

T H h
 D A eh. eh. E
 M O U heh. heh. heh. LDY,
 A N D N eh. heh. h ARROW,
 D I S M A L h. heh. GRAYED,
 E T E R N h. he ALY RIGID,
 D E A D L h E A D L E A F
 O V E R C O A T E D
 C O L L O S U S O F
 O M E G A T O
 O M E G A
 G A T E
 heh. heh.

We gives you fond Hello, Mr. E, My dear Ms. Eerie,
 Come, eats drinks and be merry For tomorrow you dies.
 O, but gracious little religious gods Like you, loved and wise
 Don't need our small dark advise. Pour your Self a yellow wine
 Until your fingers glows like urine gold. Now how about some peanut butter
 Until your throat sticks like feces hold? How about some intestine chestnuts
 Or fried eggs or a hot dog for your roll? Now do not give me any cheerless butts
 For it's merry to eat a lot of be-good shit From the sun of your social dog training,
 To endlessly shove all smooth to rough, Down the old chute the chute: No life stuff
 Endlessly down the large bottomless pit To feed the insubtle moon of your asshole.
 A lot of people don't like to devour grub. They die not- never having lived- but cease
 And all round their cheap and narrow lips The premium cardboard mold feels close.

Ω Our name is Might Have Been also called No More, Too Late, Farewell, Kick The Bucket, So Long, Croak,
 heh. The Light At The End Of The Tunnel, Of The Food Of The Gods- The Funnel, The Black Sandwich, Frugaed Hope, heh.
 heh. heh. The Dark Shadow, The Straight And Narrow, We Regret We Have Nothing More To Grasp, Scream, Or Crawl For. heh. heh.
 So Long Air, Farewell My Blue Ball, There's A Long Entrail Unwinding Out Of The Land Of Our Screams, Ω
 The Ice Kiss, Good bye Broadway, Hello France, Faith And Hope Is Just A Trance
 The Solid Pension, The Testicle Vise, The Dark Bark Sailing Thicked Unknown Skies,
 Campbell's Low Fat Consommétion Devoutly To Be Wished Evening Soup,
 The Dense Joyride, The Solid Rollover, The Silent Revolution, The Altruistic Coup,
 Absolutely Miss Superscription, Positively Mister Death, As The Sun Sets In The Est,
 The Japanese Vacation, The Jewish Irritation, The Middle East Peace, The Perfect Rest,
 The Zero Spine, The Bottom Line, The Priests' Bread And Butter, The Doctor's Agent,
 Or, Inner City Murder College, Give To Some One Else, The Sum Of All Knowledge,
 But for some reason more arcane there Always seems to appear a flash supreme
 Breathing in our deft Self the soft sunrise of Winged peace to suck in a breath of sighs-
 One sniff in, one sniff in, and then no more Romance on your liquid hot house floor
 Whilst above is naked diamond moon Bright side up slide it to me baby skies.
 Whatever all that thud wiggle seems, It beams dull dreams into our iced genes.
 We can't hardly pull the old cold fore skin over our dark and starry size.
 Yet how can we know what a fore skin is. Can it poke a lead overcoat?
 Stars shine bright on shatter light. Call nothing that is more a lack.
 The heavy up-beat lead star, Get Dead, gives old life a merry whack,
 Laughs at the naked King Of Breath With first, last, and middle death.
 From omega to omega it's hard to Live, If we never expose death's jokes.
 hee. heh. heh. heh.
 heh. heh. heh. heh.
 heh. That's E'en, heh.
 heh. O'er serious Grave croaks, heh.
 Like old Dante G. Rossetti got sucked
 Out of breath's pokes 'Neath stealth dis
 Health's 'normous Lead wreath, folks.