

Horse The Band

"Werepizza"

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Tortured and mangled,
Hungry and hateful,
Vicious and covered
In viscous fluids.
Hungry for pizza, the cannibal feasts.
A creature of cravings and conspiracies.

Black arts conspire with brick oven masters, birthing
his face: the disaster,
Dying a dead black crusty cancer without answers.
The werepizza is after you.

A werepizza he's been since the age of sixteen when
he got disgusting...
Since then he's preyed on the weak and the lame,
covering them in pepperoni
And garlic and olive and onion and peppers and
cheese and broccoli
And chicken and sausage and mushroom, jalapeños
and anchovies.

[Hello Sir, here's your pizza-dear god young man what
has happened to you?
What are you talking about sir? What? What? It's your
face! It's REVOLTING!!! You look like something
birthed from a witch's cauldron boiling full of cheese
that coated you while you crawled out and your skin is
blistering and popping from the boiling cheese! Fuck
you mister. I don't get paid enough to listen to this kind
of shit! No wait! Do you want me to kill you and put you
out of your disgusting misery? Fuck you mister! Well
call me if you can't do it yourself.]

BEWARE or be aware:
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