

Forkboy

Black Light Burns

A fork is a cold shiny tool
To pierce, tear and ingest
Whoever has the fork in hand
Controls the meal of its choice
We're told the first few punctures
They're for our own good
Better carved up in pieces
Than blown up in the oven
Forkboy
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Forkboy
Flies by night on stolen fuel
To Santa Rosa, CA
Opens a fake employment office
"Want a job? Go get me drugs"
People desperate for work
Return to quite a surprise
Busted for intent to sell
Cops pay him a bounty
Forkboy skips town
We came
We peed
We conquered
You bleed
The choice:
Forkboy

Or finger food
Ugly joy
What does it replace?
Why wait
When you can eat
Forkboy
Forkboy
Forkboy
Yourself alive today
Junk bondage takeover glutton
Ready to bore in

Unfold his rotary blades inside
Pull the guts out and resell them
 Buys out his next target
With the last one's pension funds
Thousands more thrown out of work
So Leona won't have to settle for a mint
 Forkboy Picked by the FBI
 To be the black pied piper
 After Dr. King died
 Watches soap operas on TV
While 6 billion disappears from HUD
 Who are you working for
 What did you hope to gain
 Why do you hate your past
 So much you destroy
 The ones you love
 Fork-boy

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