

Mr. Bungle, Carry Stress In The Jaw

Powder grinding mouthful
Pull the day from the nocturn
Sonmiloquist is the nightmare's song

"In the multiplied objects of the external world I had no thoughts but for the teeth...
and of Berenice I more seriously believed that all her teeth were thoughts...
the white and ghastly spectrum of the teeth...
meditations were never pleasurable...
the phantasma of the teeth maintained its terrible ascendancy..." (Poe)

Lock into bitten dreams perfectionist
break like a child's mouth