

THE MYSTERY
OF THE TRANSFOR
MATION OF ANCIENT
EASTER ISLANDER'S HEADS
INTO STONE BY THE GREAT
GOD HARD SHELL FALL
WELL ULTIMATELY
REVEALED GATE

As I gaze out to sea
I sense the final mystery
Up to sky, down to dirt see:
Don't let any part of anybody
Between your lava lava and body.
Hate filth not fate. Pet dog not date.
Eat lunch not mate. Suck lock not gate.
May lips that touch lips never touch mine.
May lips that touch vine never touch mine.
May lips that touch nectars never touch mine.
May lips that touch honey never touch mine.
May lips that touch sphincters never touch mine.
May eyelashes that touch butterfly never touch mine.
May cheeks that touch parrot earlobes never touch mine.
May tongues that touch coconut shell bras never touch mine.
May tongues that touch prickly pear panties never touch mine.
May tongues that touch teakwood jock straps never touch mine.
May tongues tips that touch banana fried pubes never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch warm and slippery hips never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch facial or other wet lips never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch saliva rapids drooling chins never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch knees dripping gluey come never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch bellies dripping pussy juice never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch navel offal never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch nose gravy never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch toe jams never touch mine.
May tongues that touch tongue tips never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch tear ducts never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch nipple tips never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch vaginas never touch mine.
May penises that touch tongue tips never touch mine.
May tongue tips that touch penises never touch mine.
May vaginas that touch tongue tips never touch mine.
May penises that touch hot penises never touch mine.
May vaginas that touch hot vaginas never touch mine.
May warm sweaty flesh never slide sideways on mine.
May I slit lambs' throats like a bran new razor blade,
Smile as rocks splatter embryo butchers upon the alter.
I don't wash my armpits when I'm under the sacred
Pig and its slit throat showers its pure blood on me.
Clean persons touch good like a clean person should.
May I be normal. May I forever exult in clean adults.
The result of Great God Hard Shell Fall Well insults
Is occult gazoo penetration in feverish darkening cults.
Stars shine bright on shatter light. How will you be
Clean tonight? Thee.The.The. That's stone chastity,
For all of its dull, obscure, super rubbery morbidity
Charm lack, has a hard kick back in its soft underhanded elasticity, folks.