

# Tub Ring, Bite The Wax Tadpole

Last night i awoke with all the answers and quickly I grabbed hold of  
pen and paper  
to write down, so in the morning I wouldn't forget.  
Next day I looked over what was written and oddly it was only ones and  
zeroes,  
but perfect in the fact that it completed my set.  
Product of life I've been told, theories are stagnant and old  
time to demystify something new  
necessity leads us to change, what we discover is strange  
solely depending on point of view  
tonight, tonight I turn out my light and dream of carbon and protein  
which increase my might  
(tonight, tonight I turn out my light and dream of hygiene and posture  
which make me seem right)  
research avoids some regret, predicting what we will get  
error accept and therefore gone.  
physics just hinder the dream, bite the wax tadpole it seems  
progress continues and marches on  
tonight, tonight i turn out my light and dream of vitamins and haircuts  
and genetic delight  
last week I was working in my kitchen when oddly I discovered cold  
fusion,  
so I wrote down the process on the back of my hand.  
next time when the recipe repeated I still thought that something else  
was needed  
cause texture and flavor were still quite bland.  
I dreamt I was swimming in the ocean and came face to face with a blue  
whale.  
It frightened me the size that it would grow.  
I found my purpose, I must prevent this, before he hurts us.  
bite the wax tadpole.