

Number Twelve Looks Like You, The "The Devil's Dick Disaster"

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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 change to
get out of this place
why all this pacing why all the drugging gimme that
change before I start
mugging - It started when liquor became the star
character just 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 alcapulco gold
than 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 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 apocolypse
night has no mercy all
the buds are bastards when they choose to overlook
and eliminate your
fantasy tonight - Needless to say taking advantage of
blind elders isn't
very saint 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
piles of leave like vomit on the ground - I arrive and
inhale I inhale and
exhale and I know in my heart the devil doesn't lie I am
a fucking machine
I am a fucking machine inhale and exhale and inhale

and exhale I am a
fucking maachine.

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