

# Mr. Bungle, Travolta (Quote Unquote)

All behold the spectacle  
A fleshy limbless rectangle  
Sitting on a pedestal  
So nasal handicapable  
Sniff and remember silver ball  
Contortions that he can't recall  
The torso on a trampoline  
The happiness melts into dream  
To talk is an enunciated sneeze  
To taste is some foul air to breathe  
One thought it lasts a day and at that rate he'll most likely live forever!  
He's a bird in flight, a hermaphrodite  
And he fucks himself as he fucks the world  
His twitching brain can dance within  
Gyrating more like gelatin  
A secret means of ecstasy  
Acute and very olfactory  
To see is colors crawling in the nose  
To hear is stinking highs and lows  
He's got an itch but nothing with which to scratch the itch - so wish it away  
With his mouth sewn shut, he still shakes his butt  
Cuz he's Hitler & Swayze & Trump & Travolta  
Smell, Sweat, Movement.  
Everyone's dancing.  
Disco.  
Dimple.  
Fading. Darker.  
A subtle fragrance.  
Faint.  
Everyone's dancing without him.  
Where did it go?  
Dark.  
Odorless.  
Nothing.