

Mr. Bungle, Egg

Rotting from the inside
Over-incubated by the heat of fear and love
The self's coagulated
Egg...
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
Boiling hard in euphemism
Slowly becoming part of the water
Like a frog who never knows
The jacuzzi's getting hotter
Blah blah blah blah blah blah
Blah blah blah blah blah blah
How'd you know I was looking at you
If you weren't looking at me?
A stagnant pale perfume
Conceived to block the pores
The clotting glands encroach
The endless comfort of a mom
Deep inside my tanning salon
Wishing life was poached
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
I can't seem to differentiate
Between the yellow love you give and the white sex I take
I just want to fertilize you
Blah blah blah blah blah blah
Blah blah blah blah blah blah
The cracks finally appear
Release cholesterol tears
The flooded cyst drains itself of pus
The lonely stomach chills unless it's drunk
So as she drives she'll close her eyes
Feel it warming up inside
edisi eht morf gnittoR
evol dna raef fo taeh eht yb detabucni-revO
detalugaoc s'fles ehT
Egg...
Oh an egg comes out of a chicken
Oh a chicken comes out of an egg
There's no place like home...