The Number Twelve Looks Like You, Like a Cat

Give him back his sweater

that poor fellow has only orchestrated symphonies

into the poisoned ant hills

You have tried I'm afraid

don't let it hurt

I shouldn't stay

show your cards now

I want out stain the tub

clot the streak

cock the wheel

push it deep

fallen shade drowsy left me hopeless

carve my head

great disquise took a breath

gave it back

early-aged, self pitying, misfit, experience, coincidence, quality menstruating.

it makes more sense to speak nonsense

What is it like to scatter organs all over a deeply pasteurized land

Just like a cat without a mouse

it masturbates

it violates Sadistic dresser

Maybe it's the ability to choose

that makes a wounded player take to the field

and laugh at his injury

than to be fed peas and carrots by his sitter

Farewell to the oldsmobile

acknowledge the new models

farewell farewell

Set me back in my old sweater

for an hour or two

I can obtain satisfaction mutilating ones humilating me

You have tried I'm afraid

don't let it hurt

I shouldn't stay

show your cards

now I want out

strain the tub

clot the steak

cock the wheel

push it deep

fallen shade drowsy left me hopeless

carve my head

great disguise took a breath gave it back

early-aged self pitying misfit

What is the point of laying in a comfortable position if you can't fall asleep in it?