

Sinister Exaggerator

Primus

Your life is leaning downhill
Sloping off the outer edge
Your undetermined oyster beds
Were found to be a hedge You caused the kids of Elmer Fudd
To feed the farmer whose
Cadaver's filled with onion rings
And feet are filled with glue Now sinister exaggerator
What's your claim to fame?
Is still your favorite Ferlinghetti
Found in Auntie Maim? Your alter life is superseded
Only from above
Your heart is like a silken sponge
That calls saliva love

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