

# The Church, Space Needle

Getting kinda greedy  
Need a space needle  
Stick it straight through the crust  
Suck up all the magma  
Put it in a bag-ma  
And blow it through your brains till you bust

Where oblivion is beckoning  
Where the fire furn(?) is reckoning

Getting kinda famished with all this talk of famine  
I could(?) survive on bread alone  
Gimme me space needle so I don't wanna wheedle  
I need these planets close to my bone

Where oblivion is beckoning  
Where the fire furn(?) is reckoning

Getting kinda nervous the way ellipses curve us  
It's a mystery to me we don't fall  
Where's my space needle?  
I wanna a little ??  
I wanna wish good luck to you all

Where oblivion is beckoning  
Where the fire furn(?) is reckoning