

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
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