

The Unwilling...led By The Unqualified...doing The Unnecessary...for The

The Locust

Will all John Henkley's please report to the corporate barbeque

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Let's pile this trash much higher so that we might just reach the heavens.

Leaving cock-suckers behind

With stock imagination, reinventing commons then living without dead time.

Opinions are like assholes, everyone seems to have one.

So here you go: death to fuzz!

Dead.

Uncle Sham and his sick Uncle Dickin', all fuzzy tailed and f**king like bunnies.

Making you feel just like a warmed up corpse.

A total hit while hitting on everything.

Got to pump and dump.

Brains are on ice and still one too many bellies touching their backs while some have their back teeth buried under the ground

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They shall eat thy dinner out of a polystyrene polypropylene dish. It shall be pre-prepared, cooked in a microwave, sped up by a megatron at a two thousand four hundred and fifty megahertz frequency and thy food will be calories, BHT, BHA, sulfites, and yellow no.5.

Now its time to throw craps.

So pay up mister hoof-and-mouth disease, the cake is getting thin. Add the coffin meat of those who don't have the sense to pour the piss out of a boot to save their lives.