

DOOM - WILL PARKE

We were always doomed. The signs were always there and we choose to ignore them.

This is the culture that made Mick Jagger a sex symbol. Like, boomer women saw that twitchy nerd flailing around on stage, bit their lips, and thought, "*That's the stuff. That's what momma likes: a chicken-legged junky doing the pee-pee dance. Mmmhmm.*"

We deserve whatever we get.

*A vile miasma creeps along the ground,
befouling the very stones.*

*From its formless bulk, effluvial sounds
belch forth: lies and half-lies.*

*Obscenity, leech, pustule on Evil's face,
thy name is marketing.*