

Lemon Demon, Neverending Hum

Inside of everybody's head.
Inside of everybody's head,
There is a hum.
There's a hum.
There's a neverending hum,
And no one ever seems to notice it.
No one seems to notice it.
You have never noticed it.
Never ever. Never ever.
Until now.

Deep in the darkest corners of the human mind
Of any given person that you happen to see,
There rests a creature,
Or, more specifically,
A critter, hiding and sitting
In the churning, boiling, philosophical pot
Of self-aware chowder that we call thought.

This critter has a name,
But it's different for each person.
Mine is named Corey
And it looks like an armadillo.
In KISS make-up.

<i>Jabbidy jabbidy jabbidy jabba
jibba jabba.
Jabbidy jabbidy jabbidy jabba
jibba jabba.
Jabbidy jabbidy jabbidy jabba
jibba jabba.
Jabbidy jabbidy jabbidy jabba
jibba jabba.</i>

Picture your spirit in a delicatessen
In the slums of the universe,
Open sign dangling, daring all parasites,
Giving you mosquito bites,
Sucking the life out of all of your customers.
But fear not, it's your critter to the rescue,
Hum emanating from its lips.

And fear disappears
As the parasite trips
And lands in a puddle,
And that's your rebuttal
To the argument that you
Weren't even listening to
Because of the neverending hum.

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