

## Biscuits for Smut

Helmet

Served up in the backyard  
Cooked too long on high  
Flying out the window  
Even dogs have passed them by  
Didn't know she was tied up  
Better fed than forced  
Time to meet the protagonist, boy  
He never showed remorse

Choking on the one thing  
His tongue had gotten too fat  
A barely walking dead man  
Seemed to know where he was at  
Drive himself to the airport  
Getting out of here  
Overworking the small town  
The law couldn't get too near

Come on smut  
You might've stayed