

Grubbery (Burnt to a Crisp)

Stolen Babies

You are mistaken when you come with shovels in your hands
The ghosts caught between your teeth will find their way home

And empty hides left that you sniff out, will consume you
Take themselves back
Watching your teeth bend closer to the ground
Raining from your mouth, watering and hungry
As as your feet walk closer to the mouth
You'll be the grubbery for your robbery

And how you will pay for the rush of rot through your heart
The fork turns beneath the ground
It ends this way

You cannot keep all the lives that you eat...
And empty hides left that you sniff out, will consume you
Take themselves back
When you chew now, you should look out
When the ground moves, hungry like you