

Bilking, cribbing, weightlifting first feelings
Ministering protocols, going on ten years of "hold my calls"
Yam-yielding, into losing something
Sky, I'm doing buttons, want plaster for the glory hole
Forecaster and morning-colored smoking jacket
Hoarding half-hearted hustles as hobbies
Spare your spread, scratchy boundaries
I kept hearing cloud bursts, drawing Hendrix in particular
Curse victor who don't consult with history
Somewhere in Sector Z6 Romulan, hmm (somewhere in Z)
Wanted for war crimes including orchestrated acts of sedition,
hmm
Including orchestrated acts of sedition
You be tripping
Hmm, cascading star sheets, continue
Perfection is a haunt, stuttering to get it out
Like w-w-w-w-word is bond
Set it off by disagreeing with Laconde
Quickest way to get on is lick upon
Fuck a text, fuck your gaze, fuck this mass absurdity
Geiger counter in my hand, firepower in demand
Said, "Sunday, go to meeting time", the geek seemed hesitant
To tweet, read please, freedom from rhetoric
Fascism is fashion disaster, the tavern master
Pointing me to Gideon's law keep
Like "There's Zwarte Piet right there"
Right there