

Religion Bad

"Blenderhead"

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Flying through a dark prismatic tunnel on a carousel,
The earth is turning and you know it very well,
Your mind is reeling like ten helicopters wheeling
And you're gonna hit the ceiling like a mallet on a bell,

Hey, Blenderhead, they're starting to ask questions,
Your transgressions are a danger flashing sign,
Challenge conventions and radiate your splendor
And feel those flywheels turn your blender... head
(yeah)

Tally up the gleaming ventured on a wishing well,
Each shining trinket has a story it can tell,
Your moments pining like those tales all intertwining
Can become the rusted lining of a deep neglected
shell,

Hey, Blenderhead, you ask so many questions,
Your confusion's a life-affirming sign,
Break from tradition and carry on with valor
And feel those flywheels churn your blender... head
(yeah)

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