

Cigarettes have killed millions.
I wish I would have thought of that.
What the f**k smells like tooth loss in here?
We've got lamb on the door waiting for the angel.
Walking through blood knee high.
I wish I would have thought of that.
What the f**k smells like bad priest in here?
We've got blood on the door.
God-war. Death-president.
Let's get hopped up on horse tranquilizers and play with claw hammers.
Maybe stop at the tendon and try to keep this screwdriver out of your neck.
Hey kids, the Jesus-reaper wears a cowboy hat.
(These plowshares have fashioned the perfect swords. I kneel with one eye on the clock. High up in our heaven they'll laugh and smoke cigars when natural selection renders this rock a vacant lot - Trevor Strnad).
We should apologize... say we're sorry.
If you hadn't sprayed our throats on the floor, Micheal.