Catholic Fashion

Ninja High School

Hell with no tercels is the worst hell. five minutes after brakes
chasing windmills. we were all born short, that is why we wear
heels. even the pope wants that bass you feel. he's got tinted windows
and purple stripes, every other part of the car is white. when he
honks the horn she knows it's time. arguing all day and every
night. he'll move out of his parents' when she becomes his wife. the
shine on crucifixes makes you blind! who the fuck but jesus can say
you're fine? who the fuck then? god's in me..fibreglass hummingbird...tiny bird looks rad! the hummingbird's a
civic - jesus died for your sins - catholic fashion, that's not just
bread you're eatinglesson in Civics #1: no hubcaps 'till you're sure you're done. black
windshield keeps out the sun. kinda meaty purr when the engine
runs. hanging out by the girl school all of june, like a line of cabs
but better groomed. local parents think the kids are doomed. sleepy
lids from monoxide fumes. girl he knows leaning on the roof, offers
her a ride but it's no use. hatchback: graduation's kissing
booth. held back - goddammit!!!pull up to the church peel out like a prayer. and not a god damned
thing can mess my hair. don't need satisfaction 'cause there's
something there beyond what you see, feel, hear, or wear... whatever!
let the priests worry about that! he's on the cross to get my
back. most of the time salvation seems like a trap. bass bins = harps,
halos = hubcaps. we have it figured out, it's the will of the lord:
holiness is black light running boards! it's right there in the bible,
building absorbed, from the first man - i'm adam!

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