

Iamerror, Forest Of Fellatio

can I not tread on these unholy branches any longer?
the ground is worn, my feet are stuck in god knows what.
I would contemplate existentialist bullshit if the trees weren't fucking staring me down
this can't seriously be a motherfucking lake.
this makes no goddamn sense I'm going home (fuck this)
at least 'til I get some head of illusion.