

Rob Zombie

"Skin"

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Have no eyes, I must see, you walk out, a violent burst
of some kind kind kind kind, mindstate a dirty little
drunk and cluttered. shinning a problem of pictorial
illusion, dump the trunk and te
E little freak out out out. an unparalleled account of
collapse appearing like yourself liberation appearing
like myself mutilation. hold still now, nobody turns, said
yeah! thier back on me. silence is deafening desperate
waking up. motive spasm my back aches. termination
detentation, da-la-sco.. no w this room don't seem so
small sitting here in a cage of some kind kind kind kind
miracle and some hallucination, dropped excitement
from my last words shut the door and turn the t.v. on on
now that I've done all that I can.

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