

Number Twelve Looks Like You, The Proud Pare

Sit here and take in the earthworms snuggling to the greens
boy doesn't even know chalk from cheese
hold that breath
everyone the cows finally being milked for what it's worth.

Drizzle that nipple
run it till some sense leaks out.

Class, you won't succeed in life.
You boys will grow to rape and you girls will grow up getting off being raped.

Class dismissed.
Homework for this evening is experiment
the bodies intake of poisonous cleansing products,
a golden star for the ones sent to the ER.

Good day.
My I's were dotted and my T's were crossed.
More than enough time to make such words as inconsiderate and illegitimate.
Stop while I was stretching
I was being sent up to the stage
holding that hairy rat feeling ridiculous.

Hold 'em high, hold 'em tight, show them what you are worth.
Snapping out of dreaming hat dose of reality was no figure of speech.

Clearing my passage
here it goes
holding that hairy rat hostage for the need of love is at
it's all time
high you don't have a leg to stand on
so listen to reason otherwise accumulation of the buthery will be very overwhelming
to all justifiable to me.