

Locust, Your Mantel Disguised As A Psychic Sas

The chicken bit it (The foreskin knew it)
The sultry salesman worked
to keep his high heels on.

Oh, the doors are talking
Oh, the sheets are stained
A fleshy bowl of nonsense says,
"Apparently a slut's been made!"
Why must the fortune teller
always do the dirty work?

It bit the chicken (The skin foresaw it)
And sultry heels worked
to keep the salesman high.
Can I touch your telepathic private parts?