

## 13 & God "Death Major"

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You can't take the eat out of death,  
That spelling is fixed, sure as day on a skeleton sets  
Both are forever at your neck  
It's a  
It's an eat on us  
And will they so simply snip you vain  
To be improved  
Useless slave stakes in the king's bed  
Left only waged your once infant neck half-hugging the  
Word blades one way embrace

Your head lead or finger that last capture  
And then replanted it in the bed of upper class  
Laughter  
Where in it is never picked nor tended to  
Only left to a decade of death uneven under the sperse  
Of all seasons

And you (you are singular)  
Yet in you still, all day has resulted  
And you (you are singular)  
It's perhaps pride of all pulses  
Yet (you are singular) (you you are singular)  
Yet you (you are singular)  
Yet you get no god to catch your back against the  
Maggots loose  
You got no one ape  
You wore all that bone structure too  
You wet and molded devolved your meaning of life  
long  
Devoured by day is to die so  
So this means  
This means terrible things to those who cherish them  
Who think in flames  
Safe in for their beliefs that there that no river ever  
Ends  
That the sun or moon is simply miscommon with the  
dark  
And light  
Cross honors  
Before they give you no pain  
Big sleep will certainly cure you of this gift

In it's body ridden brutal business  
What's motherlessness  
Or that bent bone it all  
A belly set flame

Pop the genetic hinduists  
So a name born and burn in doubt  
So joining it over from egg  
Into evening day  
Disappointment  
Flocking arms across an indefinite  
Like opening a jar full of weather

This will only work once  
(You are)  
Only only once  
Only only once  
(You are)  
Only only once  
(You you you you are)  
Only only only once  
(You you are singular)

When single odds at the wall like border lines  
Reproduce not to go for go made to change to reduced  
You forgetting it's pulse and all you a hard wood  
Otherwise speechless  
Or perhaps they would like to promise to feed them  
T-t-t-took the time to break cops code and meet them  
at  
The full on all your yoke  
You wouldn't do you good to be that good help when  
Doctors disprove about yourself  
To never recall at all that the fetus did name your  
Penis in fame  
Solve the little path to your whooping luck d-d-did t-  
T-to have that heart attack

So you don't never did see burst in sun light did where  
Winner with your window shut  
You see lies undid

All one wants is to be missed  
To throw no flag  
But see American have punches posing as poetry

Don't fret  
Just grab your car and throw it to (?) from death

I have nothing to give you but these days  
I am broken stone that'll waste nor death

Teeth behind kisses  
Nothing right with death

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