

# Monster Magnet, Third Alternative

My hands up to the maker, my head's down in the bomb  
I swim in bloated vision, and I kiss you on the phone  
My heart beats so atomic, and I spill the sweat of drones  
A mouth screams to a hundred, and my lips split all alone

Sometimes I think this pig will just explode  
Sometimes I hope this torture just goes on  
Well I'll stuff myself in a pi of darkness  
And I'll slam 'till I can't see home

Would you like to hope for Eden, that I keep a steady hand  
Do you want to milk the syrup of a thousand year old man  
Shall we fuck each other's babies, let momentum do its best  
Keep our shrieking little urges in our burned out little heads  
Well I sense a slight recoil was it something that I said

Sometimes I think this pig will just explode  
Sometimes I hope this torture just goes on  
Well I'll stuff myself in a pi of darkness  
And I'll slam 'till I can't see home  
Dropping off the edge of nowhere  
Everything I've ever known

This is what you asked for  
Now this is what you'll get

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Well I'll stuff myself in a pi of darkness  
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Everything I've ever known  
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