

Mr. Bungle, Quote Unquote

All behold the spectacle
A fleshy limbless rectangle
Sitting on a pedestal
So nasal handicapable
Sniff and remember silver ball
Contortions that he can't recall
The torso on a trampoline
The happiness melts into dream
To talk is an enunciated sneeze
To taste is some foul air to breathe
One thought, it lasts a day
And at that rate - he'll most likely live forever!!!!!!!!!!!!
He's a bird in flight, a hermaphrodite
And he fucks himself as he fucks the world
His twitching brain can dance within
Gyrating more like gelatin
A secret means of ecstasy
Acute and very olfactory
To see is colors crawling in the nose
To hear is stinking highs and lows
He's got an itch, but nothing with which
To scratch the itch - so wish it away
With his mouth sewn shut, he still shakes his butt
Cuz he's Hitler & Swayze & Trump & Travolta
Smell. Sweat. Movement.
Everyone's dancing.
Disco.
Dimple.
Fading. Darker.
A subtle fragrance.
Faint.
Everyone's dancing without him.
Where did it go?
Dark.
Odorless.
Nothing.