

Andrew Jackson Jihad, A Song Dedicated To The

for four fortnights i have fled from my fortress
foraging forests five footsteps in length
fortitude found within 40oz bottles
flowing like flies from your face
my neighborhood has been filled brim with black cats
and when i go driving they walk in my path
all the time, every time
first we were babies, we're birthing and dying
and then we were children, we're playing and crying
then we're teenagers and smoking and fucking
but now we're all grownup and we're sadly sighing
and liking malarking and licking our wounds
we've created by lusting and lying to ourselves and to others
we're sadly sighing
and i'd like to be a big ball of meat
that bees can buzz all around and eat when i die
so i might be granted one sense of purpose