

Human Eyeballs On Toast

Peter Broderick

Feathers and a cage too small
Chemicals that make us tall
Too fast, too fast

All my friends look the same
All of us feel the same pain
Always pain

All official sunlight here
Perfectly calibrated here
And it feels wrong

So every time I see a man
I dream about his face in a frying pan
Human eyeballs on toast

But when they sear off my beak
I realize just how weak
We are, we are

And if I had a bigger brain
I'd surely find a way to take my own life
I'd end it all right here
Before my meat is how they want it
Mmhmm

But that might be the only part of my body
That you haven't tried to change
My alter life is the worst miracle
My peanut can't imagine