

# Mr. Bungle, California (Album)

Sweet Charity  
Save me  
The heavens have opened  
The storm is over  
So let's start the parade...  
Raindrops  
Will turn to laughter  
Forever after  
In your technicolor heartbeat  
And they say  
That it helps you forget everything...  
Sweet charity  
You drink your poison from a cup of gold  
Your gift keeps on giving and giving  
Perfect photographs  
Of Everest days  
And postcard nights  
Tearing through the paper walls of time  
With sunset eyes  
Telethons, Grand Canyon hearts  
You numb your mind  
With gloves of white and turpentine  
Even the bombs and scarecrows will sing!  
Sweet charity  
Save me  
The heavens have opened  
And I'm alone  
Sweet charity  
Save me  
The heavens have opened  
I'm coming home  
Sweet charity  
Save me  
The asylums have opened  
I'm coming home  
Sweet charity  
I'm home free...  
None Of Them Knew They Were Robots  
Mendel's machines replicate in the night  
In the black iron prison of St. Augustine's light  
He's paying the bills and they're doing him proud  
They can float their burnt offerings on assembler clouds  
With omega point in the sight  
The new Franklins fly their kites  
And the post modern empire is ended tonight  
From history  
The flood of counterfeits released  
The black cloud  
Reductionism and the beast  
Automatons gather all the pieces  
So the world may be increased  
In simulation jubilation  
For the deceased...  
Spray-on clothes and diamond jaws  
Wrinkles smoothed by nanoclaws  
With my machines I can dispatch you  
From this world without a trace  
Our nostalgia ghosts are ready to take your place  
Content-shifting shopping malls  
Gasoline trees and walk-through walls  
None of them knew...  
I feel the grey goo boiling my blood  
As I watch the dead rise up out of the earth  
Try to hide from the lies as they all come true

Deus absconditus  
Deus nullus deus nisi deus  
I feel the grey goo boiling my blood  
As the fenris wolf slowly bites through his chain  
Try to hide the myth as it becomes a man  
None of them knew they were robots  
Buying an X or an O  
In state craft tic tac toe  
Cats game for Joe Blow  
Post industrial bliss  
A binary hug or kiss  
Can be wrung from utility mist  
They stole the great arcanum  
The secret fire  
Moloch found his gold  
For the new empire  
Once again  
The necrophage becomes saint  
Lindy hop around the truth  
Jump back wolf pack attack  
Slap back white shark attack  
Swingin' up there in the noose  
Jump back wolf pack attack  
Slap back white shark attack  
Phased array diffraction nets  
From full-wall paint-on TV sets  
Migratory home sublets  
And time shared diamond fiber sets  
Recombinant logos keys  
Bitic Qabalistic trees  
I feel the grey goo boiling my blood  
As leviathan and his bugs freeze the sea  
Try to save the world by immolating myself  
From history  
The flood of counterfeits released  
The black cloud  
The resurrection of the deceased  
Automatons gather all the pieces  
So the world may be increased  
In simulation jubilation  
For the builders  
Of the body of the beast  
Retrovertigo  
Before you advertise  
All the fame is implied  
With no fortune unseen  
Sell the rights  
To your blight  
Time-machine  
While I'm dulled by excess  
And a cynic at best  
My art imitates crime  
Paid for by  
The allies  
So invest  
Now I'm finding truth is a ruin  
Nauseous end that nobody is pursuing  
Staring into glassy eyes  
Mesmerized  
There's a vintage thirst returning  
But I'm sheltered by my channel-surfing  
Every famine virtual  
Retrovertigo  
A tribute to false memories  
With conviction

Cheap imitation  
Is it fashion or disease?  
Post-ironic  
Remains a mouth to feed  
Sell the rights  
To your blight  
And you'll eat  
See the vintage robot wearied  
Then awakened by revision theories  
Every famine virtual  
Retrovertigo  
The Air-Conditioned Nightmare  
Inside of me today  
There is no one  
Only asteroids and empty space  
A waste  
...They're looking through the windows at me...  
Get me out of this air-conditioned nightmare  
Rots your brain just like a catchy tune  
You will hate life more than life hates you  
Happiness is your illness in an air-conditioned nightmare  
...Burn all your mementos of me...  
Walkin' on air  
Up from the wheelchair  
I'll find the suicide  
That I deserve  
Walkin' on sand  
Forgotten where I am  
But it's so comfortable  
Here in the sun...  
I only see rainbows  
Now that the bandages are gone  
Through my window, there  
From the skyscrapers  
Down to the submarines  
Birds and fairies  
Sanctuaries  
Atop the rolling hills of hell  
These words are sledgehammers  
Of truth  
That pound the iron heart  
Of sin  
Bloody smiling  
Vandalizing  
My wet dream is drying up...  
Where's my rainbow?  
Where's my halo?  
There's my halo!  
Ars Moriendi  
He who hears in the vast silence  
He who wafts on the red wind  
&quot;In extremis&quot;  
He who leaps across the precipice  
He who steals pearls from the ashes  
&quot;Ride si sapis&quot;  
'Ave atque vale'  
I shall rise again  
Bardo of the flesh  
So feast on me  
All my bones are laughing  
As you're dancing on my grave  
'Ave atque vale'  
Pink Cigarette  
Hush me, touch me  
Perfume, the wind and the leaves

