

# 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...