

Grenouer **"Sex Optica"**

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A Somber Contestant, a Host in Himself
He Hates Everyone Out Of His Hidden Shell
Emerges to Score and To Skip off The Mesh
He Is a Mere Shadow of His Former Flesh

Against The World's Irreversible Fate
There's Hardly a Matter worth Altering Rates
He Has His Own Way Which Is Straight and Shriil
Relieving the Strain in the Heat of the Field

An Ironside
All Magnetized
About To Fight
Remains Precise
Downleft Downright
A Careful Sight
A Rifle Shot
Never Misses Sexual Targets

From Smoke into Smother He Raises a Bout
Flies into the Face of the Boisterous Rout
His Clouds Are Enough to Distinguish the Sun
Within A Strong Clincher He Snatches the Gun

Beyond Reclaim
Intensive Pains
Still On the Trail
Appear To Fail
So Hard At Hand
Restless and Damned
Off The Land
He Crimps Himself to the Ecstatic Service

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