

Michael McGuire "Wireless Sexless And Soulless"

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WIRELESS, SEXLESS AND SOULLESS

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WIRELESS, SEXLESS AND SOULLESS

The way she wears the worlds envy on her breast,
you'd think this
rebuilt engine would never be second guessed, but
perfection is
betrayed with her caller I. D., it's a nine hundred
number but the first
hundred years are free, all this clockwork cock jerk sex
just ain't
sexy.
Oh I can see her beauty's beast, feel the scales
behind the silk, hear
the ring tones s.o.s., taste Coca Cola in the mothers
milk.
This ain't love it's just a masturbation martyrs crush,
she could charm
god's lawyer with her video blush. it's a promise of a
promise only a
liar could keep, a crop only Able could sow only Cain
could reap, this
tease is satisfactions surrogate dreamless shock of
sleep.
Oh I know thats not her real name, I can guess her
weight, I believe
her religion is her fame, I think she would eat her mate.
Music that sounds like an advertisement for music that
sounds like
this, and there is no sex in the soul of this shamelessly
scripted kiss,
no you'll never get rug burns and love bites from this
sexless breeder,
she's just a hydroponic carrot because the man at the
top is a bottom
feeder, If everything is all there is well then this ain't
much, ah but
this machine can manufacture such a human touch.
Oh it's wireless sexless and soulless, that's the way
they control us,
with these empty dreams they cajole us, with these

hardwired habits
they enroll us.
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