

Raleigh Soliloquy, Pt. I

Sublime

We've got you in this fuckin' movie to exterminate all the lunitics all
at
once with a filetering system of God. We're the psycho-semantic police,
you can't even see us. How in the fuck can you do anything about it?
We're pure intellegence, your not. Your biological product of a
comological universe. Your molecular matter, I constructed you, fuck
you.
I made you up, you didn't make me up, you got it backwards. You know
who
you are? Your fuckin' semantic blockage, that's what made you up.
You're
a fuckin' programer named Christine Gontara. You fucked up. She sucked
my cock, fell in love, and she was locked in. She's gonna get her
second
chance to suck my cock again. If she turns me down, she's gonna go
striaght to hell, she won't pass go, she'll never fuckin' win. She's
the
cunt that thought she was God, but that's OK, I don't give a shit. As
long as she sucks me off when I tell her. 'Cause she's my zombie. I
capured that mother fucker, and she's my cassette. I want that cock
sucker to send me at least fifty-thousand fuckin' dollars. If she can't
do it I'll try ten. If she can't do that, I'll try five, but that's it.
If you got a dowry of five thousand dollars, come out here and suck me
off, do what I tell you from now on, then you can join me for eternal
time.

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