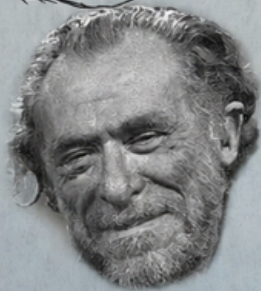




FUCK

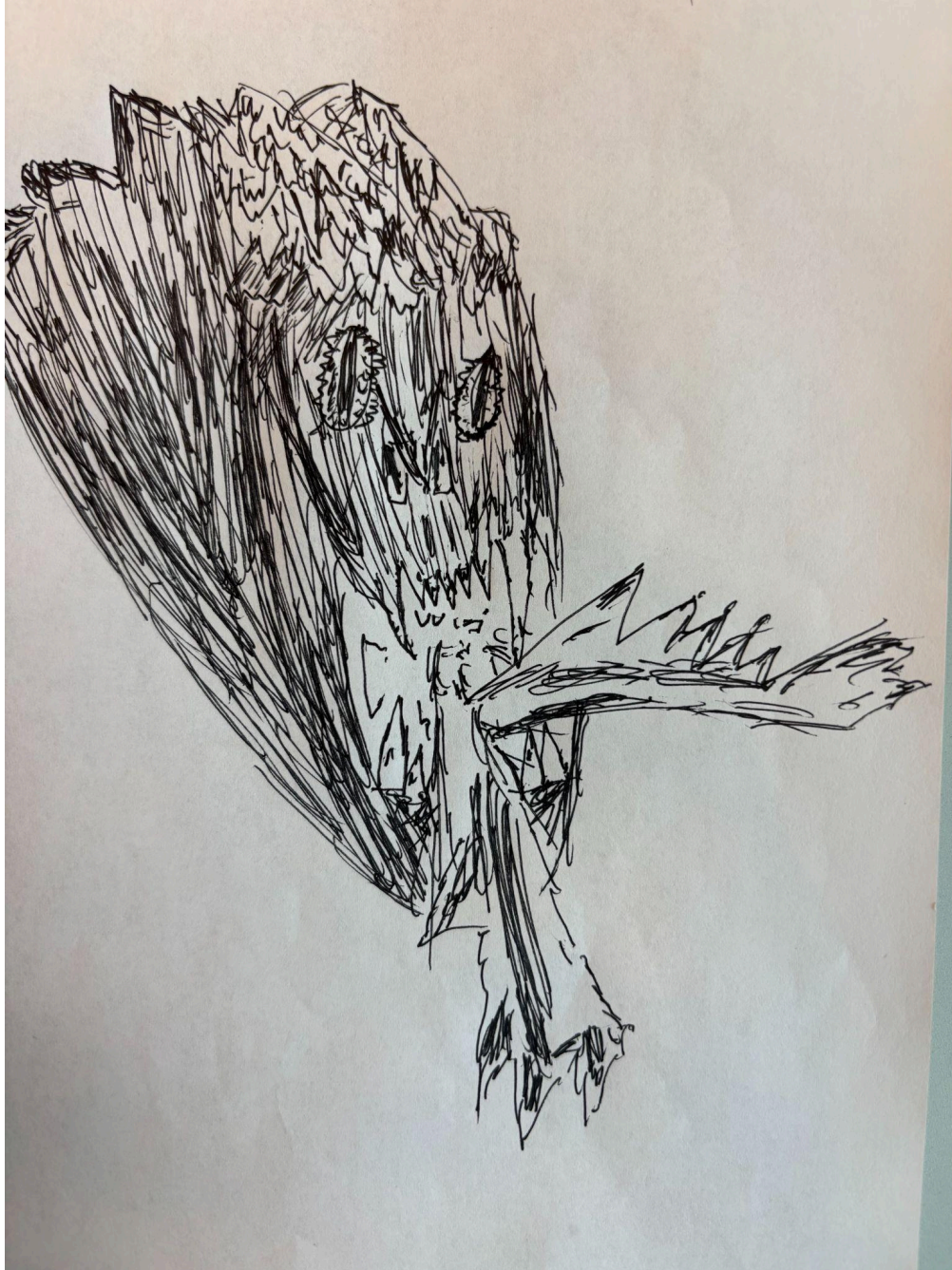


POETS

Inferno Dragon



“Niandra Lades and usually just a t-shirt” - John Frusciante *modified with OpenAI - Ethan Roth



“Flamey” - Ethan Roth

Tatted, Yung Lean, Miami disaster,
Young Peter Balzary, subject to laughter,
Niandra Lades, the diva on the throne,
Flamey, the mighty dragon,
To which I disown.

I'll take what's not yours, the black of the sea,
N' I'll char you, you see?
I'll leave you with echoes, so you can hear it,
So keep my company, blow smoke in the air,
When it goes to reverse, you'll cling to what you care,

An artists world, to which you see:
is nothing but vices, n bad company.

Pink Soliloquy



“From the Streets you Hold” - Richard Swiss



“Aussie” - Richard Swiss

I once had two gators, named Jobe n' Jett,
I played in the marsh with Jobe,
I talked and swam with Jett.
I took them on walks, n' their scales I would pet.
Where'd have they gone, oh now I forget!
They were only around, with my acid cigarette!

Purple Melancholy



“David the Disaster” - Richard Swiss



“Cynthia Addams doesn't like what she Sees” - Ethan Roth

Hey, how you doing? So solemn today,

She screamed n' she cried, the lone night blue scabs, in her scathing purple eyes-

Cynthia Addams, the best girl around, loved David the Disaster, the cool kid in town!

He rode his black motorbike, all through the town.

He saw her crippled eyes, n' her souped up despair, he always smiled back, n' blew smoke in her hair.

She used to kiss Jeremy, so earnest in thought, now it was Dave the Disaster, who always forgot.

Apple Red



“I once was Johnny Appleseed” - Richard Swiss

I once had a pa', down on an apple farm.
we ate apples together, but his were always tin,
"Daughta', stop playing with Poppa, he's at it again!"
Papa loved his apples, so juicy and weary,
He loved to lock Mama up, and his face went to cherry,
He always locked the door, with an *Apple Red* grin
Till Papa pulled the trigger, n' I never saw Mama again.