



**The haughty worm crawls between
the rotting meat. He believes, in his death job,
that without him there would be no corpses.**

**He ignores in his worm ignorance
that it's rather the other way around.**

**They slither arrogantly, they smile and spread over
the putrefied planet. Well paid, they fatten
knowing themselves unassailable and immune.**

**Among the papers, on the screens,
around the dining room, tireless and
convinced of their social utility. Where there
is pain they set up a chain of butcher shops.**

They just tremble and contract when asked...

Where do the talk show guests live?