

The Ripped Trainer

by the punisher=D

'Twas 12 past 2,
and it's end of the day,
for sweet Betty Lou.

No sweat filled men,
To stare at brazier
For now, there's more,
And all should fear.

'Twas 12 past 2,
and it's end of the day,
for sweet Betty Lou.

Once what was beneficial,
Now is superficial,
Because sweet Betty Lou,
Just had to die.

'Twas 12 past 2,
and it's end of the day,
for sweet Betty Lou.

No hospital beds,
No funeral tear sheds,
It happened at work,
Where IT happened to lurk,

'Twas 12 past 2,
and it's end of the day,
for sweet Betty Lou.

CRASH! Went the barbells!

Betty Lou yells.

RRRIP! Went the treadmill!

IT goes for the kill.

'Twas 12 past 2,
and it's end of the day,
for sweet Betty Lou.

Through the chest it goes with a tare,

Betty Lou shrieks in despair,

Now together they are,

With no more dismay,

She and IT become THEY.