Reality TV

Jim Norton

Buzzing from watching others dramatic lies
As the TV slyly stares at me
Body piercings, like those of
Ancient Egyptians kinky slave prisoners fly at me
Placing a thorn upon her head
Slashing her wrist, rowing around on her cavity
Being chased by little kids
Playing miniature toy accordions, her destiny
I abhor the whore who calls herself reality, reality TV
I abhor the whore who calls herself reality, reality TV
Fundamentally mental, deprived of meaning,
Hedonistic theatrical entropy
The gaining of lost confidence,
From the failures of others cheering
"No, that can't be me"
I abhor the whore who calls herself reality, reality TV
I abhor the whore who calls herself reality, reality TV
A genetically mysterious horde of specimens,

Sharing their empty lives with me
Grammatically inept common denominators,
Destroying all of life's mystery
Body piercings, those of
Ancient kinky Egyptians slave prisoners fly at me
Nipples, tongues, testicles, cheeks
Nipples, tongues, testicles, cheeks
The century of liquid residual wishes call me
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