

Pygmy Lush

"Throw The Jockey"

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Witches pushing baby carriages,
Lice under dead folks finger nails,
On the bottom of a cowboy boot,
There is shit in the grass,
A cat in a bag,
The world is bound and gagged.
Sitting at the top pf the middle class,
Picking noses in traffic.
Watch, as someone laughs at someone else,
Passing there gas, oh god! The priest,

And his mass, all the good people still
Pushing shit out of their asses,
Boat, train, cars and plane crashes.
Rashes on the words of righteous men and women.
Lashing your backs are the worlds new fascists,
Sleeping in well fashioned caskets,
Let it reign in.
The end at last!
Throw the jockey
Trample the stands.

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