

Jam Band Death Cult

Ninja High School

Werewolffing as an excuse to not go out, '83 vintage that comes from without. having gunjets that killed all the scouts to protect a hoard of records of a rock called "kraut". can you dig it? well can you wing it? couldn't cut singing: gonged in a minute. the only crime i committed was a lighter on the rug. religiously i put the glowing boxes into me. surprised, like "what the fuck?!" took one step and lightning struck a robot down... paradise, right? or just another fistfight? we don't wanna hurt feelings but the people who keep wasting our time should shut the fuck up 'cause this is what's up. the weight of the world is a mighty stone, atop the richest mountain where the titans roam. jon-rae's the only one in this town they can't hold, 'cause when you look into his eyes they tell you "yeah, i know." can i get a witness? some physical fitness? then everybody's finished 'cause of what's in their systems. the only high i'm admitting is "we don't need this here." all conviction comes from the focus of the mission. i hear somebody say "what the fuck" like all the time, they never look. everybody knows they know nothing, well here's some

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