Fucking's Greatest Hits

The Blood Brothers

Verse 1:
Ring out the gong again!
Carve out this hymn in skin!
When the party blacks out again
you're still eating headlines out of the newspaper bin.
Slap the gong again!
Carve out this hymn in skin!Chorus:
Happy birthday gelatins smearing bruises on your chin.
There's cake but no mouth, conch but no sound,
glossy skeletons boyfriends but no friends.Verse 2:
Ring out the gong again!
Carve out this hymn in skin!
When they've pissed between every sheet of your father's bed
those tears have barcodes waiting to be scanned/scammed.
And when they've hurled every gutted couch cushion
from the living room into your fathers swimming pool,
you're bobbing chlorine apples in the broth bucket of envy's gruel.Chorus:
Happy birthday gelatins smearing bruises on your chin.
There's cake but no mouth, conch but no sound,
glossy skeletons boyfriends but no friends.Coda:
Ring! Ring! Ring out the gong!
Son now you've made it to the top of their list.
Congradulations your fucking's greatest hit!Afterward:
Behind husks of leather, photo albums sheild their laughter.
You thought they'd make you breakfast the morning after?
Your fantasy season gangrened off the calander.

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