

The Willies

John Maus

Skins

Is the only one I know who can explain
Rotten guts and equine births
Riddled with acne
And skins has never loved a sickness
Despair at anguish
Can they smell my foul breath?
There is nothing funny at all in regards to the sickness

The willies

You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll puke, you'll die
You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll puke...

A screaming bloody deer calf
And underneath the foam
You see it's black and wooly eye
A tear and it's shiny tongue

The willies

You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll puke, you'll die
You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll puke...

Dangles burping out of bitch lips
And please do not mistake the horror of my words
Skins (I love you skins)
Is the only one who knows the terror
Frustration
The genital mutilation
Eating my soul
My soul...