

Low Fidelity Allstars "Warming Up The Brain Farm"

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Dear God,
The patient's best intentions
have sadly faltered.
Despite his newly installed, varnished brain,
and being force-fed gallons of viscous demented
liquor,
he is determined to obtain the new drone spiders'
trophy.
He dreams of becoming the scorpion who never
sweats.
Quite frankly, I'm sickened to have this individual
infiltrate
my headspace.
He talks of lascivious laughs haunting his every second
as the clock spits, clicks, and time speeds by in the
form of a neon snake.

Massive delusions?
Very probably.
{music begins}
I fear for my safety.
He is as weak as his fellow man.
I am now surrounded by hypocrites, liars, drunks,
clowns, fools, sycophants and the desperate.
I insist we barter with the moon to sell the patient's
cohesive lyrical maps
in exchange for a vision of the future.
Stricken with grief, I have no choice but to turn to lethal
toxins
Hardcore Punk Paste.
Allstars takin' over...

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