

Cumshots

Pears

i am not a chicken

 cumshots, random
 fleeting tidbits of justification
 must write them down
 before the final bulb burns out

 scribbled, confused
 kneel down before high priest of patronization
 he bleeds of true a privilege
 billows from his snout

how mighty how utterly beautiful the motions a nonchalant charade

 chill out, toke up
 expect the unexpected waning
 of simple certainty
 that things remain the same

amtrack incubation on the unmaintainable maintaining
 the hurt clings to em
 bits of glitter adorned I came

 model train set, im at the epicenter
 flag down conductor and dose his lemonade
 in this armchair, I eat my shit for supper
 succumb to quiet, the bananas on parade

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>