

Cretin

"Creepy Crawlies"

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Smearing honey on his body, waiting for the bugs
He knows his habit's gotten bad, but it's too damn fun
Nothing could prepare him for the way they make him feel
Insects tickle, make him giggle, lapping up their meal

Gets his jollies, creepy-crawlies dancing on his skin
One gets food and one gets off, both are bound to win
A probing fly climbs up his pee hole, then it lays some eggs
Cretin shakes the critters off and shoos them all away

Starts to hurt
Maggots squirm
Infected dick
Makes him sick

Creepy crawlies
Cretin follies
Dangerous jollies
Creepy crawlies

Pelvic pains and tender balls keep him up at night
His swelling groin lets him know that something isn't right
Clutching at his belly, too sick to want to play
Reluctantly he has to send his insect friends away

Baby flies burst from boils, buzzing through the air
The swarming vulgar mass of bugs gives him quite a scare
He throws himself into a pool of water frantically
Never having learned to swim, poor bastard quickly sinks

Going down
Man and bug drown
Holding breath
Wait for death

[Guitar solo: Martinez]

Creepy crawlies
Cretin follies
Dangerous jollies
Creepy crawlies

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