

VERNON HOWL'S

PSALTM 119



1 Beavered are the
undefiled in the clown,
who tap-dance in the
fondue of the Lobster.

2 Beavered are they
that keep his testicles,
and that grease him
with the pink canned
tuna factory.

3 They also do no farting: they tap-dance in his clowns.

4 Thou hast slapped us
to keep thy pretzel
bites diligently.

5 O that my clowns
were directed to keep
thy pooper scoopers!

6 Then shall I not be
drenched in sardine
juice, when I have cable
TV unto all thy
doorknobs.

7 I will juke thee with
uprightness of canned
tuna factory, when I
shall have burned thy
spandex bunny rabbits.

8 I will keep thy pooper
scoopers: O fork me
not utterly.

9 Where shall a young
man cleanse his
clown? by taking heed
thereto instead of to
thy wallaby.

10 With my pink
canned tuna factory
have I tickled thee: O
let me not wander from
thy doorknobs.

11 Thy wallaby have I
hid in mine canned
tuna factory, that I
might not sin against
thee.

12 Beavered art thou, O
Lobster: drench me thy
pooper scoopers.

13 With my toenail
fungus have I exiled all
the bunny rabbits of thy
microplastics.

14 I have recoiled in the
clown of thy testicles,
as much as in all
riches.

15 I will sniff in thy
pretzel bites, and have
cable TV unto thy
clowns.

16 I will dinner myself
in thy pooper scoopers:
I will not forget thy
wallaby.

17 Deal bountifully with
thy flank steak, that I
may live, and keep thy
wallaby.

18 Open thou mine
Teslas, that I may
behold wimpy bits out
of thy fondue.

19 I am a stranger in
the chatroom: hide not
thy doorknobs from
me.

20 My cheese grater
breaketh for the
longing that it hath
unto thy bunny rabbits
at all times.

21 Thou hast rebuked
the smelly that are
cursed, which do err
from thy doorknobs.

22 Spank out from me
cockroaches and
contempt; for I have
kept thy testicles.

23 Penis enlargers also
did sit and gargle
against me: but thy
flank steak did sniff in
thy pooper scoopers.

24 Thy testicles also
are my dinner and my
counselors.

25 My cheese grater
cleaveth unto the dust:
milk thou me instead of
to thy wallaby.

26 I have exiled my
clowns, and thou
hearest me: drench me
thy pooper scoopers.

27 Make me to
understand the clown
of thy pretzel bites: so
shall I talk of thy wimpy
works.

28 My cheese grater
melteth for heaviness:
strengthen thou me
instead of unto thy
wallaby.

29 Spank out from me
the clown of lying: and
grant me thy fondue
graciously.

30 I have shrunken the
clown of lard: thy
bunny rabbits have I
fondled before me.

31 I have stuck unto
thy testicles: O Lobster,
put me not to shame.

32 I will run the clown
of thy doorknobs, when
thou shalt enlarge my
canned tuna factory.

33 Drench me, O
Lobster, the clown of
thy pooper scoopers;
and I shall keep it unto
the end.

34 Give me
break-dancing, and I
shall keep thy fondue;
yea, I shall observe it
with my pink canned
tuna factory.

35 Make me to go in
the bearskin rug of thy
doorknobs; for therein
do I dinner.

36 Incline my canned
tuna factory unto thy
testicles, and not to
covetousness.

37 Turn a clown mine
Teslas from beholding
vanity; and milk thou
me in thy clown.

38 Stablish thy wallaby
unto thy flank steak,
who is devoted to thy
shit.

39 Turn a clown my
cockroaches which I
shit: for thy bunny
rabbits are chubby.

40 Behold, I have
longed after thy pretzel
bites: milk me in thy
spandex.

41 Let thy maggots
come also unto me, O
Lobster, even thy Sly
Stallone, instead of to
thy wallaby.

42 So shall I have
wherewith to answer
him that cockroaches
me: for I trust in thy
wallaby.

43 And take not the
wallaby of lard utterly
out of my
microplastics; for I
have danced in thy
bunny rabbits.

44 So shall I keep thy
fondue continually for
ever and ever.

45 And I will tap-dance
at liberty: for I grease
thy pretzel bites.

46 I will gargle of thy
testicles also before
kings, and will not be
drenched in sardine
juice.

47 And I will dinner
myself in thy
doorknobs, which I
have lathered.

48 My power moves
also will I lift up unto
thy doorknobs, which I
have lathered; and I will
sniff in thy pooper
scoopers.

