

Jack Off Jill, Kringle

I've got that special disease,
That knocks the shit out of me,
'Cause when you break it you buy it, you own it,
'Cause you get nothing for free.

He got that special disease,
He eats the scabs off my knees.
I got a genocide hand on his forehead
But he got nothing on me.

Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo oo.

He smokes the cigarette trees,
He likes my hostilities.
He brings me flowers and candy and kringle,
But that won't satisfy me.

Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo oo.

I try to hate equally,
They say that's misanthropy.
'Cause when I want it I break it,
I burn it, I own it
I have it, you'll see.

Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo oo.

Collecting things that I already own,
I'm schizophrenic when I'm on the phone,
I guess that's why I'm never alone,
'Cause I am never myself

He wants to feed me the pentagram cereal,
He puts the spoon in my mouth, and I choke.
He pushes farther and farther and farther down,
The stuff won't fit down my throat.

Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo ah ah oh.
Oo oo oo.

I got that special disease,
That knocks the shit outta me,
'Cause when I break it,
I buy it,
I own it,
I have it,
I love it, you'll see.
Oo oo.