

Time to Melt

Lard

Lay me down on a griddle of sweat
lay me down, it's been a long day
time to unwind, time to relax
let the tension flow away.

My body's weary and full of holes
hollow jets in my fingers and toes
too tired to masturbate
no sound in the dark as I float in outer space.

Touch down on an astroturf plain
peewee gold balls roll by my face
golf tees hammered through my feet and my hands
nailed as an example again.

Tied down with fishing line
lilipution sacrifice
fireworks go off, I hear the cheers
smell the hot dogs
smell the mustard and beer.

Sharp needles pierce my flesh
hypodermics press down and inject
20 gallons of Canfield's Fudge Soda
effervescent bubbling chocolate blood.

Micron by micron my flesh starts to melt
all that's left is brain and bones
hot beams on the cool wet sand
bury me - with the help of the wind and the waves.

Submerged in the cool soil
earthworms crawl in and crawl out
further down is the underground aquifer cave
the bats and blindfish
are all my friends.

Soil hardens and it starts to crack
the lake is dry as the desert air
sidewinders crawl through my eye sockets
their soft white underbelly feels like love.

Blowing tumbleweeds stick to my ribs
night falls, the sky is red
Captain Beefheart flies up on gargoyle wings
talons reach down to take me back again.

Reborn on a bed of white
incubator filters out the light
a thousand breasts massage my face
but life is calling to take me away.
("Open up! We have a warrant!")
Learn to walk another day,
learn to walk another day,
ohm, ohm, ohm, ohm...