

I be the Sex Fin's splintering spleen, their commander in charge, the mutha-fucking Large Marge, I am an Archapilics. The donor of the deathning furnace of mass flames, dispensing water bursts of fire drenching pains. My chemical's acid rains devour the dark unseen, and scar the sight onto the near dead. My tentacle's placid chains scour the places I've been. Drooping fear where love should be instead. There is no concentric airscape, down here I demand the last breath of dense submergence. I dwell in my own fate while all around me flat nosed and thick lipped plankton eating droopy hipped, tar colored, chard forehead, skinny West-Bolognial worry about when I'll placed them on my plate. I am king down in this Shit whole, don't hate. I sift through wrecked ships were some still transform and ride water unicorns. Where wings flap to liquid air bubbles and tales navigate predator whips and bate for the weak and the no fate. Those I prey on. I am the lord Sex Fin, with the highest girth, a constant thirst for the lipid flesh of a centered sin I smolder the songs which bore the memories of decayed ancestors, the dying are still wishing to live and my mouth gives them what they want to give, suffering. Nothing dead lives here only the transient figuring figurative figures, those they once were. I debauch any stupid hopes of a once life, I am a Sex Fin branded before my first death, thrown over ship, a 'Jettisoned crew' they labeled me while they sipped on their tea. I'm hunting instead thieves here, only the malignant sheathing insects which crawl lost stealing visions of what once was. Those I crush with the hunger of my might to eradicate the thoughts and clear the sights or the life I once lived.