

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 fuit are orders sent with love to you
To serve a will more shallow still than paramecium

I'll bet your hands are beautiful.
I'm sure your head is beautiful,
but the world is ugly.
The world is ugly and it's true.
I'll bet your hands are beautiful.
I'm sure your head is beautiful,
but the world is ugly.
The world is ugly even after you.

Invertebrates now contemplate
your lavishing and humble service.
All set to hide behind the guise
that this empty thing can't hurt us.
Sensationalized for virgin eyes,
it's graphic, it's disturbing.
And it's worse still to think it's real.
Degrading and unnerving.