

Upper Decker

The Red Chord

Dress it up and scent it with disgust.
Shit your pants and run for your life.
As days turn to weeks and the finger starts to numb.
Whose toast is this?
Give it to me.
Who fucking cares.
Fuck it.
It's mine now.
A shift in power and class placement.
And that noise?
It's just inside your head.
You run.
Screaming bloodlust.
What's that?
It's just inside your head.
It tastes great as the words leave your mouth.
So try to scream with the cord around your throat.
As days turn to weeks and the finger starts to numb.
Whose toast is this?
Who fuckin cares?
He was a God.
He was a hit man.
He was a henchman.
A cartoon character.
Think of all the silly things that have passed you by.
Onto the upper deck as your life has gone away.
He was a God.
He was a hit man.
He was a henchman.
A cartoon character.
Onto the upper deck it comes.
Right on the face.
The time has come.
Say sorry.
It's time to run.
It is like the ultimate money shot right on the face.
It's funny how job security works in this business.
From the top of the ladder to a world of shit.
Respected and feared to a babbling mess.
I heard you were a serious guy in your day.
The guy people saw when they needed things taken care
of.
And with all your fall from the highest of places, it's
the ultimate money shot right on the face.
In retrospect, it could have been worse.
On the upper deck and the taste of disgust.
Think back.
Now it's gone.
With the snap of a finger, suddenly it was gone.
With the snip of your finger, wait to get the tip back
in the mail.
Raper.
Killer.
Earth-shatterer.
Raping.
Killing.
He's walking.

Upper deck.