

Aquabats

"Powdered Milk Man! (see)"

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The wind blows, and I see dust. A cloud of white upon
the horizon. My
pallet knows, this is a bust, breakfast is
wrecked for the children of the nation. These cheerios,
soggy and tainted
have gone to waste in this MILK of
devastation.
Taste is based from the bones of zombies, the dust is
ground it's not
safe to eat or drink when POWDERED
MILK's around.
Call in the troops cause here's a scoop for you and your
group. There's
a drink around town and it tastes like foo.
The man in the tin suit bearing bitter fruit, breakfast
cereal turns to
soup, tastes like puke.
Oh no! It's the POWDERED MILK MAN. Oh no! Holding
the POWDERED MILK can.
The super villain comes
a creepin' when you're sleepin' and must be stopped
anyway we can.
You stand before me, I will defeat you. You will not
break me,
I will not take you. You're just another,
unealthy poison. Someone will stop you, you and your
kind, step back!
Whoa ho ho ho, POWDERED MILK MAN. Whoa ho ho, you
must die! Whoa ho ho
ho, POWDERED MILK
MAN. Whoa ho ho ho whoa!

Whoa ho ho ho, POWDERED MILK MAN. Whoa ho ho, you
must die! Whoa ho ho
ho, POWDERED MILK
MAN. Whoa ho ho ho, you must die!

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