

Emilie Autumn, Rant I

soulless mindless walking sex-drives hearing nothing but their own words
reverberating inside their heads so loud they think they fill up the world with
their wisdom imaginationless prating slaves corrupt with idleness looking for a
quick laugh arrogant feeble-minded wankers thinking they're profound and
attractively opinionated brilliance skimmed from the back of a book no longer in
print two-faced whoring lying expletives shaming their profession self-impressed
non-entities taking up space using up air fucking up dreams beautyless soulless
mindless walking sex-drives