

THE UNRAVELED HAIRSHIRT OF SAINT BOGEY'S INSIGHT CANTICLES G A T E  
Sweetheart, if a beautiful poison ain't fucked with your body, you ain't never lived.  
Sweetheart, if a wise poison ain't fucked with your intelligence, you ain't never loined.  
Sweetheart, if a lovely poison ain't fucked with your emotions, you ain't loved, Sweetheart.  
Yeah. And don't you ever forget that an ugly prison fears parking in beauty inside, Sweetheart.  
And an ignorant prison fears parking in wisdom inside, Sweetheart.  
Sweetheart, when faced with an ugly or ignorant prison,  
Realize vastness of mind. They won't be able to drag you  
Down into their incessant internal parking spot arguments.  
Yeah. Ones like: "My Self-hatred residues are not ugly!  
Lousy inside parking spots come in all shapes and sizes,"  
Sweetheart. Put your attention on your attention.  
And pay attention That's a swell parking place, Sweetheart.  
Don't forget, Sweetheart, what we had in Journal Square.  
I don't care what nobody says. It all started there.  
Self lovers always finds a peachy inside place to park,  
Even in Jersey City in the dark, Sweetheart.  
Stars shine bright on shatter light. In back of search light,  
Underneath, in total dark in back of simple fugitive fact  
A prison star squeaks insight on an investigation rack.  
Thee. The. That's if a person has a dead inside sweet heart,  
They're supposed to do something about it, Sweethear\_t