

For a passing moment  
 we know what we know  
 no need to put on a fucking funny show.

I know the drill  
 nevermind the thrill.

Puppy eyes  
 looking at me all bright  
 you wanna fuck me  
 alright  
 then treat me right.  
 I know it's hard to be a man  
 not enough to open a can  
 but take it light  
 human is the real deal  
 if you wanna heal  
 fuck the social construct  
 it can only obstruct  
 and self-destruct  
 my final conduct.  
 We can heal as we fuck  
 though my heart is teal blue  
 its made of steel and glue  
 it won't break for the kinds of you.

In the warmest night  
 I saw a flying light  
 but confused it  
 for a liars fight.

Grey skies near and far  
 whispered me what sound like lies  
 how the fuck does the bird take flight  
 without a storm  
 or like a kite  
 without a form  
 aimless

as we go  
 here for a second.  
 I felt home with this powder  
 giving me  
 a sort of power.

To trust it would be  
 a big fat mistake you see.

I'm now a breathless feather  
 and you a sky father.  
 Here we are playing the old game of power  
 each time I moan  
 you will fucking groan.  
 Until we end up  
 Drained and fucking stoned.

Night of the day  
 knight of the bay  
 the sea will listen  
 as we fade away.

My mind stares into yours  
 two black holes  
 and in their core  
 that black box  
 that palace  
 of the human paradox.  
 Glimpses of changes in your states  
 reflect from your unaware face.  
 Your vacuum knows my secrets  
 for they are made of the very same substance.

So I give in  
 and do my routine  
 close my eyes and rub it hard  
 and what do I think?  
 I listen to us making that song  
 and how do I dare get bored  
 of this great parody of war.

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Somehow we are now in the land of no narratives where all imperatives become sedatives and we eat them we meet them but we don't greet them.

Sentences become lost where I host a party of ghost dancers in kimonos and limousines.

For the world is confusing me now it's using me milking me psychically and technically abusing me.

Pornographic fantasy of an ethnographic journalist on ecstasy might be seemingly erotic but I also might be a frantic fatalist.

Here is the definition of fun in capitals and we run on chemicals but it's not ethical to talk about his genitals.

Retinal pleasure may be enough for some but I like it tough and treasure meaning and cum with a little bit of rum.

Okay mum

I'm leaning on him but if love is choreography I'm leaving the light dim for I love pornography and I leave myself out of every category to love the allegory of senseless trials of detecting the self and the consciousness And when awareness dials I won't pick up cause I might just give up on trying to figure my shit out.

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Depressive crap rushes in my mind, this oppressive trap hushes all my kind threads of thought about love and what life brought

In the drought I steer the wheel towards the cliff and all my bones are stiff.

I try to find the lake of real and cry in it to heal

the troubles get lost in bubbles made by fishes in the lake of real so surreal and almost clear.

Blurry too but hurry I feel good and I must admit I can't eat food if all the food is smeared by blood.

I applaud the cloud

And it's getting hot

Man I don't wanna write depressive conscious rap.

This crap makes me nauseous and confuses my notions.

I'm delusional frantic

cause my mind is an attic.

I would love to be holistic but I'm just a girl with a joystick.

But whatever are we ever clever

really is this shit gonna take forever.  
 Damsel in distress you look good and I'd fuck you in this dress.  
 But honestly it's easy to say the world is fucked up what can you do if  
 you're all tucked up in your bed and just nod cause it's getting hot and  
 red and it may seem great but it's not.

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Hair greasy, London air makes me dizzy  
 I forgot to brush my teeth grinding weed this mornin.  
 Being fair ain't easy in the old cold heat turning on us but we're learnin  
 with the sky beneath.  
 It's a lie just eat a pie in your panties and cry.  
 I wanna go where grannies die.  
 Easy there my oh my.  
 Here we are  
 changing lead planting seed hanging greed  
 on the hanger and performing true love.  
 Our anger forming a blue dove.  
 Oh love don't make me cry.  
 I lied again  
 child man  
 you tried again.  
 But I won't succumb  
 cause I feel numb to your tricks and deal love for hopeless pricks.  
 The room clicks with a number of ticks.  
 Don't assume this slut will suck your dicks but I presume you wanna  
 throw me sticks.

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It's a gloomy day, I hit the looney way.  
 Looking for a man to lay  
 on my lap and make him say  
 nothing in particular and nothing much articulate.  
 Use your mouth for something else and let's ride south if that makes  
 sense.  
 You can suck my nipples  
 and play withy ripples but  
 I'm not your mama.  
 So get over your complex

nobody's Oedipus rex.  
 All I wanna do is have some sweet fucking sex.  
 We can even shoot some porn  
 and then you pop me some corn.  
 I'm not your daughter  
 not your sister either.  
 Keep your issues to yourself  
 and I'll keep mine.  
 Cause I'm sick of bullshit and I ain't looking for an intimate relationship.  
 I used to be so sweet  
 careful tender neat.  
 That was when I had some white and pretty fucking teeth.  
 But when we get under the sheet  
 I want you to raise the heat.  
 Pretend and dominate  
 let your fear dissipate.  
 We can play the game of hate.  
 But here's a reminder  
 it's not really you  
 to whom I surrender.  
 I'm my only master  
 you remember that.  
 Wear it like a hat.  
 You can have me like a cat  
 but I'm an aristocrat  
 So that be that.

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Every kind of relationship, a very kind dictatorship  
 mere sponsorship here become some other shit.  
 We're all in the same ship.  
 Their role is to give a lame tip.  
 Don't take me on a trip  
 to Maldives or Ibiza  
 Won't wake you on a flip  
 in each and every stanza.  
 I wanna have another sip  
 of your orange golden drip.  
 Trips on a rotten ship.

Lips of a forgotten sip.  
 Same as every guru, blame it on the voodoo.  
 Witches can do good too  
 and bitches now I'm fucking blue.

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So I wanna rap about the shit I wrap my head around.  
 Sex and insanity in lexicon of vanity  
 bound to a hormone you wanna hear a whore moan.  
 So you objectify woman, and identify  
 with the bad boys but no you don't qualify to be one of my toys.

A friend told me that woman like me  
 make men see their own damn pussy.  
 But another told me that chicks like me  
 make man be dicks to other chicks  
 and then it clicks.