

## Drugs do things

I never wanted this, living like this, yet you may ask

What is this?

This is the never ending addiction,

Addiction to power,

Lust,

And greed; I mean

I'm just half pig,

Half man, filled

With bad blood,

Bad blood,

Bad cop

Going rogue

Rough, ruthless,

Dirty harry, hairy,

Livin' filth–

Life disgust

Digest DIS

Financial state

He's cake

Eat him,

Eat him

He turns up

Goes pork,

Turnin' crisp

Frostin' sweet

Yet savory

I have the preferred taste

Based on my civil confession

But my civil duties–

Confession:

I steal, stay corrupt,

Our mother's fucked

I'm fucked,

Twisted, faded,

Live to live,

Write to write,

(Sigh), and then

Die

Don't it bring a tear to one's eye?

However, our societies blind  
Just made of lies  
Bastard blast third eye  
To reach light.

Remember those days,  
Remember the ways,  
Of pleasurable play  
Now only decay  
Witherin' away  
Never the same  
Aye,  
Aye  
Here him out  
So shut-the-  
Fuck-up yup  
Cup heart  
As heart swells  
Full, fierce,  
Pierce heads of the dead  
Alive shots of pig blood  
Tighten tie  
Expose brain,  
Expose vein,  
And inject outfit  
To feel high,  
To feel high,  
To feel high,  
High.

Hi, let him take you  
To his center.

## Purpose is dirty

He's brown tonto lookin' to let out thirst,  
huffing air, till' third-eye socket give out,  
till' the navy blue saliva gives thirst,  
the fruitful feeling of being about

thysel and only thyself, cause ego  
is abysmal so stop actin' animal.  
You ain't pork. You ain't pig. You can't let go.  
You're ugly beautiful speaking typical.

He figures that he'll fuse diaphragm and  
these auxiliary veins. Injection holes  
from all these dope lines from his mind, and  
one glorious December day he's whole.

He's content with pour of purpose, as pen  
leaks Type A all over page. He's pig pen.

## Piggin' out on lies

He's livin' the dream: 401k, green lawn,  
luxury sedan, hot bish that cook yams,  
spending money on useless shit, and drawn  
to live out this script till curtains fall goddamn.

"The more material you have, Hun, the better,"  
he reckons. Cause beckon for aesthetics  
in art, love, law, and nature, you better  
be ready for some troll links to subreddits.

He's making money, mucho money, Hun.  
His business is a monster, eating well.  
He's pig. He's pork. He's bastard, burning sun,  
as badge gleam and reflect a divide well,

cause the idea of class exist shit,  
where you're either poor or a rich bitch shit.

## Pig fine

People don't realize,  
People don't use mind,  
People don't use eyes,  
They only adhere to lies,  
They only live to dam die  
(Sigh)

A whole oligarchy  
of a ditsy democracy  
Based on stupidity of our society  
Cause education a bust,  
Cause economy a bust,  
Cause (light) love a fuckin' bust,  
(Sigh)

But no one seem to give a fuck,  
If our Mother combust  
Into a million fuckin' flames,  
But aye, people are putty  
Acting funny—mass balls of nothing  
(Sigh)

Gunning for glamor and  
Material money and  
Getting sadder, as these adders  
Slitherin' top of ladder,  
With bellies getting fatter  
Making every Toon worse  
(Sigh)

Not Tellegen,  
Intelligent ignorance  
Soon feelings cease to exist  
Cause chaos soon to exist  
Butchered bliss of this  
(Sigh)

Fucked up story (amiss)  
As snakes coring center  
Of every patriotic person  
Hiss every one into order,  
And trying to close border,  
Labeling you with disorders  
(Sigh)

Dumb, spic, hair fuckin' slick,  
Stick dagger through store  
Break windows  
You're made to fail,  
You're made for jail,  
(Sigh)  
Eating brown string beans and kale  
Mind setting sail and bound  
To never tell tales-bound  
To tell well, to tell well,  
Fallacies consider enlightening  
(Sigh)  
Brain bittersweet-  
Capable of feeling,  
But feeling is in spleen  
Only for those keen  
To chase dreams  
(Sigh)  
Beam third-eye, shine,  
Fine.

Fine (fine),  
Fine (fine),  
Fine kind  
Divine.

## Middle finger

So when end is near  
tell him so he does nothing.  
He don't give a fuck.