My Satan Poem

Bif Naked

Satan shows up on TV every Sunday morning
I would have kissed her once again but I found her rather boring
To listen to his messages
Is like licking razor blades
Seems like every time I play my hand shits commn' up in spades
My clothing's nothing buy miss matched
As you can see I broke my arm
The FUCKER swore to take care of me
But he only brought me harm
The blueberries on my toast
Are red and stale and rotten
You ask me what all their names were and its guaranteed id forgotten
If she could only anticipate the damage that's begun
I would have caught the flight with her but im too tired to run
When you find my naked body
Please do heed my warning
Satan shows up on TV every Sunday morning

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