

# Final Fantasy, Ultimatum

He's gonna win the race  
With his six-string bass  
You're gonna give him a chase man,  
You left the devil breathless

You want him 'till I tap your tits  
He's gonna caution your clits  
He talked your whole cherry tree  
Into growing its fruit with no pits

He's the egg that drops in your soup  
He is the hand that holds the tottering scoop  
His bicycle-braided beard [?]  
God-d-d-damn, you prostate in fear

He's gonna win the race  
With his six-string bass  
He's gonna summon the hounds now  
Here they come now, without a sound now

The saxophone swallowed its reed  
As the drummer ran out in the lead  
The piano fell on its back  
As the singer fell down through the cracks  
See the guitar's locked in its case  
As the [?] licked the face of his bass

he's the afterlife, the dark  
Knocks the rainbow right out of the park

Ultimatum, ultimatum (x10)