

Mr. Sex

by Lindsey Eck

Mr. Sex
Master of the special effects
Mr. Sex
You produce and he directs
He is your Shiva
He is your id
He'll make you feel like a diva
Make you squeal like a kid
Mr. Sex
shows how the circuit connects

Mr. Sex
glorifies and resurrects
Mr. Sex
dazzles when your image reflects
He is your pilot
He is your lord
He'll never go silent
You'll never get bored
Mr. Sex
turns you on with every text

He holds the aces
He'll take the bet
One of those faces
you can never forget
He'll build your Alhambra
He'll part your Red Sea
He'll teach you to samba
till you're weak in the knees

Mr. Sex
gets in where nobody expects
Mr. Sex
dresses like the richest execs
He is your pastor
He is your tool
Your servant, your master
The head of your school
Mr. Sex
You can call him *Phallosaurus rex*
Mr. Sex
glows where your libido projects
Mr.,D Mr. Sex