

## **The Blood Brothers**

# **"God Bless You Blood Thirsty Zeppelins"**

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Bullhorn:

"Save the falsetto valentines for the black ice cube  
toast, for the filth roast."

Classified:

You know she looks so clinique,  
but when you think she's asleep,  
we're watching from inside the pilots seat.  
Because unfortunately this Marilyn Monroe is a secret  
Zeppelin  
whose sweat rains down napalm confetti on all black tie  
celebrations.

Bullhorn:

Tear out your carnivorous toupee for the afro fire,  
save your hors'douvours for the boiling lobster choir.

Classified:

You know she looks so vulnerable in that snakeskin  
shawl,  
but we're watching through her cut out eye holes  
(because unfortunately this Marilyn Monroe is a Secret  
Zeppelin  
known towing a sign across the Coca-cola sky that  
reads S.S. Penetration)

God Bless you Bloodthirsty Zeppelins!

Technique:

And now we're flying over the past  
and future butchered from out brains and left to rot.  
And now we're flying over the television towers  
plastering the air with the filthy film of prayer.  
We don't need a blueprint, we don't need a blue print  
the blue prints me, the blue prints you.

Classified:

We'll build our engines from hijacked hymans.  
Propellers churning in whispered fury.  
We'll pluck our bombs from the greased pouch  
of your presidents propighanda pupa louse.

Message received:

"Honey I'll be home late, from the office today,  
up to my neck in paperwork, yeah,  
my boss is such a jerk."

Telephone wire:

"Yeah she bought the story...there's a motel up the  
street...  
so show me your surrender face baby"

Bullhorn:

Unfortunately this Marilyn Monroe is a secret Zeppelin  
set on a crash course with your cumshot museum  
with the blowjob bunny mansion.

Technique:

And now we're flying over factories manufacturing  
authentic ecstasy.  
And now we're flying over the swamp  
that brews the biggest smiles, cackling teeth in piles.  
And now we're flying over the globe  
derobed all the houses x-rayed all our thoughts  
exposed.  
And all the copyrighted memories in my head spill to  
the floor  
in a puddle of hungry lead.  
And while the traffic weaves human tapestry's  
we sing a chord to the frustration symphony.  
Unfortunately this marylin monroe is a secret zeppelin...

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