

# Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Diabolic Tastemaker

Tentacles are groping  
We crawled out of the sea  
Jelly stained reptile brained  
Formless and squishy  
And still we have these minds  
And that fishy kinda flux  
All unglued, loose and ballooned  
Slippery as a slug  
Like an octopussy swimmin'  
In a bath of lemonade  
Licorice gas our hearts our ass  
Breeding life  
You don't understand your minds' music  
Lacks a funky bass  
No balls, tour walls  
I got solar system space

I got Diabolic Tastemake  
Got my source of creation

Angle eyes to skyward  
There's a mustache comm' down  
Tongue is red givin' head  
Lickin' up the moon  
A self portrait in vomit  
I spit it in the rug  
Look inside, there you'll find  
I'm of noble blood  
Creative acts in liquid  
Smearin' doo doo on the walls  
I got spanked when I yanked Niagra Falls  
Goddesses of beauty, I worship your booty  
I crashed her gash  
I suffered in her succotash

I got Diabolic Tastemaker  
Got my source of creation