All Lined Up

Swans

I see them all lined up,
Like naked children at the wall.
Their skin is hanging off in sheets.
Each face is painted like a whore.
Their blood is shining in the sun.
Their wounds are powdered with white salt.
Their lips are shaping silent words:
I see my name as it spills out.
I see them walking on their knees,
Led in a chain by laughing girls.
I see them sucking on the dirt,
As if inhaling the whole world.
And one by one their throats are cut,
And each one sings his choking song.
And each one sings his lullaby,
And each one falls and then he's gone.
And I feel good,
Yeah, I feel fine.
And I feel good:
I've been waiting far too long...
I see their bodies in the pyre,
Leaking black smoke into the flames.
And all the people stand around,
Shaping lips into my name.
And soon the sun begins to sink,
Behind a wall of dirty air.
I see their bones there in the pile,
And taste the smell of burning hair.
And all the children howl for mile.
The rain spits down a million knives.
I see you running through the field.
I see you running for your useless life.
I feel you choking on your tongue,
I feel the breath attack your chest.
The dogs are ripping at your feet.
I see you bleeding out your happiness.
And I feel good,
Yeah, I feel fine.
And I feel good:

I finally got back what was always,
Rightfully mine.

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