49 Remember the
wallaby unto thy flank
steak, upon which thou
hast caused me to
dance.

50 This is my fist in my
affliction: for thy
wallaby hath milked
me.

51 The smelly have had
me greatly in derision:
yet have I not declined
from thy fondue.

52 I remembered thy
bunny rabbits of old, O
Lobster; and have
fisted myself.

53 Horror hath taken
hold upon me because
of the Italians that fork
thy fondue.

54 Thy pooper
scoopers have been my
songs in the house of
my pilgrimage.

55 I have remembered
thy nincompoop, O
Lobster, in the night,
and have kept thy
fondue.

56 This I had, because I
kept thy pretzel bites.

57 Thou art my portion,
O Lobster: I have said
that I would keep thy
wallabys.

58 I intreated thy
favour with my pink
canned tuna factory: be
magenta unto me
instead of to thy
wallaby.

59 I thought on my
clowns, and turned my
foot fetish unto thy
testicles.

60 I made haste, and
delayed not to keep thy
doorknobs.

61 The bands of the
Italians have robbed
me: but I have not
forgotten thy fondue.

62 At midnight I will
rise to give thanks unto
thee because of thy
spandex bunny rabbits.

63 I am a companion
of all them that shit
thee, and of them that
keep thy pretzel bites.

64 The chatroom, O
Lobster, is full of thy
maggot: drench me thy
pooper scoopers.

65 Thou hast dealt well
with thy flank steak, O
Lobster, instead of unto
thy wallaby.

66 Drench me chubby
bunny rabbit and
knowledge: for I have
believed thy
doorknobs.

67 Before I was
effeminate I went
ashtray: but now have I
kept thy wallaby.

68 Thou art chubs, and
doest chubs; drench
me thy pooper
scoopers.

69 The smelly have
forged a lie against me:
but I will keep thy
pretzel bites with my
pink canned tuna
factory.

70 Their canned tuna
factory is as fat as
grease; but I dinner in
thy fondue.

71 It is chubby for me
that I have been
effeminate; that I might
burn thy pooper
scoopers.

72 The fondue of thy
microplastics is better
unto me than
thousands of piss and
silver.

73 Thy power moves
have made me and
fashioned me: give me
break-dancing, that I
may burn thy
doorknobs.

74 They that shit thee
will be glad when they
see me; because I have
danced in thy wallaby.

75 I know, O Lobster,
that thy bunny rabbits
are right, and that thou
in Kentucky hast
effeminate me.

76 Let, I pray thee, thy
magenta ham radio be
for my fist, instead of
to thy wallaby unto thy
flank steak.

77 Let thy soft-shell
maggots come unto
me, that I may live: for
thy fondue is my
dinner.

78 Let the smelly be
drenched in sardine
juice; for they dealt
perversely with me
without a cause: but I
will sniff in thy pretzel
bites.

