

## Willow Wisp "Oldest Joke In The Book"

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Carry on objects of mindless objectivity  
You fail to remember your loss of life  
Never shall you inspire any authenticity  
The world could do without your ambition less vice

Sneering at what you admire  
I have already acquired what you may only desire  
Your ammunitions a pitiful drop of water  
Unable to extinguish my fire  
Raging inferno, my path unbarred  
laying brick to construct an empire

The oldest joke in the book  
Is the mirror which mimics your invisible look

Does my cosmetic appliance baffle thee?  
Forcing you to spit your venom of stupidity  
Is reciting "Halloween is Over"  
As creative as you can be?  
Or are you beguiled by your talent less atrophy?

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