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

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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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I've ever known