

Werepizza

HORSE the band

Tortured and mangled,
Hungry and hateful,
Vicious and covered
In viscous fluids.
Hungry for pizza, the cannibal feasts.
A creature of cravings and conspiracies.

Black arts conspire with brick oven masters, birthing his face:
the disaster,
Dying a dead black crusty cancer without answers.
The werepizza is after you.

A werepizza he's been since the age of sixteen when he got disgusting...
Since then he's preyed on the weak and the lame, covering them
in pepperoni
And garlic and olive and onion and peppers and cheese and broccoli
And chicken and sausage and mushroom, jalapeños and anchovies.

[Hello Sir, here's your pizza—dear god young man what has happened to you?
What are you talking about sir? What? What? It's your face! It's
s&it's REVOLTING!!! You look like something birthed from a witch's
cauldron boiling full of cheese that coated you while you crawled out and your skin is blistering and popping from the boiling cheese! Fuck you mister. I don't get paid enough to listen to this kind of shit! No wait! Do you want me to kill you and put you out of your disgusting misery? Fuck you mister! Well call me if you can't do it yourself.]

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