

# Angel Of Death

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I am a blank page in a notebook,  
waiting to be filled with countless drawings of cocks.  
I am a bathroom wall, freshly painted over  
to cover up swastikas and the names of the girls that we called  
sluts,

I am the Total Gym,  
I am the Salad Glove,  
I am the Slap Chop,  
I'm the forever lazy,  
I am a boring and worthless thing, and nobody should save me.

I am the Kool-Aid stains on the mouth of a kid,  
whose name is most likely Cody.  
He had a juice box for breakfast and he carries a stick that he  
most likely found in the alley,  
And Cody doesn't have friends,  
and his parents hate each other,  
and he wants to find a better way to love his family.  
And after school he hangs out in the abandoned house behind the  
Arby's.

I am the camera that watches you,  
when you think you are awake.  
and I am a Jesus fish on a drug traffic fan  
that keeps all their cocaine safe.  
I am the guy that eats at least 50 chicken wings,  
at an all you can eat buffet,  
I'm the Xbox controller for a drone operator today.

And I'm a hologram of a tanning booth,  
in a history class from the future.  
I'm the nuclear test, called Operation Dominic,  
that gave my grandfather cancer.

And I am a video store clerk and an angel of death,  
"Hello how are you? My Name is Trevor."  
Prepare to die,  
Bad Lieutenant 2 is the greatest movie ever.