

Trash Flavored Trash

The Blood Brothers

I've spent
22 years in this zoo of broken faces.
Parents and school children watch me sit on this neon nest, naked.

There's a girl in a cage making love to a switchblade
there's a man behind bars milking abandoned cars.
there's a priest in shackles building bombs out of bibles.
And piano wire vines and the men in the pines
that spin round and round and round and round and round.

take me to the pit of celebrity pregnancies.

I want to wear the skin of a magazine baby.

Take me to the pit of celebrity pregnancies.
The five o'clock news is a fucking fantasy.

I stole the rice from the beggars death bowl
in this zoo of broken faces.
I told a widow that she was beautiful
when half of her smile was missing.
and I know my addition:
gun plus gun equals bang bang bang.
And I know my division:
trash into trash equals trash flavored trash.

I want to see more dirty places.
Take me to the hall of filthy faces.

There's a girl behind chicken wire coughing up ghosts.
There's a housewife in a cage that vacuums all day.
There's a boy in a toupee speaking in resumes.
and the teeth-heads with no eyes on the carousel rides that spin
round and round and round and round and round.

I've paid my submission.
I've seen the petition.
I've done my addition.
And I've done my division:
trash into trash equals trash flavored trash.