Hush me, touch me  
The burns, the holes in the sheets  
I'm hoping the smoke  
Hides the shame I've got on my face  
Cognac and broken glass  
All these years I've been your ashtray  
Not today  
I found a pink cigarette  
On the bed the day that you left  
And how can I forget that your lips were there  
Your kiss goes everywhere, touches everything But me  
Hush me, touch me  
Champagne, your hair in the breeze  
Hush me, touch me  
Lipstick, a slap on my cheek  
Your eyes cried at last  
Told me everything I was afraid to ask  
Now I'm dressed in white  
And you've burned me for the last time  
This ain't the last time  
You'll find a note and you'll see my silhouette...  
There's just 5 hours left until you find me dead  
There's just 4 hours left until you find me dead  
There's just 3 hours left until you find me dead  
There's just 2 hours left until you find me dead  
There's 1 more hour and then you will find me dead  
There's just.....  
Golem II: The Bionic Vapour Boy  
Golem II: the self-perfecting  
Lie-rejecting  
Human mind correcting  
Totem of the living  
Self-organized, wrought from the clay  
Our king by night, our slave by the day  
Giga-giga-gilgamesh  
What do you know?  
Watch the human life show  
OK let's go  
O my double  
He can pop your bubble  
That means trouble  
Stronger than a lion  
Golem II: the bionic paper boy  
Self-perfecting  
World-inspecting  
Lie-detecting  
Our instructions  
His induction  
Big production  
Golem II: the bionic puppet boy  
Giga-gilgamesh  
Gigagigagigagiga  
Beast of burden  
Spirit lifting  
Master of shape-shifting  
Seamless drifting  
Shining spotlight  
Screaming mobs and stage fright  
You get it right  
Building a new zion  
Golem II: the bionic vapour boy  
War-directing  
Mind-inspecting  
Man-correcting  
Our instructions

His induction  
Big production  
Golem II: the bionic vapour boy  
The Holy Filament  
In fiber optic illusion  
The flickering eyes  
By fluorescent lights  
Supplicate before machines,  
Self-reflecting  
The legend of modernity:  
The phosphenes explode  
God's eternal strobe  
Through the holy filament,  
Graven image  
Vanity Fair  
You're not human  
You're a miracle  
A preacher with an animal's face  
In your sexy  
Neon smokescreen  
Lie the supersalesmen of vanity  
Even your shadow worships you  
In your jungle solitude  
With the orgies of the sacrament  
And the seal of flagellants  
God saves those who save their skin  
From the bondage that we're in  
I'm elated  
I could cut you  
And remove the sheath of your ignorance  
Bless the eunuch  
And the Skoptsi  
Will you hurt me now and make a million?  
Say cheese, baby  
We all love you  
But it's a cheap world and you don't exist...  
Slit the fabric of the right now  
Spread your legs and wear the crown  
Tell me how long, lord, how long?  
Till I get my beauty sleep?  
Now the hourglass is empty  
The moment of my de-sexing  
Cut it  
Cut it  
Cut this cancer from my soul  
Now that I've made it...  
I'm finally naked...  
Goodbye Sober Day  
Your lips say one thing  
But the drugs say another  
How can I massage  
This inter-galactic ulcer?  
Goodbye sober day  
Hello milky way...  
Pin my ear to the wisdom post  
Hang me up and drain me dry  
Mend my shipwrecked spirit  
Lift the veil from my eyes  
Goodbye sober day  
The years grew wings and flew away  
Ghosts of the past become barbarians  
Of the future...  
And I still pity you  
Because what you said was true  
Goodbye sober day

Hello milky way...  
May your sun be blown out like a candle  
May your sea burn like tar  
May your sky be rolled up like a scroll  
May your blue moon drip with blood  
What would they say  
If you went up in smoke?  
If I dug you up  
And made soup of your bones?  
Goodbye sober day