolen fuel  
to Santa Rosa, CA  
opens a fake employment office.  
"Want a job? Go get me drugs".  
People desperate for work  
return to quite a surprise.  
Busted for intent to sell.  
Cops pay him a bounty,  
forkboy skips town.

Agh! Agh! Agh!

We came,  
we peed,  
we conquered,  
you bleed.

The choice:  
Fork boy  
or finger food.

Ugly joy,  
what does it replace?  
Why wait  
when you can eat yourself alive today.

Junk bondage takeover glutton,  
ready to bore in.  
Unfold his rotary blades inside,  
pull the guts out and resell them.  
Buys out his next target  
with the last one's pension funds.  
Thousands more thrown out of work,  
so Leona won't have to settle for a mint.

Forkboy,  
picked by the FBI,  
to be the black pied piper  
after Dr. King died.  
Watches soap operas on TV  
while 6 billion's disappears from HUD.  
Who are you working for,  
what did you hope to gain,  
why do you hate your past.  
So much you destroy the ones you love.

Forkboy!