Welcome To Plainfield Tobe Hooper

Showbread

That thing inside my ribs is like a pile of reptiles
Pressed on splintered vertebrae, so cold, so claustrophobic
Echoing in hollow fruit are orders sent with love to you
To serve a will more shallow still than parameciumIll bet your hands are beautiful
Im sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
The world is ugly and its trueIll bet your hands are beautiful
Im sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
The world is ugly even after youInvertebrates now contemplate your lavishing and humble service
All set to hide behind the guise that this empty thing cant hurt us
Sensationalized for virgin eyes, its graphic, its disturbing
And its worse still to think its real, degrading and unnervingIll bet your hands are beautiful
Im sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
So the world is ugly even after youIll bet your hands are beautiful
Im sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
The world is ugly and its trueIll bet your hands are beautiful
Im sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
The world is ugly even after you

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