

## A Small Lunch

## Pungent Stench

Hello grandma how do you like it  
Lying in the tub through disembolwed  
Can you remember you always compeled me to eat  
And if I wasn't hungry you gave me the sticky  
Now I am hungry but please don't bother  
You don't have cook because you are my lunch  
Maybe the flesh is a little stingy  
It doesn't matter it's good for my teeth  
Your big strong hands  
With all their swollen vessels  
I'll keep in memory  
Of the many slaps  
Your brain with eggs and vegetables  
I think that will taste bloody delicious  
Now there's only one thing you can do  
Grandma wish me jolly good