

# Ninja High School, Catholic Fashion

Hell with no tercels is the worst hell. five minutes after brakes chasing windmills. we were all born short, that is why we wear heels. even the pope wants that bass you feel. he's got tinted windows and purple stripes, every other part of the car is white. when he honks the horn she knows it's time. arguing all day and every night. he'll move out of his parents' when she becomes his wife. the shine on crucifixes makes you blind! who the f\*\*k but jesus can say you're fine? who the f\*\*k then? god's in me..

fibreglass hummingbird...tiny bird looks rad! the hummingbird's a civic - jesus died for your sins - catholic fashion, that's not just bread you're eating

lesson in Civics #1: no hubcaps 'till you're sure you're done. black windshield keeps out the sun. kinda meaty purr when the engine runs. hanging out by the girl school all of june, like a line of cabs but better groomed. local parents think the kids are doomed. sleepy lids from monoxide fumes. girl he knows leaning on the roof, offers her a ride but it's no use. hatchback: graduation's kissing booth. held back - goddammit!!!

pull up to the church peel out like a prayer. and not a god damned thing can mess my hair. don't need satisfaction 'cause there's something there beyond what you see, feel, hear, or wear... whatever! let the priests worry about that! he's on the cross to get my back. most of the time salvation seems like a trap. bass bins = harps, halos = hubcaps. we have it figured out, it's the will of the lord: holiness is black light running boards! it's right there in the bible, building absorbed, from the first man - i'm adam!