

Bile

"Rock Is Dead"

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Come, swallow, if you please,
hand grasp throat up from your knees.
Two faced are always reborn, sunk lower than the
lowest
form. ROCK IS DEAD. Falling fast from the brink of
boredom, pork those piggies with no condom. Rainbow,
black flag, Tipper
Gore-dom, slutfest, cumsoaked,
teknowhore-dom. ROCK IS DEAD.
Rubber love, from coast to coast, ten count you're out,
now
who's the most. Clean shaved boy,
cut smiling faces. Brit-pop dick like you're in Oasis.
ROCK IS DEAD.

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