

Wckr Spgt, History Repents

Remember when that girl came,
That girl within the box?
She came to the house and claimed that
(this has nothing to do with the ox)
she stood at the door at dinnertime.
She came inside.
Is she still here?
I haven't seen her anywhere.
Maybe she's in the yard again.
Her face was fat on a scale of ten.
She was my cat last night.
I wonder how she's been.
She was my family yesterday.
They came and took my thoughts away
But that's OK. it serves them right.