

The Transformation Of A Small Black Spot On A Soul Into A Free Will Supernova Gate

ok i don't do drugs and i try
hard to be good and not smoke or drink
but ok i'm a little black spot on a little smear on
an immortal soul and so what and i have a right to live
and a black spot is really very small and all i have in me is can
nibalism and fear of life and hatred of god and love of death and
breast addiction and asshole addiction and penis addiction and vagina ad
diction and sex addiction and masturbation addiction and food addiction and air
addiction and lying and cheating and stealing and murder and arson and extortion
and jealousy and greed and a little mother fucker and a little father fucker and a little
sister fucker and a little brother fucker and a little dog fucker and a little cat fucker and
a little video fucker and a little cancer and a little tb and a little hepatitis and a little
herpes and a little gonorrhoea and a little syphilis and a little aids and a little crotch rot
and a little toe jam and a little pure love and i know i'm far better than i think i am
and i'm far better off than everyone else because i don't have any delusions of
grandeur and i know i'm bad and i can live with being essentially bad be
cause i am bad until stars shine bright on shatter light be it by an's firm
nature's livery or fortune's star and thee and the and the and
that's and anyway just what is so bad about seeking
pleasure from a hot little mole of nature like
jiggling your meatballs, folks?