

Howling Bells

"Stuck Pig"

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Lay down this latrine in nailbomb, In the city of Molotov,
In a whole off the highway In the province of gun, In the
land of two suns. Sometimes I get pissed My blow goes
like a quickie in the snow When I chew the thorn when
midnight gets too long But I'm sure I'll go down inside.
Alone in the sun for sticking it in too long. The seed of a
bastard. On the feet of a dragon. Some nights the wind
pipe's covered in dope. I pray it be covered in a rope.
Me, me, me. Grief, grief, grief. Beat the heat. I chew
the thorn when midnight gets too long But I'm sure I'll
go down inside. The seed of a bastard. Grin fuck. Grunt
fuck. The dope fiend splashes gash like a nailbomb.
Push her in the snow fuck!

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