

Gimp, Mrs. Butterworth's Indestructible Bombshelter

Mrs. Butterworth tried for the fourth time today to get her ass out of bed but I don't have to explain '

When she talks to me every once in a while she tries to laugh, she tries to smile. Tries to hold back

It took two years, but she finished it, finally it stood! She got no home and you have no job, finally it

When she talks to me every once in a while she tries to bleed she tries to smile. Tries to hold back

GO!

And when she's HAPPY, she'll die alone, finally she's won. She was before but no one could tell, fi

Sometimes I wonder, where could she be now? Did she make it up to heaven or is she still around

GO!

Mrs. Butterworth cried for the last time today, it was early in the morning it was only three AM. But I