

**Jasmina Maschina****"Mr. Fetus"**

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Hello Mr. Fetus, one arm, one leg, one eye  
One parent wants you, one parent in denial  
Just one careless saturday night  
In a rusty car behind the multiplex  
Mr. Penis now works 9 to 5  
On minimum wage  
Just so your blue babybook can add  
Another stained, stained, curled page

Mr. Fetus, how do you feel?  
You walking, talking, drooling welfare check  
Let mother fill your ears with the words "Heaven Sent"  
While playing hangman with the word "A-C-C-I-D-E-N-T"

So who loves you more?  
With ping pong playmates for parents  
Provoking dents in your side  
That cannot be hammered out  
Months spent flying over the net  
Praying that one day someone misses  
Because the game is boring  
Because the game is "fuck you"

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