

Hangry

I Am The Hungry Hippo Full of Hate
Temper Tantrum, Empty Plate

A pale red anger, growling Rage

Primal Focus, pace my Cage

Waiting,
Waiting,
Woe is I.

Who Suffers such?

MY PIZZAS LATE YOU FUCKING FUCK!

The Clock Counts Down
Dollars from your Tips

It's raining out? I DONT GIVE TWO SHITS!

I am the Hungry Hippo Full of Hate
Temper Tantrum, Empty Plate

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I Am the Poster Child of a Snickers Bar

Dont Fucking Touch Me!
React too Far

Savory Smells drift thru Door Ajar
It's coming soon, my fix is Gazed
haven't eaten, hardly Grazed
A pit of hunger, feeling Crazy

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?

WE ORDERED BEFORE THEM

I breathe in deep through my nose
It smells like hate and salvation
Out of reach, tableside temptation

"It's coming soon"

Lies and lies

Im feeling dangerous now

DIE DIE

I think i'd Kill for Just One

FRY

Oh God im feeling light

I dont think ive ever seen my skin this white

Cook time on a burger is 30 tops

Blood Sugar Low, Im Seeing Spots

Its been 68 minutes can I just have my fries

IM GONNA DIE

I ponder the trash and consider the flies

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A fresh waft sets me to salivation

That smells like mine, I know it's true

Heavenly burger, bacon and bleu

The server approaches, I can hear the sizzle

She makes eye contact and I pee

just a little

Its so close now, I can see the grease

So. MANY. FRIES. At least a 70 piece!

Lowering the plate she extends her hands

I reach for a fry Before the plate even lands

But she turns her back and I start to cry
As she hands my food to some other guy

A burning ball of instinct contained by a field of failing social standards

MURDER

Public

WRATH

Desperation

Scream and Yell

The rage starts to swell

I eye the other patrons and know they can tell

I am the crazed one

Addicted to smell

So many float in the air

I eye the trash, i just don't care

But i'd rather take from that man in the chair

That burger was mine, he knows it too

That's my MOTHERFUCKING BACON AND BLEU

I Begin to Rise as Salvation Descends

A sneaky ninja; my hunger she mends

OH GOD ITS GLORIOUS

More fries than *him*

A last flicker of *violent whim*

I plunge greedily with no other thought

I could Care NOT

Juices run down my cheeks

It's so damn delicious I begin to weep

Im laughing now in a pulse of warmth

None of Before

none of what mattered, mattered anymore

The hate evaporates before me

I WHOLF my first bite
Hardly chewing, it struggles down my gullet
Touchdown
The reactor rejoices as feel good signals flood my body
It's OK, I am OK.
I am OK.

“Anything else for ya, hun?”

I swallow blankly hypnotized by sesame bun

“Thanks for your patience, we were short today”

I digest chagrin with Juices down my Chin
She wasn't even to blame
I swallow my shame

“Ranch please”