

Soft Ballet, Too Fat Too Ugly

We are all nothing but a chemical existence,
cultivated from a small fishtank atop the desk of a God
Just like the green algae inside a bottle
that lies in my own home
But perhaps no one knows how that God
was created by someone else as well..
And that creature behind the last curtain
is none with such power as Zeus...
It is nothing but one ordinary, enormous pig
And our world, and the supreme experiment of that God,
are all the happenings of that one pig's stomach
And furthermore, nothing more than one of his evening dreams
When that pig doth open his eyes
We, and the God, shall uneventfully disappear
with his burp as he does what it is pigs do after they eat
Ah, thanks to the Pig
Ah, thanks to the Pig
Ah, thanks to the Pig