

## A Song Dedicated To The Memory Of Stormy The Rabbit

Andrew Jackson Jihad

For four fortnights I've fled from my fortress  
Foraging forests five footsteps in length  
Fortitude found within forty ounce bottles  
Flowing like flies from your face  
From your face

And my neighborhood  
It's been filled brim with black cats  
And when I go driving they walk through my path all the time  
Every time

First we were babies, we're birthing and dying  
Then we were children, we were playing and crying  
And then we were teenagers we were smoking and fucking  
But now we're all grown up and we're sadly sighing  
Liking, mud larking, and licking our wounds  
We've created by lusting and lying to ourselves and to others  
We're sadly sighing

And I'd like to be a big ball of meat  
That bee's can buzz around and eat when I die  
So that I may be granted one sense of purpose