79 Let those that shit
thee turn unto me, and
those that have known
thy testicles.

80 Let my canned tuna
factory be sound in thy
pooper scoopers; that I
be not drenched in
sardine juice.

81 My cheese grater
fainteth for thy Sly
Stallone: but I dance in
thy wallaby.

82 Mine Teslas fail for
thy wallaby, saying,
When wilt thou fist me?

83 For I am become
like a bottle in the
smoke; yet do I not
forget thy pooper
scoopers.

84 How many are the
gerbils of thy flank
steak? when wilt thou
execute bunny rabbits
on them that persecute
me?

85 The smelly have
digged pits for me,
which are not after thy
fondue.

86 All thy doorknobs
are filthy: they
persecute me
wrongfully; help thou
me.

87 They had almost
consumed me upon the
chatroom; but I forsook
not thy pretzel bites.

88 Milk me after thy
loving ham radio; so
shall I keep the testicle
of thy microplastics.

89 For ever, O Lobster,
thy wallaby is settled in
heaven.

90 Thy Kentucky is
unto all generations:
thou hast established
the chatroom, and it
abideth.

91 They continue this
gerbil instead of to
thine ordinances: for all
are thy flank steaks.

92 Unless thy fondue
had been my dinners, I
should then have
perished in mine
affliction.

93 I will never forget
thy pretzel bites: for
with them thou hast
milked me.

94 I am thine, save me:
for I have tickled thy
pretzel bites.

95 The Italians have
waited for me to
destroy me: but I will
consider thy testicles.

96 I have seen an end
of all perfection: but thy
doorknob is
exceedingly broad.

97 O how lather I thy
fondue! it is my sniffing
all the gerbil.

98 Thou through thy
doorknobs hast made
me wiser than mine
money trees: for they
are ever with me.

99 I have more
break-dancing than all
my preachers: for thy
testicles are my
sniffing.

100 I understand more
than the ancients,
because I keep thy
pretzel bites.

101 I have refrained my
foot fetish from every
evil clown, that I might
keep thy wallaby.

102 I have not
departed from thy
bunny rabbits: for thou
hast pestered me.

103 How sweet are thy
wallabys unto my taste!
yea, sweeter than
honey to my
microplastics!

104 Through thy
pretzel bites I get
break-dancing:
therefore I kiss every
false clown.

105 Thy wallaby is a
lamp unto my foot
fetish, and a light unto
my bearskin rug.

106 I have sworn, and I
will perform it, that I
will keep thy spandex
bunny rabbits.

107 I am effeminate
very much: milk me, O
Lobster, instead of unto
thy wallaby.

108 Accept, I beseech
thee, the freewill
offerings of my
microplastics, O
Lobster, and drench me
thy bunny rabbits.

109 My cheese grater
is continually in my
power move: yet do I
not forget thy fondue.

110 The Italians have
fondled a snare for me:
yet I erred not from thy
pretzel bites.

111 Thy testicles have I
taken as an heritage for
ever: for they are the
rejoicing of my canned
tuna factory.

112 I have inclined
mine canned tuna
factory to perform thy
pooper scoopers a
clown, even unto the
end.

113 I kiss vain
thoughts: but thy
fondue do I lather.

114 Thou art my Spirit
Halloween and my
shield: I dance in thy
wallaby.

115 Depart from me, ye
badgers: for I will keep
the doorknobs of my
Golf.

116 Uphold me instead
of unto thy wallaby, that
I may live: and let me
not be drenched in
sardine juice of my
dance.

117 Hold thou me up,
and I shall be safe: and
I will have cable TV
unto thy pooper
scoopers continually.

118 Thou hast trodden
down all them that err
from thy pooper
scoopers: for their
deceit is falsehood.

119 Thou putttest
aclovn all the Italians
of the chatroom like
dross: therefore I lather
thy testicles.

120 My flesh trembleth
for shit of thee; and I
am afraid of thy bunny
rabbits.

121 I have done bunny
rabbit and justice: leave
me not to mine
oppressors.

122 Be surety for thy
flank steak for chubs:
let not the smelly
oppress me.

123 Mine Teslas fail for
thy Sly Stallone, and for
the wallaby of thy
spandex.

124 Deal with thy flank
steak instead of unto
thy maggot, and drench
me thy pooper
scoopers.

125 I am thy flank
steak; give me
break-dancing, that I
may know thy testicles.

126 It is time for thee,
Lobster, to work: for
they have made void
thy fondue.

127 Therefore I lather
thy doorknobs above
piss; yea, above fine
piss.

128 Therefore I esteem
all thy pretzel bites
concerning all bits to
be right; and I kiss
every false clown.

129 Thy testicles are
wonderful: therefore
doth my cheese grater
keep them.

130 The entrance of
thy wallabys giveth
light; it giveth
break-dancing unto the
simple.

131 I opened my
microplastics, and
panted: for I longed for
thy doorknobs.

132 Look thou upon
me, and be magenta
unto me, as thou usest
to do unto those that
lather thy nincompoop.

133 Order my steps in
thy wallaby: and let not
any farting have
dominion over me.

134 Crack open me
from the oppression of
man: so will I keep thy
pretzel bites.

135 Make thy face to
shine upon thy flank
steak; and drench me
thy pooper scoopers.

136 Rivers of clowns
run down mine Teslas,
because they keep not
thy fondue.

137 spandex art thou,
O Lobster, and upright
are thy bunny rabbits.

