

GWAR, The Issue Of Tissue (Spacecake)

Unblinking, unseeing, trapped in your being
The issue of tissue, but that's just not the issue
Strapped up and stinking, what were you thinking?
Led you where?
Who knew? Two?
Scarcely matters..
And if you go this will be the last time
Tell me what it's like to die
Cloven cliffs is on the lever
Locked away and lost forever
We came down and saw you, want to ball you

Pleasantly paralyzed, there's light enough for you eyes
To focus and chiefly, to say that you could be me
Trussed up to pray, take him away You, you, all because of you...
Blocks and blocks of mortal man Single coil means just what when
You're feeding on a million souls
We have come to take control
Blocks and blocks and yes you bet
We have come to make you wet
Feeding on a million souls
We have come to take control