Forkboy

Lard

A fork is a cold shiny tool to pierce, tear and ingest
Whatever 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 chewed up in pieces than blown up in the ovenOh, oh, oh, come on now
Forkboy, forkboy, forkboyForkboy flies by night on stolen fuel to Santa Rosa, CA
(Forkboy)
Opens a fake employment office, want a job, go get me drugs
(Forkboy)
People desperate for work return to quite a surprise
(Forkboy)
Busted for intent to sell, cops pay him a bounty, forkboy skips town
Oh, oh, ohWe 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 yourself alive today?Forkboy, forkboy, forkboy, forkboyJunk bondage take over glutton, ready to bore in
(Forkboy)
Unfold his rotary blades inside, pull the guts out and resell them
(Forkboy)
Buys out his next target with the last one's pension funds
(Forkboy)
Thousands more thrown out of work so
Leona won't have to settle for a mint
(Forkboy)Forkboy picked by the FBI to be the lack pied piper after Dr. King died
(Forkboy)
Watches soap operas on TV while 6 billion disappears from HUD
(Forkboy)
Who are you working for, what did you hope to gain?
(Forkboy)
Why do you hate your past so much you destroy the ones you love
(Forkboy)
Love
(Forkboy)

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