

# Fad Gadget, Ad Nauseam

Tarred and feathered like a gutted chicken  
Stuck in a rut out of luck ad nauseam  
Sew up my lips and cut my throat  
I choke on the gag but I don't get the joke

Spineless and fish-like, I swim in the mire  
I swear like a saw-tooth, fin-flap and gill  
Scrap this ludicrous chain of events  
Tear away from book-form and screen-time

Scream 'till I hoarse and strapped to my carriage  
I bite on the bit of spittle and white bait  
Cloven hooved I scratch at my thorax  
Yelling I loathe you and smelling a rat  
The price that I paid in suicide notes  
Sighing and screwing and fucking about  
Name a disease that's not out to tease me  
Spike thru the tongue and eyeballs are razored

Snap your teeth on concrete and order  
Don't say what you feel if it stinks of disorder  
So tell me that you hate me  
And I will feel good  
The price that I pay is measured in years  
Sucker on the exhaust of crime lights  
So sew up my mouth and then slit my throat  
I choke on the gag but I don't get the joke

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