

Rats and Rats and Rats for Candy

The Blood Brothers

Mr. Howell: The dinner was fine until she opened her mouth.
Oh, Candy! Oh, Candy! Behind her teeth 15 rats started screaming and sobbing. Candy girl! Candy girl!

When we were kissing in the car
those rodents smoked cigars in her throat, blowing smoke.
(You turn on the lights and look a bit closer... there's shutters on her eyes, there's a door on her thigh.)

Candy: These rats are not living inside my hotel face.
They're just sick and they need a bed lined with fine lace.

Mr. Howell: You know that pity's got an ugly price tag.

Rats: Our fur feels like it's on fire. There's thorns growing on our bones.

Our hunger is x-rated.

Oh, mother, we love you so!

(Candy invites you upstairs, you say it's getting awfully late, but she yanks your hand through the door. Her clothes fall off and she presses into you. But those rats have chewed a hole straight through her navel and nipple.)

Mr. Howell: Oh, Candy. I've got to go.

Candy: Oh, won't you stay the night with me Mr. Howell!

These rats are not living inside my hotel face.

They're just sick and need a bed lined with fine lace.

Mr. Howell: You know that pity's got an ugly price tag. (2x)

Rats: Our muscles have turned to cement.

We're coughing up needles and nails.

Our veins are flowing barbed wire.

Oh, mother, we are so frail! but wait!

We've got a trick for him.

We twist tears into shit eaten grins.

(When you wake up in the morning you find yourself alone in Candy's bed. And everything is gone: paintings, jewels, songs. Candy's blowing in the breeze; those rats devoured her up in her sleep. Her skin's tied to the bed post like a flag on a ship of ghosts. You read the letter on the dresser; the sick brown sun rubbing in your soul).

Reading letter: Oh, mother, you should have known.

You should have seen through our fake broken bones.

Our tears that we razor-

sharpened were calculated to rob you blind.

Mr. Howell: Three weeks later from that day,
I saw those rats on a bicycle.
They crept by me and started balling,
their eyes turned to icicles.
Crying, "We need a vacancy!"