

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