Celebrator

The Blood Brothers

I just want to join the party,
but the confetti falling is razor sharpened.
I just want to blow out the candles,
but the cake is sprinkled with punctured skulls.
I just want to celebrate,
but the stripper they hired lost both her legs.
I just want to join the party,
but the pinata's stuffed with oil and sand.
I just want the flag to be my baby,
but her kissing breath is so revolting.
Tastes like hospitals, machine guns, burning hair, McDonalds buns.
I peel the wrapping paper back,
and I'm staring at an amputee.
When they fish a corpse out of the pool
the applause light goes beep, beep, beep, beep, beep.
And every soldier's spewing black cum from their victory hard on.
I want to celebrate!
And the clown in the fight suit is cracking jokes to the camera crew.
I want to celebrate!The children smile and clap their hands
when they pull another baby from the rubble.
While their parents scamper for a partner to dance the freedom shuffle.
I just want to join the party,
but the song on the karaoke says,
"If you want to celebrate compassion is crulety and hip, hip, hooray!"
And every soldier's spewing black cum from their victory hard on.
I want to celebrate!
And the clown in the fight suit is cracking jokes to the camera crew.
I want to celebrate!
Wolf-faced gladiators always ruin a party.
They lick your punch, bomb out your windows, feel up your wife,
chew up your clothes.And every soldier's spewing black cum from their victory hard on.
I want to celebrate!
And the clown in the fight suit is cracking jokes to the camera crew.
I want to celebrate!

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