

Twenty-Three Lubed Up Schizophrenics With Delusions Of Grandeur

The Locust

Seemed like the right thing to do at the time
but Dr. quackenfish is in the driver's seat now.

Aesthetically pleased to the point of ambivalence.
Canadian bacon-y self-fulfilling prophecy
take the time to drown in your own spit

Yes. We are talking about you.