

The Melvins

"Suicide In Progress"

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There's a little animal, way up in the air
My nose and tongue are roving, but maybe it's not
there
There's a little man now, in the middle of the earth
He gives himself these orders and let it all be burned

There are lots of makeshift wonders, seven in the
world
Five of them will not be noticed and three will not be
heard
There's a meal there's a window, there's a face that
you can't see
You can keep what you've stolen, just give it back to me
I vow to taste my vengeance, even if they dare (?)
Maybe his time is coming, and maybe he's better off

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