

The Irish Front

"Because Bomb Sniffing Dogs Don?t Work Underwater!"

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This just in a man made ship made of men has landed,
Treasure here sucking a bathtub.
Reporters tell of mischievous sanctions of typical bull
syndrome,
Causing two toned facial pans of needle green
orpheum.
In a pale sheep monster of gray recluse,
Staring at the back of your head in the mirror,
Face forward.
In a pale sheep monster of gray recluse,
Staring at the back of your head in the mirror,
Face forward.

With your lips sewn to the carpet and ankles glued,
Drink of the fist ignore your brother, cum inside the
womb!
Bathing in the sun between her double chin,
Beware of table cloth ghosts!
They are you,
We are they.
They are you,
We are they.
They are you,
We are they.

Because bomb sniffing dogs don't work underwater!
Why did my boat explode... ?
Why did my boat explode?

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