

Bif Naked, My Satan Poem

Satan shows up on tv, every sunday morning
I would've kissed her once again, but I found her rather boring
To listen to his messages, is like licking razor blades
Seems everytime I play my hands, shit's coming up in spades
My clothing's nothing but miss-matched,
As you can see, I broke my arm
The fucker swore to take care of me, but he only brought me harm
The blueberries on my toast, are red, and stale, and rotten
You ask me what all their names were, it's guaranteed, I've forgotten
If only she can anticipate, the damage that's begun,
I would've caught the flight with her, but I'm too tired to run
When you find my naked body, please, do heed my warning,
Satan shows up on tv, every sunday morning.