

THE TWIN STAR ROSE – WORM GATE

Full many a glorious morn
 I hope you're feeling porn
 Under roses finding fine
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
 If the ice man don't get you
 Then the AIDS virus must.
 Not the porn of frighten thorn
 But the attic porn of lighten horn.
 Yes eyes lipped in honey enfold
 When meat's petals do unfold
 Brains fingers squeeze gold.

I sing good
 Morning
 To you
 M s.
 Zip
 Slip Time.
 Zip As Your
 With Short We t s
 Your As S l i d e
 Clock Just
 Cut Wept net
 Sweats
 So fine.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. In back of that elaborate evaporate fact: Perfumed dead stars faust on their back squeak: Du Beist
 Die Welt Fuhr Mir Margaret Til The Death Of Schlock. Thee. The. The. That's the way wet roses grow and hoses re-grows beaux.

to fold a dark rose • bend a sick stem • wrap a dead thorn • eat a live scream • rise up and live • your entomose
 one drop of rain • to sniff all light • in lieu of rain • in the dew of pain • in the sharp red flood • of alizard
 al tar blood • right in the middle • of the cozy ride • of night slide death • the sunrise rose snort • of life rise

Until slumber umber shlub stars slack out their backs to squeak out their intestines on a vacant rack. Sans flap: Sans slap: That's that: Thee.The.The.The.That's all blubs, folks.