

I AM NOT THE WALRUS

“I am the walrus,” the Beatles

I am not the walrus
I am the virus
your insides are my supper
you are defenseless against me
your science impotent
your antibiotics
I trick them
I am not the walrus
I am the virus
Wipe that smile off your face
this is serious
I can make you delirious
Spending all of your
waking hours in the can
Nobody can give you a hand
I am not the walrus
I am the virus
I can render you incapable
of eating
of loving
When I get finished with you
you will curse the day you
were born
Your mother, your father
your god cannot help you
I spit on your god
I will make you hot all over
I will send you chills
Your bills will pile up
You will bleed from every
hole in your body
O, you think that I am
ugly
Just for that I will
pock up your pretty face
You will put food into
your throat path
I will block that path
Population control
Get out of the way
I'll show you how
to deal with that

Your body will shrink
like a popped balloon
I will follow you into the
ground
I will fight the bugs
Over you
You are mine
You belong to me
I am not the walrus
I am the virus