

Anal Cunt, I Respect Your Feelings As A Woman

I was watering my rose garden and you walked by my place
I almost ran up to you in a lustful, unsensitive haste
I almost cried cause I acted so insensitive
But I wanted you to know about the feather-soft warmth I could give

I respect your feelings
I respect your gender
I respect your existence
I'll always be tender
Cause I respect your feelings
As a woman and a human

I'll be the pansy-growing gardener of our bouquet of love
A flower-wielding soldier with the grace of a dove
I'll love you all, heart, mind and soul, I'd never think of anything cheap
I'll read you some of my poems before you go to sleep

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