

Pedestrian, Plucked

Forced to fit you burdened twit, placed high pedestal

Nothing matters more than the inevitable fall and so we crash

Flick the switch, you're plucked from it

Interior abandonment

To be unconsumed by you, would shed me, this rotting skin

So gather round my expectation

Come hither in my aggravation

I'm fed up with this bunk relation

I Invite YOU to MY celebration

Apparently unconditioned now

Concentrated pulp of my existence,

I am free of it, your flatulence,

insult me, repulsive tongue you can taste me

Its what you've been waiting for