

Dance Club Massacre

"You Know, You Kind Of Look Cute In The Dark"

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Not once did I preach the very words you sought. Of course this comes to you as a shock. To be honest, I wouldn't crush your pretty toenails into a thousand pieces.

If so, this would only be a mess I'd feel obligated to clean up, unlike every fulfilling phantom with a hard on that bleeds internally and externally as if it were that fat chick at that one party who consumed every drop fell down the stairs and then spewed out her vomit and/or AIDS.

No, this is not art, this is the weekend baby. Let's get crazy. I feel like dancing.

A few tears shed, a few knuckles bled. Raised up to call out the bitch behind you with a nap sack and a brand new driver's license.

It's like that old saying, eh boys? Bon appetite.

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