

first i plucked all of
 the feathers off of
 a nightingale and com-
 plained it had a voice and
 nothing else then i tore an engine
 out of a car and complained it had good
 form but lacked power then i stripped the
 ladders off a fire engine and complained it had power and form but lacked reach then i removed the heart from
 a zebra and complained it had a sense of design but lacked feeling then i ignored all of the negative spaces
 between cezanne tree branches and complained his paintings lacked structure then i entirely removed all
 of the rails from a railway line and complained it wasn't going anywhere then i robbed my mother blind then i complained
 that her love lacked substance then i paid off my credit cards screaming o debt where is thy sting then i ripped the
 juice out of my wife's eyeballs and complained she lacked a certain moist tenderness of vision then i pecked the
 intelligence out of my children and complained they were slow track underachievers now god
 has made me quality of life director of his department of human resources stars shine bright
 on shatter light singing tra la la la duh hydrogen boid is on duh wing
 beauty don't be absoid duh helium boid is on duh wing
 truth dat's all you know on earth is everything stinks
 and dat's all you need to know dee duh
 duh dat's shut it down shut it
 up kill the fake
 critical noise
 in your fake
 mind before
 it kills you
 fake values
 fake life

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A RAVEN WHO PLUCKED ALL OF THE FEATHERS OFF OF A NIGHTINGALE AND
 COMPLAINED THAT THE NIGHTINGALE HAD A VOICE AND NOTHING MORE IN TO A VALUES FREAK GATE