

Blue Oyster Cult "Transmaniacon Mc"

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With Satan's hog, no pig at all
And the weather getting dry
We'll head south from Altamont
In a cold blooded traveled trance

So clear the road my bully boys
And let some thunder pass
We're pain, we're steel, a plot of knives
We're transmaniacon MC

Behind the pantry, behind the tree
The ghouls adopt that child
Whose name resounds forever
Whose name resounds on terror

And I'm no fool to call that hog
'Cause man I remember
Those who did resign their souls
To transmaniacon MC

And surely we did offer up
Behind that stage at dawn
Beers and barracuda
Reds and monocaine

Pure nectar of antipathy
Behind that stage at dawn
To those who would resign their souls
To transmaniacon MC

Cry the cable, cry the word
Unknown terror's here
And won't you try this tasty snack
Behind the scenes or but the back

Which was the stage at Altamont
My humble boys of listless power
We're pain, we're steel, a plot of knives
We're transmaniacon

