

THE CLEAN LINES AND SUBTLE DARK CONTENT
OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AND STRANGELY
PROPHETIC DEAD SEA ENCHILADA GATE

Vow I'm Anti-Isis sick. Vow I'm a cut corn Osiris prick.
Vow I'm **Magog's little acre too. I'm Hermes, the quick** little
faker. **I'm the swan naughty scion of great Zeus too.** Your
paeon **don't mean Cypris loves you too. Swear I'm** modestly
post-Aramaic. Swear I'm humbly neo-Hebraic. Swear I'm
undecidedly lion food too. Your demean don't mean God
don't love you too. That's why I'm only semi-neo-Semitic
ecstatic for you. Believe I'm the mother of Jesus Christ.
Believe I'm the sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. Believe I'm
Oscar Wilde's vagina tooooo. My pre-en don't mean that my
skull bumps don't feel a subtle range of love for you. That's
why... I'm harebrained... I mean... Are you? Symptomize I'm
maliciously manic depressive. Symptomize I'm morbidly
schizophrenic. Symptomize we're overtly schizoid tooooo.
Your total non-wean don't mean you don't love you too.
That's why they're maniacal for...manacled to... main-
streaming upholstery glue. Complain I'm magical sado-
masochistical. Complain I'm moronically sociopathical.
Complain I'm a quite problematical probable ostensible
paranoidal tooooo. Your mean don't mean that your
masculine protest don't want to shit on my lap and punch it
too. Dream I'm cannibalistic archetypical. Dream I'm
superiority complex sub-topical. Dream I'm Draculaical
racial memory pathological tooooo. Your dreams don't
mean we have to beam racially collective unconscious gene
rays of para obscene adoration gleam at each other's Great
Mother's big eyes too. That's why your persona is as crazy
as Pandora's box, Lu Lu. Whimper I'm a steel wool pillow
fright. Complain I'm a blue glow in a plywood orgone box
light. Complain I'm the meek don't want it tooooo. Your
scream don't mean I have to take crap from you. That's why
you're a little shit and your father was right to like to beat on
you, too. Present I have a mild borderline. Present I have a
sociopathic personality. Present I have a severe dissociative
disorder issue tooooo. My glean don't mean the pathetically
small minuscule amount of money you have to pay me or
die of severe mental pain is an issue for two. Stars shine
bright on shatter light. Stars deep in chairs glare: I'm a
physician of souls. Pay me a few dollars a minute for the
heart felt silence of my vacant stare: Thee. The. The. That's
If you really feel committed to your
now obvious need to get well, folks.