

A Dick In A Dish

"I!" strolling on a dock; It's not like I'm the last shipment to be unloaded. But dockers are all around looking at me! "A dick in a dish". Lobster anatomy! My mother's womb is a stacks of lobster traps. Is her belly a ship, or is a ship a belly? My mother's uterus is a lobster trap; Is her belly actually a ship, a ship or a dish for my father mouth? His mouth full of saliva, eager to devour me.

"Hee-haw!", father, "come to grab me, to suck on. You the lobster fishing boat!" (Bis.)

Muscular tail! As you know the story: "A giant lobster has caught a man aboard ship in its claw, and pulling him towards." And you were that man and you are here to grab you back.

That is what the story does'nt say. *Or perhaps this song doesn't tell us that, who knows?* Unless the disco embryo beneath the spilled blood cells is saying so, but is it? "Is it?" (*Is it.*) *Is it?* Even my mother, your lobster fishing-boat doesn't! *Close up of head of live lobster shipped for consumption.* Around are some lobster men. *Others who have their sights set on a miraculous catch.* Around, around! All around. (And your wife, your alf-soul so to say, lives with you in crevices building or a burrows dwelling on the suburb.) *The suburb!*

"There you are!" Trying to gain an advantage. Isn't he lobster trap so "Doh!!" "Doh!!" (So "Doh!!", so, oh! for you?) Strolling on a dock; It's not like I'm the last shipment to be unloaded.

But dockers are all around looking at me! *Looking at you!* And, looking at you through your wife spyglass, looking at myself in the future generation that I will not have. *Which I certainly won't have!* You're crying like a baby. A baby. Because I'm the real pirate of your decadent world. (And there's nothing to unload after you, just me—a punk—a nobody.) "Yes, or more precisely no." No more lobster ship. ("Yes!", there's nothing to unload after you, and certainly not after me.) And you're just there still crying like a baby. A baby! Around are some lobster men.

"There you are!" Trying to gain an advantage. Isn't her vulva magnificent, her breasts indecent? How many babies are crying in this fucking world, clenching their small, willing fists, so they could grab an another lobster ship? *"No, Father, I will not be next."* "I will not be the next lobster trap." "I will not." *"No, Father", I'm not so sorry. Not for her, not for you, and don't even dare crying for me.* (For you, for her.) *For you and you!* (Your lobster dick.)

Your lobster dick!

Lyrics: Myriam & Florent de Vries.