

# 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...