

## Andrew Belle

### "Imitosis"

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His keeping busy, yeah he's bleeding stones,  
With his machinations and his palindromes  
It was anything but hear the voice  
Anything but hear the voice  
It was anything but hear the voice  
That says that we're all basically alone

Poor Professor Pynchon had only good intentions  
When he put his Bunsen burners all away  
And turned into a playground a petri dish of single  
cells  
That would swing their fists at anything that looks like  
easy prey  
On this nature show that rages every day it was bound,  
A part his intuition  
To say we were all basically alone

And despite what all his studies had shown  
What was mistaken for closeness was just a case for  
mitosis  
Why do some show no mercy  
While others are painfully shy?  
And tell me doctor can quantify  
?Cause he just wants to know the reason, the reason  
why

Why do they congregate in groups of four  
Scatter like a billion spores  
And let the wind just carry them away?  
How can kids be so mean  
Our famous doctor tried to gleam  
As he went home at the end of the day  
In this Nature show that rages every day  
It was bound apart his intuition, Say

We were all basically all alone  
Despite what all his studies had shown  
What was mistaken for closeness was just a case for  
mitosis  
She fatal doses, malcontent to osmosis  
Why do some show no mercy

While others are painfully shy?  
Well tell me doctor can you quantify  
The reason why

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