Clutch, Milk Of Human Kindness

Fine swine, wish you were mine
Bite the apple of my eye
This little piggy never made it home

Helter skelter, run for shelter
Can't escape the boiling swelter
Beat you like the dog that you are

Oh, I could kill you if I wanted
Kill you with my own two hands
Oh, I'm so happy I could kill you
Kill you like a sacrificial lamb

Because you, you are nothing but an animal
With a branding iron on your back
A sight so obscene, a sight so absurd
So many ways to skin a cat

All cut up
All cut up

Everything tastes better now
My hands, these tools, the fatted cow
The swine, the wine, the coming feast
Your Jesus Christ has canine teeth

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