

Grand Buffet

by **enneade** © 2022

Crinkle, crinkle, little worms, gnawing at my brittle bones

Insects all over my body
Calling me but there's nobody (*they're playing in my head*)
They're all crawling on my bed
Telling me that I am dead
Poor Ted

Come in now, come now that's supper's ready, ooh come in now
Biting at my flesh
Sucking at my fingertips
Love me tender, eat my lips

I don't care who phones, 'cause they're gnawing at my bones
I won't hear their sound
Once I'm six feet underground

*Maggots eating my heart, for starters it's a good start
These worms licking my feet, such a delight, it's a treat*

I don't care who phones, 'cause they're gnawing at my bones
I won't hear their sound
Once I'm six feet underground

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