

He's got a casket for a bed.
He's got a tombstone for a pillow.
His fingernails are long for
pulling lice out of his hair.
He drinks acid-rain.
He chews jagged metal.
He's got a barbed-wire fedora
& bullets for teeth.

He washes his clothes w/fallout,
combs his hair w/razorblades,
sends his mother headless
chickens, & makes a killing
on the flesh-parade.

He's the monster under your bed.
He's the shadow in your mind.
He's the skeleton in your closet.
He's the ghost in your shrine.

He's got rainclouds for a halo,
dead rose-petals for eyelashes,
politicians for best-friends, and
breath like turpentine.
He sings dirges for breakfast,
huffs brimstone for lunch,
& has your epitaph on his
business-card.

He's the man you never want to meet.