K-Hole

Automatic Tasty

tiny spirit in a k-hole
bloated like a soggy cereal
god will come and wash away
our tattoos and all the cocaine
and all of the aborted babies
will turn into little bambies
wounded river push along
searching for that desert song
and mozart's requiem will play
on tiny speakers made of clay
tell my mother that i love her
martin luther you're an angel
charming monkey saunter swagger

drunken donkey limbs disjointed
your chest is a petting zoo
mexican pony fucked up shoes
i dreamt one thousand basketball courts
nothing holier than sports
dragonfly kiss your tail
precious robot built so frail
universe of milk and ember
your hot kiss in mid december
what's god's name i can't remember
through the crack eye lovely weather

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