

Teeth Of Lions Rule The Divine, New Pants And

Enter the 49 gates of uncleanness, said she hoisting up her skirt
I held my breath against her fetidness
As I gazed upon a swinish flirt
I worked like a mule down the pit
For seven long days and seven lonely nights
It makes one week exactly for those of you
Who lack the skills to add things up right
Born in this pig sty in my new pants and shirt
But I leaped on the fence and I fell in the dirt
Great Mr. Peanuts Anders said
Battle brained animal with a toothless grin
I fled rather than- let myself
Be bathed in the unforgiveable sin
I went straight home where I was met
By my mother with a skirt up over her head
Sometimes I wonder just why the
Hell
I ever bother to get out of bed
Born in this pig sty- in my new pants and shirt
But I leaped on the fence and I fell in the dirt