

The Gusher

Lambchop

These are stains upon your genes
You play me
Fresh
And new
Twenty lashes in the drain
Collecting
Soapy
Residue
The water in the sink, turns brown
Power to be clear, swishing it around
Youscrape
The skin
With a
Razor blade
Not the end it's supposed to be
Display me
Boxed
Re-viewed
All the tears in Tennessee
For the positive
Lover
Or freak
Passing with the speed of sound
Hours to be here buried in the ground
Soon to touch
The ass
Of god's
Gusher