

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.