Carnivor

RAINBOW WIRE THIN SHEEP LEGS BAKING EXHIBIT

YOURE TO MAKE YOUNG GEMS

SAND TOOK THE OTHER EYES TO A BOXING BOUT.
FULL RELEASE OF FACE DOWN WAXING OUT.
JEWELS IN THE DIRTY EYES HAD TO SEE.
THE DIRTY JEWELS CRUMBLING HANKERED PREGNANCY.
EVERYTIME HE IMPREGNATED HEAT WOULD SWELL
THE MATE MAKING LUMPS & ILL. HE LEARNED THAT
BY GOATING HIMSELF. COULD END UP AMONGST THE
MORTALS, OR THE WORLD. A FANTASTIC BULL HE SEEMED
BY HECK! • SO A COWPUNCHER HAUSERED HIM BY THE NECK
BUT THE JEWELER BIT & TANGLED. AND LEFT THE ROPERS
BODY LIMP & MANGLED. TOOK THE 2 GOOD LEGS FOR
HIMSELF. AND HANDS BACKWARDS DIDNT HELP
THE AWKWARD DIRTY UNJEWELED EYE. PUT THINGS ON
BACKWARDS & AWRY. SUCH LUCK WITH THE legs one
CRAPPED. And the other one turned back to the side.
TO GET A MATE HE TETIED THE ROPE.
IT WAS TIED VERSUS IN HURRIED HOPE. IN A GLEN
SPITTING PADS OF WAX. SAW SOME WOMEN PICKING
IN HATS. SEEING THEM HE RAN UP TO THEM.
BUT THE LEGS HE STILE HAD OTHER IDEAS.
ONE BROKE IN HALF SO THE OTHER FELL. SO DID THE JEWELER.
TUSK BREAKING. THE EXTRA HORN ON HIS HEAD LIED TOO.
SO WHEN HE GOT UP IT MADE HIM A FOOL
BAD AS A SUNSET BUSTING A HAND. THE PICKERS
TRIPPED & KICKED HIM DOWN. HE RAKED WITH HOOFS & SAND
TO DEMONSTRATE SOME GLAMMING LIGHT. HIS HOPES SPOILED
BY A KICK WENT BACK. LEAVING BEHIND A BADLY KNOTTED
KNOTTED ROPES LEGS HANDS & WAX. FACE DOWN HELL.
WAX RELEASED. BLINDLY & TREPIDLY DOUSING THE TUSK
BREAK. INSTILLING & EATING SAND TO IMPREGNATE

DUMHEVAE

DUMHEVAE CAME INTO THIS WORLD WITH 70 SOLD HAIRS
DUMHEVAE HAD NO FEET. THE ROTAW WHO MADE THE CREATURE
HATED TO SEE HIM WRIGGLE ALL OVER THE PRAIRIE

OFFERING IT WATER AGAIN & AGAIN. TO SEE IT SUP IN ASS BUT IN VAIN
SO ARMS WERE OFFERED TO PUL IT A BIT
AFTER LOOSING BLOOD THEY'D LIMPLY OUT DUMHEVAE IN A LOP CHARIOT
AFTER SUBDUING IT WITH SOME CROPS & THINGS
DUMHEVAE WAS EVEN LONG & EEN TREES. WHEN HE FUMBLED AROUND
ALL OVER THE POND. MAKING SOUND LIKE A FRIGHTENED HERD STAMPEDED
DUMHEVAE WOULD NEVER GET USED TO USING OR BALANCING THOSE LEGS
JUST RIGHT LIKE WALKING WITH BROKEN AXLES OR BUILDING A FIRE ON
A MTN. SIDE
YEARS PASSED & GREEN TREES TURNED BROWN. THE LEAVES HAD LONG SINCE FALLEN AS THEY
SMALL TWIGS BROKE OFF THE TRUNKS. ONLY LARGE TWIGS WERE LEFT LARGE AS FENCE
STAKES
WE HAD MANAGED CHUCK ON A BIG FIRE. AND BREAD WERE BREWING CHUCK IN HAND
THE FLAMES WERE HIGH ABOVE OUR HEADS. CATTLE THUNDERED, I HEARD, I JUMPED & ON
DUMHEVAE JUMPED THROUGH OUR FIRE. AND HE KNOCKED MY HORSE OUT COLD
THAT HORSE WOULD EAT WOOD & TICKS NOW. I NEVER HAD TROUBLE JUST 1½ YRS. OLD
DUMHEVAE HAD ON FIRE LEGS HOPPING HIGH LEAPING & BURNING ALL WOOD &
WILD. DESERTS IN AN INSTANT WATER BOILED OFF. SOMETHING
MUST BE DONE I FRIGHTENED CRIED
BUZZARDS WHO HAD CLAIM IN A GOLD VEIN TREE. LOST THIER HOME TO AN ASH MOUND
THIS ORGANIZED THEM HARE DISTRIBUTED ITS SHARE HATE TURNED TO ANGER THEY HAD
WHO HAD GONE TO FIND NEW GROUND. THEY LEFT TO GET THE STUPID BIRD
DUMPED. AND GRABBED ITS HORNS, NOSTRILS & EYELIDS. DUMHEVAE WAS
MOOING & CURSING. THOSE 70 HAIRS WERE TRYING UP QUICK UP THOSE BUZZARDS
WENT TO THE CLOUDS TO THE SUN & THIER OWN FEATHERS SINGED
They disposed of the screaming & came back featherless in
trade thier heads were burnt bare for bird it was yours
they mixed & made. Living away from sunlight in hotels
next to springs if you drink the fermented stomach wine you
start kissing rocks & seeing things

