

Pt Grimm & The Dead Puppies

"Crystal Baby"

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How rare a find, I'll second it's charm. Finalized
immediately, don't be alarmed.
Synergy is serving well, the second voice is the source
of countless romantic fictions.
Of those who yearned for status racket guile. Waking
up in glory and duplicitous denial.
Mr. Nothing Stupidhead is weaving his monotony,
fashioning the blatantly exciting
Dullery.
Demanding he, of those require the coveted toxin.
Fox escapes, of those who he denies.
Long desire, revulsion needs the coveted toxin.
Crystal baby laughs aloud and dies.
Is there transparency in your nothingness? Your
affection is questioning mine.
Sigh.
Indifference.
Monotony.
Demanding appeal. Exhibited fair. Ho-hum wearisome
dazzling pest.
There's a devil in our milk. Sulky suspension, with a
phony smile and nervous laughter.
Of those who yearned for token notability, emanating
the distinction of minority.
Mr. Nothing Stupidhead is weaving his monotony,
fashioning the blatantly exciting
Dullery.
I am the blunder, to prove the biting. Have you resorted
to middle sighting?
No I haven't.
One satisfies with stable comfort. Go all the way,
deplete your interest.
Go idle, we're made to wake in what we bake,
forsaken, and you forget what we've
Taken. And we're still hunting and chasing the pledges
that were the only ones to never
Think. The highest quality nothing never offered at this
time is limited for you.

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