

Graf Orlock "Personal Stuff"

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Billy Bedlam, diamond dog, cirus the virus, garland green. Nothing quite like seeing a grown man piss his pants. Hes a fort of misplaced rage, name your clich, mother held him too much, or not at all, late night sneaky uncle, now hes so angry, moments of levity cause him pain. Fuck you trailer trash, gag and bag this nazi muffin. I'd rather crush his larynx with my boot. What is this shit? Its my daughter, I don't care if it's the weeping mamma of Christ. What if I told you insane was working 50 hours a week for 50 years? Now you talk semantics. What the fuck was that?

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