

Wreckery

"Mr. Co-Dexterity"

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I entered the lines of labrynth paths
Enraged with sweat-killing amplitude
Mr. Co-Dexterity enticed the wooden frame
And neck abound with nickelstring

Full of chordal karaoke
And notes for not the earnest ears,
But instead of those with eerie eyes
With such handy pattern pro-technique,
It pains my eyes
That proportionalists can hardly see
His miscellaneous debris

Emerging past the primal rage
To the wood, his hands engage
Past his primal rage - Mr. Co-Dexterity

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