

X-Polynation

Q and Not U

oly, oly, oly, is just a pig opera when you're landing in your helicopter.
your recent making me feel indecent.
i've got a tongue in my mouth.
i'd like to use it.
bit down mid-seize.
you black and bruised it.
back to the wall.
did you even read at all?
i can't read at all.
i do, i do.
this building swallows my tongue.
i cannot say thy will be done for you.
your spine is curving like a question mark.
we lost it all when you unleashed infinite passions to roam with no direction under your protection.
push, push, push us from the deepest of wombs.
build another wall through your oval room.
send you down to live in your immortal tomb.
your arms are reaching like a fruitless tree.
imagination? no, x-polynation
the orchard's emptied for you, for blood and sugary juice.
pushed from the deepest of wombs, the fruit is blackened and bruised.
the tongues will bleed until you sleep in the deepest of tombs.
do we the pro-cess in our process.
do we the poses in our progress.
your fruits are falling like a gang of bombs.
we lost it all when you unleashed infinite rations out.
your fruits are falling and they taste like bombs.
assassination? no, x-polynation.

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