

# Late For A Double Date With A Oile Of Atoms In The Water Closet

The Locust

Arbiter of shittily planned dilemmas  
you were born with only three faces

shit down to the sub-atomic level  
to the last quark

Martyrs mocking, lepers vomiting  
while everyone and their mother  
team up with toilet water  
Don't forget to tell your face  
swish swish gargle gargle

This here bowl is half full of shit  
and this here shit shall set you free.