

The Fish

The Irish Front

Foster parents turned to fungus,
Several tongues hanging gnawed,
Gums shown at the nose sweat swims down veins and jaws.

He once fed our mothers and slept in our beds.
Feast lurk repeat ugly feet,
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They're wet they're stinky,
They're vile but I love them.
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They're vile but I love them.
We bred inside of his womb and drank from his gills.
Bulging cheeks and swollen legs drawn and charred,
Born old.

The clouds turn to rocks,
It's hard to stomach this truth.
In and out like Epicac,
The mountains regurgitate for days.

They... They peel away,
Like sunburnt,
Cold and stale I met my bride I'm re-birther inside.
Cold and stale I met my bride I'm re-birther inside.