Cockroaches are grotesque beasts,
They crawl and scavenge all night.
They live in dreary places and
They make me quiver on sight.

They’re quickly scuttling from their homes
Towards my own back yard;
Their skin is as tough as steel and
Their bodies crunchy and hard.

Attempts to kill this nasty beast
Are certain not to succeed;
They’ll meet and breed throughout my yard
And continue to grow and feed.

Daniela