

Snuff Pop Inc., Virus

Hot news from Necropolis!
Scull caps crawling for hire and a couple of vultures
Circling over my head a stone's throw from here
Microbe-infested apparatus-apparitions seen floating
Through festering frequencies from mouldy bands....

(Gimme some remote control!)

Yeah, I'm interrupting your programme to make a complaint
I'm an out-and-out afforder and my suffer-buffer's
(Gimme a mind-bomb!)
out of order (Glass cutter in request!)

The corners are glaring, the kitchen's getting hotter
'Cause someone's burned the roast in the oven

AND RED ICE-GRIT RUNS OUT MY CHILBLAINS
INTRAVENOUS SEIZURE OF A DEAD REPORTER
I try to shut out what's taking place between my eye
and this airbrushed nature (Was ever man so hocused?)
There's a skeleton in every house and mine feels pretty pent-up
I shall BURST!

My living room is but a death trap (ALL CRANIA GRIN!)
They know better about eternal electrocution
I'm just a subtle would-love-to-be
Under carnal corruption from figurative infection
And thus the videodrone is immune
By virtue of the mercy of ignorance

LETTING ME DIE WITH THE BIG BOYS
And mortal frames besieged by swarms of bacteria
CREEPY-CRAWLIES IN MY BRAIN!

(Gimme some remote control!)

I've got a halitosis coughing-ire from choking in a coffin-fire
(Glass cutter in request!)
It's the dominance of viral decay
Roasting my breath and toasting my death
Oh baby, the way you cry is prettier than the saddest song
An utter soul cutter forever boxed in
The death denihil of a social misanthrope

AND RED ICE-GRIT RUNS OUT MY CHILBLAINS
INFO-PARASITIC INTERFERENCE IN MY BRAIN