

Most Serene Republic

"Catharsis Boo"

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Time to make up a product that makes one visualize a
Break from strife.
One has once said, "It's always a something that molds
Bread, rise and then gone."
Have some more grub, and old man he sells them by
the
Shrub, from his old car.

Might as well burn to your fancy.
No more idle thoughts of plenty.
Pick the job your jeans are to wear.
Or take them off, work like your bare.

Ah, don't look!

Why hello verse, I see your back again to run course.
What nice timing.

I am calling you and you're not home. I saw you asleep,
I
Conspired we got hurt.

It's you again. I thought we established we were
friends.
Now go amscray.

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