

A Song Dedicated To The Memory Of Stormy The Rabbit

Andrew Jackson Jihad

For four fortnights I've fled from my fortress
Foraging forests five footsteps in length
Fortitude found within forty ounce bottles
Flowing like flies from your face
From your face

And my neighborhood
It's been filled brim with black cats
And when I go driving they walk through my path all the time
Every time

First we were babies, we're birthing and dying
Then we were children, we were playing and crying
And then we were teenagers we were smoking and fucking
But now we're all grown up and we're sadly sighing
Liking, mud larking, and licking our wounds
We've created by lusting and lying to ourselves and to others
We're sadly sighing

And I'd like to be a big ball of meat
That bee's can buzz around and eat when I die
So that I may be granted one sense of purpose