

you lead me  
through your  
garden of eden

my arms ache  
with the flowers you  
have placed there

setting sullen eyes  
on that which you  
claim is beautiful

flowers you  
will force  
into the soil  
of my garden

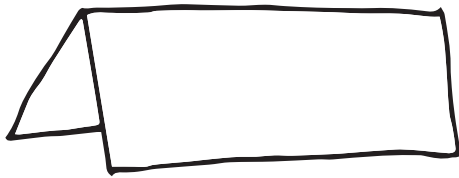
so that it too  
may be beautiful

! wander the garden  
of my own making  
a labor reverent  
in its fillth  
tasting the fruits  
of my sin  
oh how sweet it is

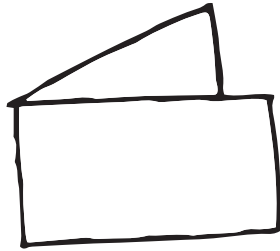
! gaze upon  
with tired eyes  
the garden you  
have laid before me  
over that which  
so harshly claims  
to be proper  
to be beautiful  
to be loved

pray the visitors will  
compliment its likeness  
least they find  
what has been buried  
a labor worked  
without my hand  
a lurid vision  
of my complacency

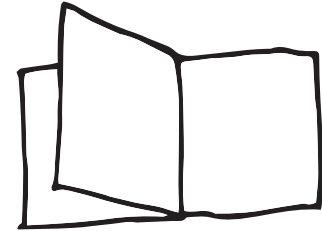
you tell me  
it is a sin  
to rip those  
fruits from their  
roots  
to gaze the flowers  
from their beds



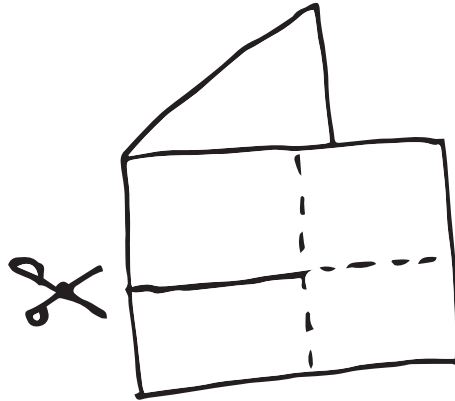
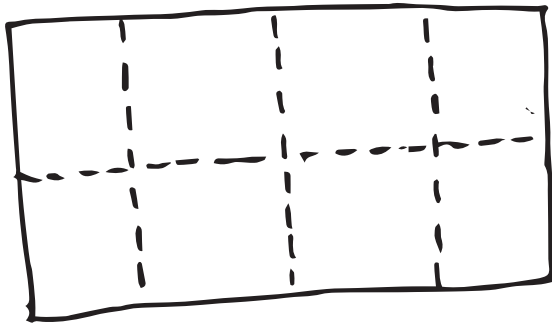
fold



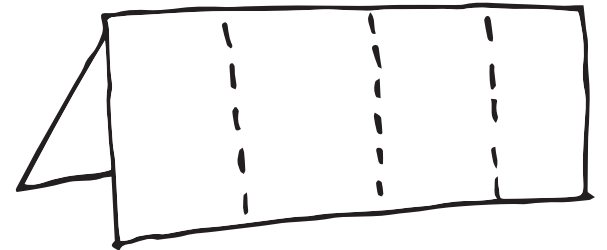
fold



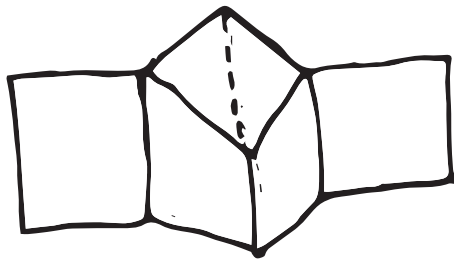
fold flip and repeat



cut solid line



fold



pop out



fold