King Missile, To Walk Among The Pigs

To Walk Among The Pigs King Missle
(Transcribed by ear)
To walk among the Pigs,
To go where the Pigs go,
And do as the Pigs do.
To inhale the pungent stench of the Pigs,
And truly savor the Scent.
To sing the Song of the Pigs,
To build up a repoire,
To be one with the Pigs.
To work shoulder to shoulder with the Pigs,
On Piglike projects.
To sweat like a Pig,
And then to realize that Pigs never sweat.
To wallow in the mud with the Pigs.
To experience absolutely all that Pigness entails.
To hear,
To see,
To feel like a Pig.
To think,
Eat,
And smell like a Pig.
To comprehend completely what it is to be a Pig.
To fully understand that you,
The Pigs,
And all other things in the Universe,
Are of the same ilk.
And then, to weed out all Non-Piggish things,
To fully cultivate and allow to blossom,
The Flower that is the Pig within your Soul.
And to finally stand alone,
In the Garden of the Absolute,
And pray,
And pray,
And pray,
Like a Pig.