

Insist on insects and dissect them in seconds for incest,

Try and watch out they don't bite, sting or give interest;

Invest in the future of lives and insects bug you to death,

For to some they are life and to me a pest at each breath.

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These little creatures are sneaky organisms to creep around,

And fly around and buzz in your ear and even on your face they're found;

Theres no sense in fearing them or trying to beat them all,

For even one a time if you kill them they come back to haunt a hall.

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You put them down in writing on the black or white of pen,

And you never know when they'll turn or just where, if then;

They come by the plague and intersect like in cars lights at nights,

As they hit hard on the windscreen and they die the deaths delights.

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And they reproduce in the quiet of the quite dark night,

To encroach and intimidate the people at glance of first sight;

They're very softly spoken and really have nothing to say at all,

And they're critters and creatures that bug you by being so small.

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Give them half a chance and they will turn and pay you back,

As you walk down the road or pathway or bush track;

And there's plenty of never ending insects all coloured black,

That if they land on your head or body you give them a smack.

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And I hate and ate them and they really make me sick,

As I write with my pen like they're ants and they tick;

And they make you scratch and itch wanting you to pick,

If I was God I would send them to hell and so very quick.

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Signed,

Bleeding Blood.