Melvins, Suicide In Progress

There's a little animal, way up in the air
My nose and tongue are roving, but maybe it's not there

There's a little man now, in the middle of the earth
He gives himself these orders and let it all be burned

There are lots of makeshift wonders, seven in the world
Five of them will not be noticed and three will not be heard

There's a meal there's a window, there's a face that you can't see
You can keep what you've stolen, just give it back to me
I vow to taste my vengence, even if they dare
Maybe his time is coming, and maybe he's better off