

# Dog Fashion Disco, Dr. Piranha

he rose up from a toilet  
bearing gifts and bleeding from his ass  
and from his disinfected mausoleum  
he scrubbed his hands  
and prepared for surgery  
inside the operating room he screamed  
I believe this patient is already dead  
the nurses laughter echoed through the halls  
as the doctor lit a smoke and shook his head  
i've discovered another flaw in gods sick invention  
we have built a time machine to travel through other dimensions  
the mercitron engaged the patient in  
a defenseless war against mortality  
angered by the latest turn of events  
the doctor felt he should part company  
upon arrival on the planet mars  
while waiting for the mothership to come  
dr. piranha and his faithful disciples  
in orbit searched for a baboons heart  
we are what we are  
we are what we are  
christ clones are imprisoned  
in slave camps on a planet of trolls  
as coal mines and tar pits  
are filled with dead astronauts  
malpractice in the cosmos  
the garden of stars is filled with vengeful enemies  
assassins and hitmen eagerly await orders  
for research subjects to be purchased by the highest bidder  
I will be hunted for infinity  
detected with a dna radar  
theyll watch my every move  
the voices in my head will never cease  
mocking me over and over and over and over again  
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