## Sonderkommando

I'm blundering brightly through the night Astride the thunderous, flaming trident bike They choked back years of jeers Flashing forceful through their peers Inflicting beastly cheesy beaver bite

What would you do? You'd do your job Sonderkommando King for a day

What would you do?

Naked infants left alone Syntho-nipple, pit of stone Ravaged in an inane grip Chewing chicken from the lip

Those that survived found a place With the elders of the race Tossed upon the heaving brine Spreading hatred to mankind

Maggot palace, rod of bone Slave to fetid underloam Who gibbers at the nauseater Fudge-packed, dimple fecal leaper

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