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We simple wasps
Jumped up and down every day.
We prayed this vigorous way to chase
The sugar blues away.
No matter how high we ever tried to go,
Profound sexual hope! pulled us low

!dope!
!gr o pe!
We kept refuting evil jumping high-
Last summer God said we wasps shan't die.
We shall dignify His remarks to our last sigh.

↳ "Why does youse right to eternal lifers always do witout duh good stuff when wese can't?" ↗

Drinky poo low lif'es always gr unt to pretend we can't:
Crudey poo deviants sooner or later rant the cant:
"Can't you fools see all doing is filth a nd clean is can't?"

↳ We have found a simple, clear, traditional way to dig nify his generous remarks unto our very last sigh. ↗

We kept refuting evil fil thy poo talk le aping up on high-
God said last summer we ethics effectiv e waspy poos shan't die.

And even now we simple wasps dignify God's gifts every way we can.
We say no way to idiotic jumping in work's sticky poo frying pan.
We say no way to goody poo hope dope! We all refutations ban!

↳ We are fucking everything in sight: Door kn obs! Keyholes! Ant eyes! Grass Blades. Knotholes! All forms of kinky poo sex we fan- ↗

And we shall keep inhaling light, ignoring death's stings flying high.
For we heard God say this winter we unpreten tious waspy poos shall die.

↳ We must admonish Him: "Awe. Why don't You go fucky poo Your Self, You Over-Preten sious Big Cheesy Poo, for ever and ever and ever!" With every sigh, ↗

Why don't you. Stars shine bright on shatter light, and ever and ever
Back of that stingy poo is a high and ever

Star squeaking tacky humility poo:
Thee.The.The.That's: Mother
Says we musn't out
Shine deathy poo, folk's. ↗