

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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So tell me that you hate me
And I will feel so good
Sew up my mouth and then slit my throat
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Sucker on the exhaust of crime lights
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