

Cooker

Made Out Of Babies

Oh swallow something
canned, frozen ungodly festering source
dragging and kicking and screaming for more
that burns, burns

Hands on the table right where I can see them run
(who's the sow for)
Small vacant things that wind up so willing
(who's the sow for)
Burns on my knees, scrapes that I scrape
(who's the sow for)
Five minutes drag down pillow's wet ache
(who's the sow for)

I can see the waiting up
I'm willing burns are fine
they're serious
the things I see your mouth saying
the words come out

Run, run for your life
run for the take
Harder the beating
The sooner the ache

Run, run for your life
run for the take
Harder the beating
The sooner the
sow, sow, sow, sow

Hands on the table right where I can see them run
(who's the sow for)
Small vacant things that wind up so willing
(who's the sow for)
Burns on my knees, scrapes that I scrape
(who's the sow for)
Five minutes drag down pillow's wet ache
(who's the sow for)

I can see you all stop living
Oh we could sing out
And talk about things
Stop wondering why, how

Run, run for your life
run for the take
Harder the beating
The sooner the
sow, sow, sow, sow

Run, run for your life
run for the beating, the heart
The feeding, the taking
the sow, sow, sow, sow

Run, run for your life

run for the beating, the heart
The feeding, the eating
the bigger the plate

The pig on the take
There's more for the bank
The mongrels are barking too
Sow, sow, sow, sow

Run, run for your life
Run for the beating, the feeding
The eating, defeating
The scream, scream for your life
Scream for the eating the beating the feeding
Deaf eating the sow