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 feebleminded wankers thinking theyre 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