

## **Apathy Eulogy**

### **"I'd Rather Kiss A Tarantula"**

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The apple fell small distance from the tree that it called  
mum

In those shadows it became what apples do become  
A granny smith, from granny smith, so each stems  
from it's kind

And that is how I should have known, how could I be so  
blind

Your mother, though a charm at times, fell short of  
character

Your mother went from man to man, and you were  
prone to flirt

Now looking back it seems unfair to have expected  
more

From someone who my wiser friends identified a whore  
And yes that word is strong, but true, and so is my  
resolve

To be the man that I should be and leave you with the  
dogs

We've been through this before

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