The Big Fall

A Wilhelm Scream

We've got our rope neckties.
The light fixture shedding sawdust keeps us hanging on.
Waiting for the movie rights to come,
but nobody wants to see us bruised and modest, feeding off ourselves.
Spent life avoiding all advice.
Who'd have thought the bottom we know would be so low down.
What did we do to get so fucked round after round?
I act like I knew it but sometimes I trick myself.
I have these delusions that this time it will work out.
From album to album, falling down.
We're skidding down the mountain now, should have brought the megaphone.
What keeps us hanging on?
Our stomachs, screaming, realize that we'll just eat each other,
and we're all starving now.
We're all starving now.

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