

A family in the death

Insects come out of the woodwork
When someone in the family dies
They sniff the air and swing their antennae
As the funeral is being organised.

They take up positions
And pretend to cry
They look at the period furniture
And the dripping jewellery box
Clocking the purse on the kitchen table
As they light a fag
pulled slyly from their socks.

They haven't spoke to the deceased in over ten years
Yet they will come you in pseudo bits
You can tell it's just artificial reptile tears
Sit there telling lies and talking utter shit.

They ask if they can use the toilet
Acting as if they don't know where it is
It's a chance to case the joint properly
Examining all the bedrooms
Nicking stuff for their fat kids.

And they spot the brand
And feign some sort of attack
Then Aunt fuck knows offers a tot
And you think to yourself , fuck that !

Let me make her a strong coffee
It's too early for that stuff
You manage to avoid a free for all
To the parasites chagrin
Aint that too tough !!

Returning back after the cemetery
This is a crucial time
When they pigeon hole the vulnerable
Getting all sycophantic the fuckin slime.

You need to nip it in the bud
Keep your eye on that door
Start getting rid of em before dark
Soon as the buffets been destroyed
Don't make any fuckin more.

Don't start playing any music
Sad, happy or even otherwise

These cunts will make themselves at home
As they ingratiate themselves and start to patronise.

Show them the funeral bill
They will be up like a shot
Putting on their heavy coats
Leaving a fiver saying that's all they got.

Fake kisses all round
Hugs and exchanging addresses for show
Ready to drive back to fucking Berkshire and Twattshire
Bye bye cockroaches, no one is sad to see you go !!