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Abattoir Noises

the abattoir noises seem to run down in my shoes
makin' noises when I walk - splashin round my feet
can smell dead cow when I talk - odeur in the street
the butcher is tired, the knife always sharp
outside hear the bells ring
playin' the ribcages like a harp
the day's over but there is one more thing
the abattoir noises, like the prisoner behind the wall
between the meatpillars noone can hear you

caAAAAAAAAAAAAaall

---of a thinkin' piece of meat, take your pick, what to keep, take your time, can't feel the hook,
put to eternal

sleeEEEEEEEEeeep

the day's over but one more thing
for whom does the bells ring ?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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