

## Shoeshine For Neptune

### Arsonists Get All The Girls

Driving down the road i hear the radio  
and your muffled screams through the back seat  
i just made your shoes but they need to be  
cleaned for meet and greet  
so classic so smooth  
as you sedated me  
i slipped a little something into your drink  
a potion, more like a poison  
i tell you as you drive on  
brake lights shine through black  
they reveal the burial plot  
one last kiss before your final send off  
you take my final breaths  
thrust them into the ocean  
cement shoes  
i shall become one with death  
the air bubbles start to surface  
a sensation of satisfaction sweeps over my entire body  
content with the done deal  
the taste of this victory is almost too much for me  
don't forget i killed you  
with my death that i home brewed  
as i sink down i remember what the sea king said  
"you die here"  
the chemicals begin to mix  
vision begins to blur  
i fall to my knees  
i am my own victim  
i was meant this way either way  
you tapped my phones  
i made the set up  
it was meant to be Neptune's plan  
no fate involved