

The Melvins "Grinding Process"

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sitting in your smile chair
I sniff here lips and spit
he keeps on calling lies
of those less fortunate

I must exterminate
the lucky hunch and guilt
I win my lottery

My fingers need a bath
he moves around and licks
she chokes her dying breath
and does it in my face

her sticky druggy sticks
to my more waiting flesh
it doesn't number mine

for my last kiss to taste
for my last kiss to taste

that I know it is wrong
but I'm waiting to see
how very long I can keep up the pace

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