

# 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 away  
Without a mind  
Without a mind  
Without a body or a numb and useless mind  
The 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 mind  
I 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 sky  
Without a mind  
Without a body or a mind  
Without a mind  
Without a body or a numb and useless mind  
In 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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