

Vendetta

"Coital Improv"

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Hey miscarriage i was hoping you'd catch my white
knuckled wave
But the umbilical bars of your seraphant cell they're all,
"hey now what's that sound?" Machine gun fire in the
shantytown.
"the american mask of a terrorist clown?"
The stealth jet bombers and mushroom clouds coming
down.
Congregation; behold our daughter the perversion of
the age.
With these forceps i waved hello, and tried to pluck you
from the womb.
Hang your head in shame; ye who'd dare accuse our
mother.
A curse upon your name and all your future sons.
The hour is at hand and she will be the herald for the
reign of womankind
Let the blood rain down forever and ever.

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