

Mr. Bungle, Dead Goon

Nobler than Oedipus
Clairvoyant and toothless
Foreplay with no friends
Premature until the end
I've got a secret
Babbling senseless
No one will ever know
Kids can be so cruel
Smash the feeling
Suckle the sugar breast
Too happy - a jerk beyond a smile
An asphyxiophile
I'm the Humper; stop hitting me
Walking the plank, swallowing dirt
Johnny - just skin and juice and hair
A hero unaware
Tied in a knot beneath giggling
My own two hands tickling me
Innocent friction
Boys and girls are stealing my oxygen
Sex? There's no such thing
All that's left is laughing, choking, laughing
Playing solitaire
A rope and mommy's underwear
Hanging on, letting go
Dangling to and fro
NOOO
It can't happen here
Floating away
Tingling
Fluid seeping
Family weeping
It feels so good
So bad
But please
Don't tease me