The Butcher

Larkin Grimm

The pinecone told me what to do and I obeyed
Remind Apollo of the booster whom he flayed
I asked the butcher if he ever felt dismayed
counting organs in the body when the flesh is stripped awayWithout a mind
Without a body or a mind
Without a mind
Without a body or a numb and useless mindThe usefulness of being still has come and gone
just like the jolt of cruel dreams before the dawn
Or like that melting piece of ice you sit upon
becoming number than the feathers of a molting yellow swan
Without a mind
Without a body or a mind
Without a mind
Without a body or numb and useless mindI guess I'm sick I can't get up I try and try
I wipe the crusted out mascara from my eyes
I hear the songs that people sing before they die
There is a world above the blankets that are blocking out the skyWithout a mind
Without a body or a mind
Without a mind
Without a body or a numb and useless mindIn the streets where glass is ground into a powder fine
the drifting wind will blow it grinding through your mind
The curbs where skulls have cracked and teeth have been realigned
Old trees where multitudes of pissing dogs encounter the sublime
Without a mind
Without a body or a mind
Without a mind
Without a body or a numb and useless mind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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