

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Imagine Nation Express"

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When we meet with good intentions in mind, it's like
tying your arms to the northbound train.
When you extend your hand for peace, it's like tying
your legs to the southbound train.
You practiced this speech well, but your bullshit is
stronger than your rotten breath.
When you hold your hand and cry apologies, all I can
hear is the train bell ringing \\\"All aboard\\\".
The trains begin tugging.
I love knowing that when you kiss your child, that my
dick filled the same pussy walls it came from.
I don't I don't I don't agree to dis dis dis disagree.
Smell the dick on the kid.
You pulled me in to feel my touch, I hear your torso
giving up, I'll never forget the way you hugged, flaps of
flesh hanging at the ends of your body, bones and
muscles skipping along the tracks, they're falling out
part by part... what a disgusting mess you are inside.
The trains pick up speed and are no longer in sight,
happy to have company.
Lying naked with her legs spread open was the last
time I saw that much of someone's insides.
I close the night off with a dance along the tracks

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