

## 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