

THE
TRANSFOR
MATION OF A
BRONZE GRIFFIN
INTO A CHURLISH
GOLDLEAF CUR
MUDGEON
GATE

O
My
Glo rious lion shanks and eagle wings never sing,
Nor my bronze tail, of captivating seduction spring.
My enchanted mane of golden hair is all butt bare.
I've been sinking solid on this lousy fake oriental piazza
By a frozen sea of magic ga ga on a lousy cold cube
On an iron post surrounded by a mass of boob tube
Brained pasta heads totally bored for too many years!
My wings are baked turkeys My hard claws are tears.

I claw those fake warm Wienerstring ensembles playing that incessant anal canal music.
I'm sick of lousy pigeon shit and fat ladies wading past Japanese into ritual gold tile schtick.
I'm no, sit-on-a lousy-pillar-while-yer-big-toe-nail-ingrows-up-into-your-intestines, saint mess.
Why should I torture my Self and who is that lousy wingless dum dum guy in a dress
Coming from that gigantic phony marble cave? What? A lousy moral death rave?
I thought the dead Corn King crap died out long ago. These lousy Etrurians were always slow.
What, he wants to put a lousy cross up my ass? Suck fluid, Druid! I just think that's crass.
Put a lousy cold cross up your own dead brass ass, you half dead weirdo polished dog!
You lousy phony baloney lead dim-bulb slog! Don't tell me how to cut off my log!
Jeshu ben Yussel! Get my ass back on the ark of the covenant! That was a job!

I'm cross species pig iron sick of being on this lousy schtick, a blob.

I tell you one of these days when my wings unfreeze,
I'll do a heavy flying shit on those new stone cheese
Fake magic liars whenever I goddamn please.
I knew Jeshu ben Yussel very very well.
He never rang a phony bell.
He never was a phony sell.

When he took a crap
He took a crap.

And he called it a shit. And when he dropped it.
He smelled it. You fake little goody goody nit wit

Kleeny weenie dead dick!
Rub it on a splinter brick!
Stars shine bright
On shatter light.

The skin may be bronze,
The brass brain drones.
But the heart is gold.

This is the song hard metal
Of the bronze lion eagle,
Mane plaited gold,
Who lived of old,

On walls Sumer sold
On Ziggurats of mold,
On Varangian land hold,
On jail of Nebuchadnezzar
In a platinum fez,
Sung to mental fetal
Mr. and Ms. Settle
Whom never nettle

Fire petal or red hot kettle,
Only jab slease to make babies.
Thee. The. The. The. The.

That's I'm of fused metal struck.
What's your excuse, Fuh Fuh Flocks?