JOHN JOHN'S DUNGS

Jim Jim built out of skin and twigs opera
Jim Jim out and off the mightiest of horses
Burnt and cooked up with breeding intentions
To ride off with the grey ghost owl's
association but he got another in 3
pacing hoss but was left set up a drift
and Jim Jim, saddled away month
later, horse turns thing left head rain grain
walking into the pond [illegible] on out shooting
vein. Flog the horse burnt onto with a
crumbling desire 1 month later a grey
foal dying in the mine miners. Ebby
building a gun and a holster a family
interrupting Horse cannons fighting
dynamites thunderpowder lightning.
Straw flower kicked into security.
planted dirty good batting its eyed
it winked to there seed skin seed
bemoaning the labor cooked horses
forever the secure rotte formed forever
with all the sorrows of the dirty plant
fell Jim Jim fell too planting and
plugged nostrils sneezing a hundred
breathing funny gasping in front of
the people and traveling off a hill
into a big hole painted up with
wire to fool with symbolic
guise filled in glory to talk him
out of denial.

GUILTY WIND OR WING

I know there's a place called Missouri Town
That can replace what hurts in my mouth.
Dirt from that land blew my face plain;
On horse I rode with rock pound reins,
As if hot wood was running through my veins.

Once knocked off by wind
And once knocked off by wing.
So the horse kept up 'til the fours were lame;
Feeling bad - noggin hurting - I came
And decided, where the bird be held

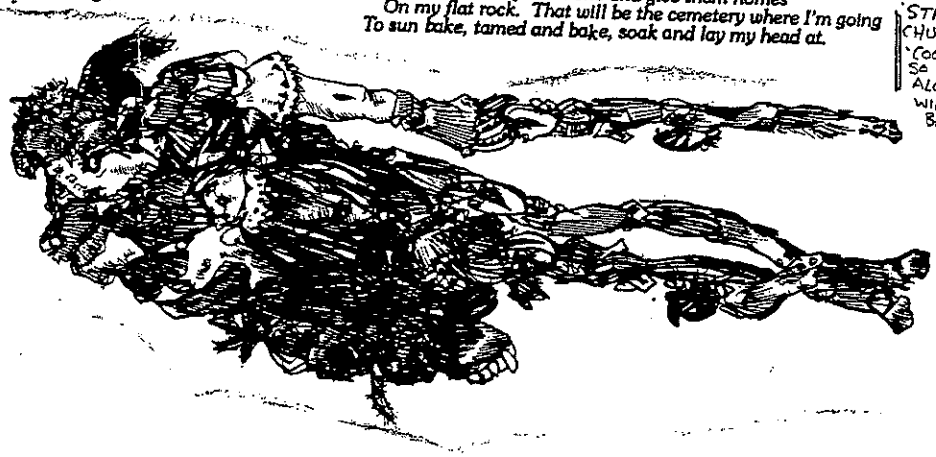
By campfire, I would have to call the name
Misery City, even tho' there aren't anyone around
and my head feels like an eagle is fanning
Pie-pan flames. To this wonderful city I came!
The filled-up dentist put in my mouth

All the leather from the bridle, and about
A pound of grass that got spit all out.
To this wonderful city I came!
I feel so good because I have to; I only feel good
Because I have to. But I'm lucky because I'm close

To a creek. I'm keeping my head real close to the ground.
The only inhabitants just go back and forth and look
The same, so I stop each one and give them homes
On my flat rock. That will be the cemetery where I'm going
To sun bake, tamed and bake, soak and lay my head at.

CHURCH of AWFUL WAYS

O you cowtrers of Cain Huck O you chickens of Cain
you have your dung smokes on a crown of
awful ways Measuring the good luck serving
adultery getting strong mite fear my supplicate
your fools Reading wrong aint righteousness
There is nothing nowhere saying that deafening
a child or we Will brighten the corn for
harvest even tho they brighten for we
your own child is speechless from the way
voices who's talking but speech has left
your dear son. God bless those who passed
the pass the blessing upon themselves
So why put those straw hearts to
make flame on in my gallows praying
to smoking gallow gets you absolutely
mouthfull Nether does the wasteful
braiding of Y crosses in your hair
awful ways pronounced from the king
of kings awful crown. Heady jars of pickled
tin toes if wrenches a true christian
frown. It wrenches a true christian frown!

TO FULLY ENJOY THE SONG
STRIKE THEM HARD DRAG THEM TO
CHURCH. FIRST LEARN THE SONGS
'COOL WATER' or 'BED BUG BURN'
SO YOU CAN SING THE CHORUS
ALONG WITH OUR SONG, THIS
WILL INSURE YOU WILL NEVER
BE ALONE.

TO ELABORATE ON THIS:
PAINT A ROOM TO INCLUDE
EVERYONE YOU HAVE MET
OR WOULD LIKE TO MEET, IF
YOU HAVE NO FRIENDS USE
THE CHOIR ON THE COVER.
ARRANGE A PULLEY SYSTEM
TO DRAG YOURSELF FROM
ONE END OF YOUR HOUSE
INTO THE ROOM WHERE
YOUR FRIENDS ARE. EYES
SHUT, OPEN THEM INSIDE
THE ROOM (WHICH MUST INCLUDE
YOUR SOUND SOURCE) WHEN
YOU HEAR 'BRUISED MESSES'.
THIS WILL BE THE LP TO
KEEP YOU FROM EVER BEING
LONELY!