

Jack Off Jill "Kringle"

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I got that special disease
That knocks the shit out of me
Cause when you break it, you buy it, you own it,
Cause you get nothing for free
He got that special disease
He eats the scabs off my knees
I've got a genocide hand on his forehead
But he got nothing on me

He snuffs the cigarette trees
He loves my hostilities
He brings me flowers and candy and kringle
But that won't satisfy me

I try to hate equally
They say that's misanthropy
Cause when I want it, I break it, I burn it, I own it, I have
it, you'll see

Collecting things that I've already owned
I'm schizophrenic when I'm on the phone
I guess that's why I'm never alone
Cause I am never myself
He wants to feed me the pentagram cereal
He puts the spoon in my mouth and I choke
He push it farther and farther and farther down
This stuff won't fit down my throat

I got that special disease
That knocks the shit out of me
Cause when I break it, I buy it, I'll own it, I have it, I love
it, you'll see

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