

## Howling Bells

### "Two Tabs Of Mescaline"

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I smell the sound of a growing gash With pop  
sensibilities. K-Q-E-D "It's a tune that equals you." I feel  
Hallelujah I fail, Bulemia I'm frail. Hallelujah I fell,  
Salting the back of a snail. And... Am I crumbling,  
ripping and failing? This is worship and this is tribute  
Knowing you fit, you fit, you fit in... And, and, You fit in!  
K-Q-E-E-E-E-E-D I feel "It's a tune that equals you."  
Hallelujah, I fail, Bulemia, I'm frail. Hallelujah, I fell,  
Salting the back of a snail. And... Am I worshipping or  
am I tributing? My turkish prison is knowing I fit in.  
Loving, crumbling, ripping, and failing. I fit in! And,  
and, Feeding time, An old friend of mine Que sera?  
With no rescue, girl. At the leper zoo, yeah yeah Erotic  
hurrah Feeding time, An old friend of mine At the leper  
zoo, yeah yeah. Que sera? Erotic hurrah Be cool, girl.  
It's cool. Sailor, Sailor Sailor, Sailor Sailor Scent Sailor  
Sailor Scent Sailor Sailor Sailor Scent. And... worship,  
tribute crumbling, ripping, and failing And, and,  
Knowing you fit, you fit, you fit in... you fit in! Feeding  
time, An old friend of mine At the leper zoo, yeah yeah.  
Que sera? Erotic hurrah With no rescue, girl. Feeding  
time, At the leper zoo, yeah yeah. An old friend of mine  
Que sera? Erotic hurrah Be cool, girl. It's cool. Sailor  
Scent (x4) Sailor, Sailor

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