

Overture

Over to you

/ Pilot

Said one to the other

(repeat in fragments, in shattered pieces)

(insert Airplane joke that goes roger roger I fucking hate roger I swear if I ever see roger again he will etc. wrath etc. will & wrath ltd. Etc.)

it was one ugly wing

spank no span no spank

it one ugly

ignore, 2017

One ugly

Dogling

Godling

Doggo

The rather as in really rather I'd rather

Have the ugly dog lingering around noah's b'arking those off that don't fit this boat.

That voice is the one I will call cunt. Whenever you hear it please shout out C.U:nT

Please shout out loud. Everybody get up and shout out loud, ok?

One ugly

Dogling

Whoop whooping

Hoot Hooting

What? Waddling

It's hotter. Its dryer. It's dry where it should be wet

It's wet where it should be dry.

Crying is one of many options.

Salt water be good for your sinus is

Sign us up sinus the doggo. We're off on a cruise.

We're taking the offer of a bruised shin to auburn the placid skin.

The pink'un what a f'd up colour to choose, or is it me?

Stockings up

Stock things down.

It's simple.

Stocks are going nowhere, matey.

Going nowhere. Harbour the resentment

Harbour the police.

They're not here for us, silly. Said the (now shout C.U:nT)

This little trip is well overdue. A little self c

Heir to the throne is me. It always has been it always will be.

ME you D.I:C.K is not self obsession but chronic fatigue but here is the comun

drum the roll

on up the brittle carpet

I wanna put my tired head on a plank of wood

Now walk that plank ton of issues with the idea of a food chain.

Nr. 1 is why am I always at the top. Nr. 2: is it Chanel? No. Didn't think so.

Nr. 3 was something to do with the conundrum of the non-possessive pronoun. Was it?

Over the Chanel

That ugly doggo that

Despicable thing didn't see the couture for the forest.

Didn't see the pret-a-port whine on you old

Win on you old w

Ait. Ate the crumbs and touched the bums.

That's not the official story so let's stick to scripts.

L'ooze with disco with dis

Content is. It is there. Content

Meant I didn't feel the effects till it was too l'

Ate

Licked and swallowed. Not ate.

H'

Ate liked and swallow is an ugly winged

Lick

Quid for every time you say "sticky situation".

I turn around and boggle. I boggle. In the:

Mirror staged once for entertainment and once for brrr

Ittle

Little itil

I say brt

Utal. Fuck it's freezing

Lamp et use a

Lamp or better a fire.

Is that alight? Is that alight with you?

Is that alight with

Pride shame and anger?

With pwide shame and angew?

Get over

The channel

Get over it

Cross

My heart and hope to dye my hair auburn or oh burn

The roots and start afresh.

You know how that sometimes feels like the only option and yet we're not even feeling it.

We're not feeling it. I was wondering if that is Trauma. But then I decided it's ignorance.

And then I decided it's sick. And so I'm sick. And so it's about me again. Well done, ey?

A round of a

Plausible way to explain our lack of come on now. We're not too ok ourselves. Our lack of com

passion is missing.

Passion is mis

Sing a song of sex pens

(I know I have to laugh myself. That was a bad one. Or was it?)

I'm not quite so sure anymore these days I

Cross

My heart and hope to dye my hair auburn or oh burn

I'm not quite so sure anymore these days.

The fire has destroyed vast areas of my synaptic mine

Synaptic field. It now goes only ever and ever only and only ever and ever only and it goes:

Lonely lonely lonely (please pronounce the middle E.)

Honey bee no

Body is

Body is

Body is

Some body is and other body isn't that's

The name of the

Gated communally singing:

Come on all you kiddos

Let's waddle across now let's waddle a cross now my

Heart will continue

My art will go on

To bore the brains out of anyone willing to list

To list the things wrong

To listen

Up the apples and pears

Is sth we learned at school

down the apples and pears

is sth we accepted gracefully:

thank you sir, of course my monster. Sir.

I mean sir.

Of course my monster sir.

My monsieur, child, is what you want to say, dare I say?

You dare take off your mortar board and I dare hit you over the head with a scaffold

In two and there he lies

Again about saying it was nothing but mutualism.

Come on all you kiddos

Let's waddle across now let's waddle a cross my

Best dress

I wore

I whore

I say, sir you mean wore?

He says

Not much more as I hit him over the head with a copper pipe

Up

And hear the whistle blow

Up

And hear the whist

Full bell

Full well

Full belly groan. It says: can I not have any more now please.

It says: can I forever be touched now please.

Insides, as we're on the subject:

In testines

In testes they showed that the roundness of things can, if circumstances are right, lead to infinitesimal violence.

In tests they showed that dyed hair will cause

Who fucking gives a shit?

If you follow etiquette, you don't give it you flush it and that is precisely

Now that is precisely what is

Not working with our system

I mean cistern. Sorry. I'm sorry.

No harm done. Can I get you a drink?

I'll split a bottle of liquid with you

I saw it in half the womane

has come off in my fight with the patri

arch and ott as usual he says and I apologize and arch again for the ships need a healthy entrance way in.

I am not a tyger and short hair is just so much easier to manage, you know?

Recent research

(shut the)

recent research

(shut the)

recent research suggests the melting glaciers are causing the earths waistline to spread

And I told you all she ever talks about is her figure

Of speech it goes like

FUCK OFF YOU FUCKING KNOB END

No bend in the

Breaks

In the breaks my brain in

Half the man you'll ever bee

Can I send on a bee?

I read we end on a bee. Debunking myths.

Or also not.

Also not.

Oh nam, oh dog

(and one day they will figure out what I did there and they will say, nam, she was a po.et.c if ever et.c.

I miss Pangea.

Now that is all.