

# I Am a Rockstar Who Is Really Cool and Sexy

Crywank

The game goose gaggles geese in 3s  
Whilst Wearing the fleece of the lone wolf sheep  
Fed mostly on feasts of wild bewilderbeasts  
In the shadow of 'c' where our moons may meet  
I am slaying with desperation  
For someone else to force me and of course me into what I say i  
s  
Necessity... When I would happily wait whilst all depreciates b  
ar a sweltering ego  
Feigning some gallant know-  
how of the inner workings of the cash cow. Ego ergo sum...  
Until momentous pretension  
Spans past the scope of a self aware joke  
And into the frying pan  
Now the braggadocio of one-person show  
Manifest ever increasing aspect ratio  
Feeling better than an aspic glory hole  
Half hiding all the sentiments in faux-poetic code  
Now whose gonna save my sock with the hole  
When the gelatin encases immature turns of phrases  
And what I wish to call folk art equivalence  
Is really just me speaking of laziness

I won't be pure  
I know I'm contrived  
I'll make bad art  
The rest of my life  
I'll take what I can  
And Claim it as mine  
Recycled intent  
In a lazy design

Lay around lazy with enough expectation  
That I can somehow do more than Superfluous creations  
Say some strangers with their polite congratulations  
Lately gravy's been tasting different  
I've got Disparate desires that won't intertwine  
So a belligerent nature soon comes to define  
It felt significant, but only for a short amount of time  
For now I only want the softest licorice  
Snake in my boot when the pull string worked  
Now it's a flickering gibberish that only just hurts  
Slowly find the teenage songs I needed all sounding worse  
There was never a performance but all the time to rehearse