

yafet's song

Milo

Slept in the car park
And got lost in my head playing guitar parts
For rap, I talk with the dead
It's hard not to sweat with this chain mail tunic on
You try and judge 2 Chainz but the proper rubric is gone
You're a smart guy
You consult The Needle Drop archive
To download the entirety of its contents to your hard drive
This is a far cry from Fargo
Beware of the narcos and sharks bro
Never trust a smile like Pat Sajaks
I swear to gonads I heard Rob say that
This rap shit could be easier with a cosign from Plain Pat
I could play bongos with a straight jacket
In my mind be eating Mongos with a wet nap
Death is where we all go
It can't be that bad

The image is a prison of the soul
Heredity and education have been exposed
Vices and aspirations have been disposed
I just thought you'd like to know

With a pretty girl and I'm drinking kombucha
I'm a loser feeling lucid than I've felt in a while
A hellish smile and a devilish grin
On Facebook getting updates on several kin
That I pray to God I'd never have to see again
Auf Wiedersehen
I'm Peter Pane
Picking posies
Licking Rosie O'Donnell up in her eyelids
I'm Pontius Pilate
A pompous pilot wears no helmet when he gives the sky a kiss
I can see Isis so clearly in my iris
Beckoning oblivion with a tight fist

That's my little sis, ya

Every thing I've ever loved will crumble into dust
Until that day
I will stay humble as a slug

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