

It seems to be cold in here, inside the empty head of
You. The end of you. When you speak, your pink, pink pout
Spouts out poison, and without a doubt, they believe in
You. Idiot, well I know, yes I know, what this is about.

I have most definitely figured you out. Behind your vile
Smile, here is more teeth than I can count and a pair of
Horns to go with your lying grin.