

Maybe you're never really living till you've understood what death is
So I touched the human spirit with lyrics some say are breathless
It's that breathlessness that inspired my tired hand
To write these endless epilogues that some call pretentious
Living verse existence surviving, verse thriving in an environment
Vitamin supplements and a government's removal of pensions retirement
Empty out your life savings cause your wife's handing that knife collection
Could have used some type of protection but you sliced through her midsection
Even though the sex was great you want belly thin
Didn't want to ruin the love canal and that's why you went too serried
And everyone's got your own opinion, ask your librarian about the alien
Legal aliens, vegan terrorist and all of the vegetarian activists
Male malchy and alchemists grab a fistful of calculus pals
Who dissed over the lack of apple cum math-or-piss
Build but calluses on the phalluses of Alice and Wonderland-scapers
Put on your happy face, here comes the hand shakers with sand paper gloves
They wanna jerk you off with, to further off quick
Cause I prefer the soft lips of a whore's kiss
I lick my wounds and force my tongue into the opening
Communicating with infections that took residence when I broke my skin
I've learned their language now my infectious speech gets sickening
But my poetry has become a scab lies just can't help picking
Tickling too many worldly fancies whimpering on my hands and knees
Crawling fast through laundry mats pilfering girlie's panties
Ya heard me? Man please
I ain't take nothing without paying except for school books and blank tapes
Throw in a can-a-pee from a canopy can a pee brain hit me in plain day
Are we game though we came with weak aim
Strange famous strange famous strange famous strange