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Psychopath
"We Ran Out Of CD Space"

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What if the world was made of glazed donuts? You would be like, "Man, that's fuckin' sweet, I can't believe the world is made of donuts."
What if your hands were made of Hot Pockets? You would be the first one to be eaten in survival situations.

What if your thumb roared like a dinosaur? What if you peed out of your nose? What if your face was shaped like Mexico, or trapezoids, or Texas and Hawaii?
What if the world was made of other worlds combined into a world just like the world you started with? What if another world then ate the world made out of donuts, making all the donut people pissed?

What if your face was made of bumblebees? You would be like, "Dude, this really sucks. I do not want a face made out of bumblebees."
What if your dad was made of rainbows? You would be like, "OMG that's lame. I want a dad made out of ninja robots."

What if your pool was filled with applesauce? What if a hot dog was your tongue? What if your mouth was filled with broken glass, and fire ants, and three meat jambalaya?
What if you tried to build a spaceship with a cannon that shoots crocodiles at everyone you hate? And what if those crocodiles could shoot heat-seeking killer bees, ensuring that there would be no escape?

What if your room was filled with lots and lots of puppy dogs? You would be like, "Awww, look at the puppy dog. Aww, c'mere. C'mere! Whatcha doing little guy? Whatcha doing? Ooh whatcha wooky wooky. Look at the puppy dog. The puppy dog... puppy doggies!"
Where do the squirrels go during hurricanes? What if your butt was on your chest? What if guitars could squirt out sour cream, and nacho cheese, and pure sulfuric acid?

What if the world was made of...

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