

And Then, There Were Frogz! **"Lucky Number Blue"**

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4 AM: bar's closed, doors locked, but my head is
spinning...
... all the carnivores racing in for the feeding...

Can't seem to concentrate on this game,
With natural selection grinding gears.
Someone please hire a herdsman
Who can instill the precedent untamed
And whip these pests into a submission.

Rid us of the fatcats who could stand to lose a buck.
Rid us of the lizard lounging, hoping for a fuck.
Shooting looks a lovely lady's way,
With the instinctive flare of capturing prey.

"Hey there, turtledove...
I love the way the moon reflects off
Your sticky, gelatinous tongue"

Spare me. (inches from fate). Rape the rest of them.

RAPE THEM!
RAPE THEM!
RAPE THEM!
RAPE THEM!
Fate never favors the ideal of defunct charisma.

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