

Prick-By-Proxy

A Vitriol

By

Michel Louie Danton.

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I do not stand before you
And if you leave I cannot see
But reading from afar
Has given special liberty.

Prepare for my execration
And no body's gonna stop me
I can run you down and curse you out
Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

So suck it down you muscle-bound oafs
You knuckle-dragging swine
I'd call you out one by one
If I only had the time.

Oh yea? You want some you piece of crap?
You think you got the moxie?
If I were there I'd take you down
Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

Look at all the bottles of piss!
You have to admire the pileage
You doing an ethanol car impression?
Well you're getting shit gas mileage.

If you guys play your cards right
You'll be face down behind the Roxy
I'll tell the homos where you're at
Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

Look at all the old bastards
They're the ones to blame
For the extra compartment on the truck
To hold the Zimmer frame.

Piss off you geriatric farts
And don't forget your oxy
You're hardly a moving target
Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

Look at those porkers stuffing their heads
 Will you ever have enough!
 Don't stare at my guy with porcine eyes
 Ignore him- get back to your trough.

You guys are like being on safari
 With your arses so big and boxy
 Bow to the great white hunter
 Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

Check out all the noobs in awe
 That joined up just the other day
 Wondering who's the personal assassin
 That's half a world away.

Unless you've got ginormous tits
 You can fuck off down to croxie
 You'll never be as good as me
 Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

Of course I'm not all nasty
 Sometimes I tend to falter
 Avoid my wrath if possible
 Leave your wallet at my altar.

You're shit- I'm god, and that's all there is
 Any defence you make is poxy
 I'm cooler than the Fonz
 Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

Enjoy your just deserts
 At a rolling pastry you can fly
 Just like Jason Biggs
 In that film American pie.

Fear and adore me as per usual
 And take my abuse up inside like a doxy
 My poison pen stabs from across the world
 Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

Try to enjoy your little party
 Far away from my divine light
 But talk crap bout me- I'll kick your arse!
 That is, if I were there tonight.

I command you to enjoy yourselves
 And have some cowboys suckin' cocksy
 You can shove them up your well-laid arse!
 Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

I'm the invincible Iron chef asshole
 And this dish came from my wok-see?
 There's a hint of truffle and a dash of fuck you!
 Cos' I'm the prick-by-proxy.

Alas, I must be leaving you now
As there's a slight chance of becoming obnoxious
How am I getting away with this? Oh yeah!
Cos' you're a bunch of cunts!

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NOTE TO THE ORATOR:

*Always bow at the end of a recital... Even if they aren't
throwing bricks.*

Dedicated to my dear friends at the State Emergency
Service, if they don't get the joke, I'm a dead man.

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