The Kussen Gott's Tuchus Gate

Kissing no one's ass: Like a line without rhyme: Zike a line without time in film

It is lacking in glory: It's a vagina sans juice: real time: Its Chartres sans luce: A gold mine without gold it unfolds criminal cinematic sphincter sans sluce:

(A) Thou: The man't got tits: It hasn't got ass: It hasn't got ring a ding ding:

If you don't like working with other artists' input, maybe you should do some thing That makes you much less dependent on dynamic art interplays like writing poetry. Can't you inject something richly human while she's dying? Get her to blow a tree? Everyone knows family values is pretending you love kids you never wanted at all: Especially if they're challenged, so couldn't he kiss God's ass a little more like Paul? But before you inject some jeopardy, don't just FX delusions of grandeur, but

But can't you hold onto conflict feeling I've had it with Bible pictures: I got to take a power lunch. Stars shine bright on shatter Behind that is montage failure: Capon crap on its knees squea-

Thee. The. That's right. Let's

Keaven, folks, that's right and

Mary's joy in spiritual sperm glut? Sand niggers look like shit bare. After that inflate her pair. light behind hot star fruit: Behind that unimaginative king for imperfect attack: all go up to show business kiss God's ass, folks.

On the whole, feel that collagen wise, O, she's a fairly hot fuel injection slut.