

76% Uncertain "Jelly Mold Of Doom"

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With hair pulled out in frustration
And fingernails chewed off in worry
With the scabs off the wounds that festered
While you wouldn't admit that they were there

With the bile from your heart
Blood from your eye
You filled the jelly mold of doom
I smiled blank when you brought it in the room

With razor bladed apples
Grown from seeds of discontent
With chips off shoulders and tips of tongues
Off the top of your head, from the pit of your stomach

With the stuff you got off your chest
When you spilled out your guts
You filled the jelly mold of doom
Under ominous waxed paper it sits out in my room

I guess I should it with the curried favor
We're having for dinner again
Make sure you save some room
The fruits of your labor and humble pie for desert
Bitter sour grapes of wrath
A piece of your mind, a taste of your own medicine
Not a bowl of cherries, a different can of worms
A whole other kettle of fish
Put a lid on it, would you?

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