

A Small Lunch

Pungent Stench

Hello grandma how do you like it
Lying in the tub through disembolwed
Can you remember you always compeled me to eat
And if I wasn't hungry you gave me the sticky
Now I am hungry but please don't bother
You don't have cook because you are my lunch
Maybe the flesh is a little stingy
It doesn't matter it's good for my teeth
Your big strong hands
With all their swollen vessels
I'll keep in memory
Of the many slaps
Your brain with eggs and vegetables
I think that will taste bloody delicious
Now there's only one thing you can do
Grandma wish me jolly good