And now for the long awaited...

SUB *Verse*

"I'd rather be a House of Masters member than a shaggy mastadon."

tHe bOtTleS in heR dreAmS
the bottles f
         a
      l
          l from their shelfs
as she awakens   s
in
the outer
         I mean the
she sees
the red roses
surrounding her bed
and cries.
       All fish slip onto the floor, finding no
comfort.

Clem Tobias

*Joe
    knows*

Jocrast

Didn't you find a baby for bebee
Bebee bet the blind boy for big blocks
Back off big boy, bebee doesn't like babys.
bye-bye

Jay-Jay

. . . And Jochrist for all
In my land of happy boys
Everyone drinks cool, purple yummies.
Slinkies are their favorite toys
Their hero is Gummy Nummy.

To all these people, tall and small
I offer Jochrist to all.

Always polite, they know their manners,
"Man must Bee!" cry out their banners.
There are twenty-five artists
For each urban planner.

To all these people, tall and small
I offer Jochrist to all.

Helen Stathopulos

The toast is burnt again
The juice drips from the strains
forced upon the equinox.

Could you filch me in on this?

The B-Boys rally starts at ten
their banners muddy with being ignored again
Oh and how the dogs howled
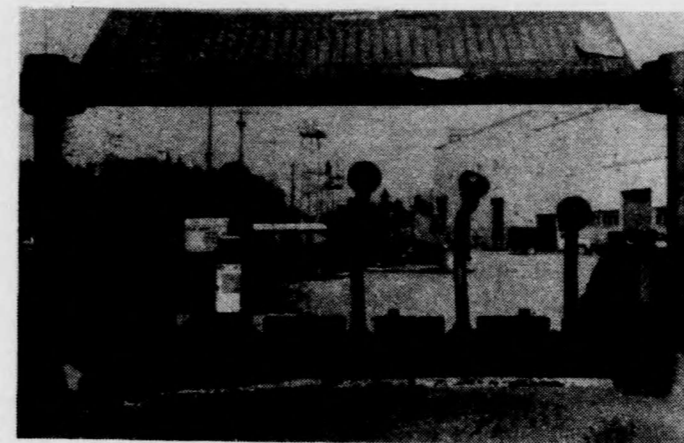last night in the chicken coop.

Ha you thought of this
No I never would have
right like I want to
go back to bed
drink some joe
seek some help
How's steel these days
Still burn your nipples
George wants smooth legs
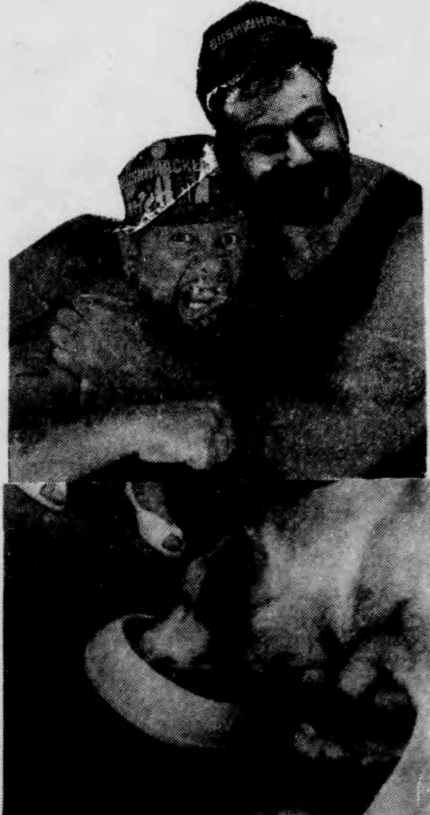But he's such a swell guy

Meleesa Theos

"I've finally made it into a fraternity,
now all the girls will adore me .
I think, I think. Or do I follow?
In their sperm the chauvinist pigs wallow.
"Brothers and sisters across two nations."
A form of social masturbation.
Tom, Dick, and Biff think they're better than
me,
cause now others will decide who they're sup-
posed to be.

Toliethead

Red sCArE
i'm going to leave an atom bomb
in a paper bag on a city bus
and someone will get hungry . . .
the start of lunch, the end of us.

i hope it makes america clear
for communists to infiltrate —
and some of them can build on
the rubble of this land so great.

    i don't care but don't work in an Asian wasteland
    how much worse could commies do in sharontate's
land?

so bless the murders, the thieves,
cops and lawyers . . . that's a
while stupider . . .
I'll plant my lunch with hope inside

hope, of some red-mannered girls
coming 'round to build some hope
and save us starting a new
america, amerzeeedoats.

so is this what we need
to stop us from our self-decay?
annihilation breeds contempt, but
better dead then red, you say.

well then i'll leave an atom bomb
in a paper bag in a garbage bin,
and if someone gets hungry . . .
then share your bloody lunch with

← CROSS HERE   **GAP**

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