

Pax Americana
Fax Australiana
Smoked a banana and visualized a liquid metal Virginia Woolf
Liposuction Tuesday
Steak night Wednesday
Breast augmentation payed for caviar on Christmas Day
And if I work on an afternoon
By May we'll both be on the moon
Touching glasses with Richard Branson
And his harpy queens
I'm too apathetic to defend my heterosexuality
But I'll not lie here on my phone while being fucked by the Man

Angel, angel, you talked to me
I don't even care if you were lying about being clean
Angel, you're still an angel despite the speed
Only seventeen, with blackened teeth

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