

Number Twelve Looks Like You, The Devil's Dick

When does this start?
when does this end?
someone is there whose never a friend
how do you do
how do I do
how should I ask where are my shoes?

What is this coat what is this face
I just need to change to get out of this place
why all this pacing breaking a leg
needless to say taking advantage of blind elders isn't very saint.

Spitting out the beer
then to growing my hair
then to finding alcupulco gold
then came halucinations anger just sinking my fist into her face

A simmering pot of glue
I'm waiting to sniff
it's just enough chemicals
to put a small hole into the ozone layer
introduced me to some powder dumping into my system
working at bookstores with never showering yellow pit stains
dance music
war stories on tape

Enter here follow signs to down hill
take caution
leave behind all of your sexual powers
apocalypse night has no mercy
all the buds are bastards
when they choose to overlook and eliminate your fantasy tonight

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The snow is coming
the flakes are all a flurry
some touched my skin
they melt away but I have a purpose
I never sway walking for hours
don't feel the cold I can't see the sun
there's just the road, the trees, the poles of leaves like vomit on the ground.

I arrive and inhale,
I inhane and exale
and I know in my heart the devil doesn't lie
I am a fucking machine.