

Party Time Crust Cakes

Mindless Self Indulgence

Party Time Crust Cakes.
I love them all.
They all have some special meanings to me!
I don't like the ones with purple hats.
Although, they might have some great, stupid, lovely adorable children who grow up to kill you all.
They will rip your heads off and play ping-pong with your eyeballs.
You know it's to be true.
You know it to be true.
You know it to be true.
You block it from your brain, every night as you sing Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band to your parakeet.
Every day, you try to block it.
What you do, what you do you hide yourself behind your yellow lemons.
And what you do at night, before you go to sleep, is what it's crazy but you know they grow up and they're going to *cough* they're going to stick golf clubs in your rectum.
And when they're still playing ALL 18 HOLES.
Not 17. Not 5.
They're not going to be benevolent.
These people are out to get you!
They're going to play all 18 holes.