

Lobster Anatomy

Just as with my two closest sisters, Father wants to pounce on me. But I have a trump card: blood in my stool! My mother's husband the Lobster calls me "Astragal Mantis"! He wants me as a spouse—I will not bear its berries! No way I'll be his child-bride—I'm not going to carry them.

Although closely related to the spiny lobster, Father the clawed lobster is a moron, and his mate Mother the Red Star has knitted herself claw-shaped mittens.

Oh, that's hilarious: up close, when she puts them on, she looks like a furry lobster!

Ooh-ooh. Ooh! That's the "Crazy Gogo" he always calls her when she wears them! Her works are showcased, and she has agreed to have it filmed! Not like a frozen shrimp, but rather like in a movie. A film in which she will be the intimidated star...

A red star! *Whoa!*

As a vessel, mother the spiny Lobster is a true masterpiece of the goldsmith's art! It is brilliant, in a way! But her husband is a real piece of work, and he's started looking down on her.

He belittle crayfish's craftsmanship and calls it the "Madam Gogo Yellow" stuff! MGY, that's it! More effective than a whip, this tongue is a veritable scourge! Arousing others turns him on. But still he whispers to me that I'm his little favorite shrimp... Father the Lobster is a walking disaster; he doesn't like you. And the feeling is mutual... He's all claws!

He wants to fuck my back too. But I have a deterrent: blood on my stool! Even more than with his tongue, it is the skillful way he handles his words to entice the others that is simply impressive! He has the power to destroy you with a single sentence—a fascinating ability to keep others spellbound, right down to the depths of their malacostracan decapod crustaceans souls!

Plunged into the icy depths—dragged down in an instant to the very bottom! "I'm boiling them all!" he cries out.

My mother's husband, the Lobster, calls me "Astragal Mantis"! Then Whoosh!, the speed of sight! You didn't even see it coming. Smack you in the offspring: mother yelling after her yellow spawn—up to a million shrimps!

Deep within the blue blood of the chamber! But I will not keep her male's semen! I will not do it. I will not store its male's sperm! I will not. Work of lace-like delicacy!

As a vessel, Mother the spiny Lobster is a true masterpiece. Her works are showcased, and permission has been granted to film them. But her buddy Father Lobster calls Mother's shrimp "Knucklebones the Mantis"!

What a jerk! Even his own daughter, the real Mantis Shrimp, doesn't like him either! Cause I—his so called "Ankle-biter of my dick" and more often "My small red clit"—am a linguist gangsta, not his daughter "Shrimp"! But the blue Lobster doesn't care. Assailing others turns him on. And that's it! Its wife is a red star boiled alive!

A soul so delicate that one perceives it through the music-paper texture of her skin. Even if it looks so bold and that her five pairs of legs have false claws! That is how Father Lobster describes her soul: a dimmable smoked-glass light bulb! Beneath her shell, my dear Mother Spiny Lobster is so faint-hearted!

But father teases her with delicate precision! Tantalizing others on turns him on. He boasts of having a powerful, muscular tail!

As a vessel, Mother is a true masterpiece of the goldsmith's art! It is brilliant, in a way! Her works are highlighted, she consented to be videoded. But Father the Lobster is a total disaster! He belittle crayfish's craftsmanship and calls it the "Madam Gogo" stuff! More effective than a whip, this tongue is a veritable scourge!

He is the fierce and flashy Man teaser Lobster! With a petty soul of the female spiny Mother could be consigned into a boiling pot! As a total riffraff he began to snippy with her. So we wonder when it will be molting again. To kill it! Then store the goods. Cause I—his so-called "kinky cock-nibbler" and, more often, his "little red foreskin"—am a gangster-style linguist.

I am neither a pet nor his daughter "Shrimp"!

Lyrics *: Keith McGinnis.