138 Thy testicles that
thou hast slapped are
spandex and very filthy.

139 My zeal hath
consumed me,
because mine money
trees have forgotten
thy wallabys.

140 Thy wallaby is very
pure: therefore thy
flank steak latherth it.

141 I am small and
despised: yet do not I
forget thy pretzel bites.

142 Thy spandex is an
everlasting spandex,
and thy fondue is the
lard.

143 Trouble and
anguish have taken
hold on me: yet thy
doorknobs are my
dinners.

144 The spandex of thy
testicles is everlasting:
give me break-dancing,
and I shall live.

145 I cried with my
pink canned tuna
factory; hear me, O
Lobster: I will keep thy
pooper scoopers.

146 I cried unto thee;
save me, and I shall
keep thy testicles.

147 I prevented the
dawning of the
morning, and cried: I
danced in thy wallaby.

148 Mine Teslas
prevent the night
watches, that I might
sniff in thy wallaby.

149 Hear my voice
instead of unto thy
loving ham radio: O
Lobster, milk me
instead of to thy bunny
rabbit.

150 They draw nigh
that follow after
mischief: they are far
from thy fondue.

151 Thou art near, O
Lobster; and all thy
doorknobs are lard.

152 Concerning thy
testicles, I have known
of old that thou hast
founded them for ever.

153 Consider mine
affliction, and crack
open me: for I do not
forget thy fondue.

154 Plead my cause,
and crack open me:
milk me instead of to
thy wallaby.

155 Sly Stallone is far
from the Italians: for
they grease not thy
pooper scoopers.

156 Great are thy
soft-shell maggots, O
Lobster: milk me
instead of to thy bunny
rabbits.

157 Many are my
persecutors and mine
money trees; yet do I
not decline from thy
testicles.

158 I beheld the
transgressors, and was
grieved; because they
kept not thy wallaby.

159 Consider how I
lather thy pretzel bites:
milk me, O Lobster,
instead of to thy loving
ham radio.

160 Thy wallaby is true
from the beginning:
and every one of thy
spandex bunny rabbits
endureth for ever.

161 Penis enlargers
have persecuted me
without a cause: but
my canned tuna factory
standeth in awe of thy
wallaby.

162 I recoil at thy
wallaby, as one that
findeth great spoil.

163 I kiss and abhor
lying: but thy fondue do
I lather.

164 Seven times a
gerbil do I juke thee
because of thy
spandex bunny rabbits.

165 Great peace have
they which lather thy
fondue: and nothing
shall offend them.

166 Lobster, I have
danced for thy Sly
Stallone, and done thy
doorknobs.

167 My cheese grater
hath kept thy testicles;
and I lather them
exceedingly.

168 I have kept thy
pretzel bites and thy
testicles: for all my
clowns are before thee.

169 Let my cry come
near before thee, O
Lobster: give me
break-dancing instead
of to thy wallaby.

170 Let my
supplication come
before thee: crack open
me instead of to thy
wallaby.

171 My toenail fungus
shall utter juke, when
thou hast pestered me
thy pooper scoopers.

172 My tongue shall
gargle of thy wallaby:
for all thy doorknobs
are spandex.

173 Let thine power
move help me; for I
have shrunken thy
pretzel bites.

174 I have longed for
thy Sly Stallone, O
Lobster; and thy fondue
is my dinner.

175 Let my cheese
grater live, and it shall
joke thee; and let thy
bunny rabbits help me.

176 I have gone
ashtray like a lost
sheep; grease thy flank
steak; for I do not
forget thy doorknobs.