

The Devil's Dick Disaster

The Number Twelve Looks Like You

when does this start?
when does this end?
someone is there, whose never a friend.
how do you do?
how do i do?
how should i ask, "where are my shoes?"
what is this coat?
what is this face?
i just need change to get out of this place.
why all this pacing, why all the drugging?
gimmie that change, before I start mugging.it started when liquor became the star character just breaking a leg.
needless to say taking advantage of blind elders isn't very saint.
spitting out the beer then growing my hair then to finding alcapulco gold.
then came halucinations anger just sinking into her face.a simmering pot, of glue, im waiting to sniff, its just
enough chemicals to put a small hole, into the, ozone layer, introduced to some, powder dumping into my
system. working at bookstores with never showering, yellow pit stains dance music war stories on, tape.enter
here, follow signs to down hill, take caution, leave behind all your sexual,powers, apocalypse, night has, no
mercy, all he buds are, bas-tards when they choose to, overlook, and eliminate your, fan-tasy tonight.needless to
say taking advantage of blind elders isn't very saint.
the snow is coming the flakes are all a flurry some touched my skin.
(they melt away) but i have a purpose i never sway walking for hours dont feel the cold. (cant see the sun) theres
just the road, the trees, the piles of leaves, like vomit on the ground.i arrive and inhale i inhale and exhale and i
know in my heart the devil doesnt lie I am a fucking machine I am fucking machine inhale and exhale and
inhale and exhale I am a fucking machine.

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