

Crawlspace

"GALAPAGOS"

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[the glutton's bellyache]
ah'm sloppin' up that lard belly
hawngry for that donut fat
piggy knuckle hem'roid ruttin'
gizzard gristle cheezy blab

[the watcher replies]
bewilder us not in twilight uh comin'
for fear is a key to a room full of bees
balance us all in this veg'table recline
I want what's before me, and I get what I need

[the glutton bitches some more]
you turnip-lovin' tater-totin'
mushroom-eatin' son of a mom
you lesbian-votin' raisin-loafin'
ganja-breathin' man of the mud

[posthuman poots, followed by humorous response]

[the glutton becomes paranoid and defensive]
we up against a pine-knot wall
you done pushed us out the future scene
we stole this land fair and square
in the names of god and blood and greed

[the watcher reiterates his point]
consider the dirt you scrape off your boots
'cause tomorrow is here and you can't even see
cover us all in blankets of spacetime
I want what's before me, and I get what I need

[the glutton throws more epithets]
you woman-kissin' work-resistin'
baby-makin' daughter of earth
you money-grabbin' tarot-blabbin'
garlic-growin' woman of ferns

[the watcher keeps on circlin']
bewilder us not in twilight uh comin'
for fear is a key to a room full of bees

balance us all in this veg'table recline
I want what's before me, and I get what I need

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