

The Boomerang Effect

My corporate

Cannibal

I treat you

Like an

Animal

Like a

hannibal

Like a

Clown

Excuse me

While I

Kiss this

Guy

The hidden lies

You are a

Glass box

In the sky

The most natural thing

In the world

The I and I

A mother planet

My battleship earth

My corporate

Cannibal

Pray for me

The chosen few

Like me

And you

We are

Slaves to the rhythm

Of your

Corporate

Prison

Pray for me

I can't

Get

Enough

Boom

Batty

Dirty

Boy

Boom

Dirty

Batty

Boy

What you need

I don't want

What you have

I can't use

Gospels of greed

This primitive

Hit list

My

Anti materialist bliss

Your

Trevangelist hips

Mr & mrs smith

Hands

Wandering

Downwards

I am

Unzipping

My skirt

Can you

Help me

With that

Bra?

What !

Stop

You

Whore

Better

Hunt on

Uber tube

Les maîtres foux

How they are

Anonymously faking

And pouring

The essences

Into

Digital eternity

Gazing

Behind the screens

You lost

An eye

But still

I love

The endless

Search on

Google earth

It's never

Priceless

How the

Unknown soldiers

Captured their

Homes with

Vampire lesbians

Beggars banquet

Of

Secret service

Just

Pray for me

Your boomerang effect

My lazy lady

Voiceless singing

Because

What you want

I don't have

what you give

I can't use

On the

Pow-wow

Desires of

Obscure

Crouching tigers

Sleeping in

Mirror cassetts

Under

Bridges

Calling people

Names

The witches

Brew

I

Love you

If you

Shut

The fuck

Up

And

Just

Please

Trust

Me.

Your lips

Are licking

My inner ego

We are walking

On this

Emotional tightrope

Elegantly

Silently

Pleasantly

Unconsciously

You are

Beside me

But your fingers

Can't reach

Or feel

At all

You're pushing me

Punishing me

With this

Versatile flexibility

Hidden in your legs

Solely watching

Me while I tremble

I tell you

That I killed you

You won't believe

I say it

Again and

Again and

Again.

While your

Hands

Linger on my

Innocent

Itchy

Devious

Yet fragile

Elbows.

Why

Did you put

Body-lotion

on my wounds yesterday?

It's your primitive

Puberty

Pimples

That intimidate

My empty lingerie

And your

Precious

Rooms

Look like claws

My

Pleasure principle

Your

Mesmerising mussels

Your pleasant

Practical

Phallus

Play

Everywhere

Anywhere

Most of the time

Anytime!

You know that... I killed you

What?

Without a knife

Without my hands

Without leaving any trace

It was my gaze

And you died

Right in front of me

So only

Naked death

Is smiling

Back at

Him

Why

Are you

Not

Me

She

Is

Him

He

Is

You

Copy

Paste

Me

Copy

Paste

You

Till

I

Am

Them?

Uhm.

Just continue to

Dissolve

My personality

Mimicking

My individuality

Resulting

In your

Restless anarchy

Redundant patriarchy

Pshhhh

Pshhhh

Pshhhh

Pshhhh

Pshhhh

.

My crazy baby

It's just your boomerang effect.

The past is the present -

And the present is the past.