Ambulance Chaser

Vendetta Red

In fiscal flight from the ravenous cavemous orifice asphyxiated form
Washed in wolves blood sterile and pantomimed parting in
parts the trial of the worm
Sew the lid closed cough and spit into your poalm with charitable charm
Slap the bad mans wrist insist disarm
Do the math the path is a narrow one it led me down to a cold and shallow grave
On my tombstone I read the epitaph "Here lies a man who lived and died a slave"
Till the vexing that his hex annexing animates his glorious distresses
Serve the right foot raw so flawed undressed
Semi conscious concentration Christmas cards and suffocation
Ambulances beckon bodies tires squealing sirens wailing

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