Dead Milkmen "Blood Orgy Of The Atomic Fern"

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You are invited
To the 'Blood Orgy of the Atomic Fern'
You are invited
So, bring something we can burn

You are invited You might wanna bring some extra towels Just in case someone Happens to get disemboweled

'Blood Orgy of the Atomic Fern'

You are invited
To the 'Blood Orgy of the Atomic Fern'
You are invited
So many things for you to learn

You are invited You might wanna bring some extra dip A case of RC Cola And a couple of leather whips

'Blood Orgy of the Atomic Fern'

Sunday is gloomy My hours are slumberless Dearest the shadows Are living or numberless

Little white flowers
Will never awaken you
Not where the black coach
Of sorrow has taken you

Angels have no thought Of ever returning you

Would they be angry If I thought of joining you?

Death is no dream
In death I'm caressing you
And with my last breath
I will be blessing you

God, I hate poetry

No art, no art No art, no art No

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'Blood Orgy of the Atomic Fern'

Look at that fern It's big and it's green It's the healthiest fern That I've ever seen

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