

Killbot 2000

Murder By Death

a smell like cigarettes creeps softly through the vents
the room is filling up with smoke and little bodies
tell all the boys and girls from school
to keep breaking all the rules
to let their parents know they're individuals
datura flakes off from your lips
you've lost the swagger in your hips
your eyes are turning blue to gray
your skin feels soft and sagging down
your arms drag across the ground with each step you take and they fall from the jungle gyms
and they fall and piss away each night
among the sound of bodies crawling round the room
i can smell their flesh on everything left in this room
chalk and scattered crayons on empty desks
for weeks finding clumps of unwashed hair caught between the vents blowing carry their little bodies to the
cemetery so gently
please don't let their necks crook towards the ground.

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