Fork-Boy

Flotsam and Jetsam

A fork is a cold shiny tool
To pierce, tear and ingest
Whoever has the fork in hand
Controls the meal of its choiceWe're told the first few punctures
They're for our own good
Better carved up in pieces
Than blown up in the ovenForkboy
Forkboy
Forkboy
ForkboyFlies by night on stolen fuel
To Santa Rosa, CA
Opens a fake employment office
Want a job? Go get me drugsPeople desperate for work
Return to quite a surprise
Busted for intent to sell
Cops pay him a bounty
Forkboy skips townWe came, we peed
We conquered you bleed
The choice Forkboy
Or finger foodUgly joy
What does it replace?
Why wait
When you can eat yourself alive todayForkboy
Forkboy
Forkboy
ForkboyJunk bondage takeover glutton
Ready to bore in
Unfold his rotary blades inside
Pull the guts out and resell themBuys out his next target
With the last one's pension funds
Thousands more thrown out of work
So Leona won't have to settle for a mintForkboy picked by the FBI
To be the black pied piper after Dr. King died
Watches soap operas on TV
While 6 billion's disappears from HUDWho are you working for
What did you hope to gain
Why do you hate your past
So much you destroy the ones you loveForkboy
Forkboy

Forkboy
Forkboy

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