

## My Satan Poem

Bif Naked

Satan shows up on TV every Sunday morning  
I would have kissed her once again but I found her rather boring  
To listen to his messages  
Is like licking razor blades  
Seems like every time I play my hand shits commn' up in spades  
My clothing's nothing buy miss matched  
As you can see I broke my arm  
The FUCKER swore to take care of me  
But he only brought me harm  
The blueberries on my toast  
Are red and stale and rotten  
You ask me what all their names were and its guaranteed id forgotten  
If she could only anticipate the damage that's begun  
I would have caught the flight with her but I'm too tired to run  
When you find my naked body  
Please do heed my warning  
Satan shows up on TV every Sunday morning