

# 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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