The Meat of Life

Clem Snide

I fed upon the rotting fruit,
Split the stalk,
Inhaled the shoot.
Spread the spores with every laboured breath.
Spit dissolved the mushroom cap,
Stretch the tendons 'til they snap.
I gathered up the shells with bandaged hands.To grow the meat of life,
I will plant my seed.
To grow the meat of life,
I will.
I fed from the ripened fruit,
Naked 'neath the monkey suit.
The feasting ants found shelter in my shade.
Their tiny tongues invade the crops,
Unblinking eyes recieve the drops.
The crackling fire lulled me back to sleep.To grow the meat of life,
I will plant my seed.
To grow the meat of life,
I will.
To grow the meat of life,
I will plant my seed.
To grow the meat of life,
I will.
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I will.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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