

An Unholy Spawn and the Chicken That Had Gone

Two tongues tasting the air,

Four eyes seeking meat.

Cold metal along our belly,

We sense the chicken treat.

A lid clangs above us;

Of their trash they're getting rid.

The pious fool didn't see us,

So, among our treasure we hid.

We begged our father to help,

But he did not come.

For not even he would step,

Into their holy chicken kingdom.