

Mate! I'm zonked absolutely spent,
I think I'm gonna give up my eyes for lent,
I'll use my sockets to stock stones instead,
And with an icy cold stare, I'll hide bones in your bed.

Mate! Please accept this invitation,
So I can take you away.

'Cause there's a one in 40 thousand chance that
Asteroid Apophis will collide with the earth,
In less than 20 years (OH MY GOOODDD)

Roll up for the knees up business,
Yes, yes, yes, ok, I think we've heard quite enough from you,

Instead of staring at your Stella desperately for inspiration,
Belt up and quiver at your indignation,
I ain't saying anything that could be construed as an apology,
There's another case study of anthropology,
Let's announce embargos and denounce our far foes,
Ingrowing egos a syntax he knows,
It's just distance that separates us,
Or are we really all ethno-centric-ally inclined?

Mate! What the fuck are you going on about?

This is a draconian law I protest,
I protest,
The herd is rowdy,
The squad is vexed.