

Bodies

Parquet Courts

Bodies made of slugs and guts
Rusted bench seats been stuck in ruts full of bodies
Made of slugs and guts
Sludged all the way through the mud to orate to some
Bodies made of slugs and guts
Mister's suit was stained like a sweatshop
I said, "It's my soul, I wanna keep it on the inside."

Bodies made of sparks and dust
Slumped and prone to the lore and lust
Christened, then soaked futile
Listless souls dampened the aisle of bodies made of slugs and guts
Spoke like a layman but resounded like tongues to the bodies made of
Slugs and guts
He spit when he spoke and sang like a wasp nest
I said, "It's my soul, I wanna keep it on the inside"