The Melvins "The Fool, The Meddling Idiot"

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I can feed

From the angel

On down here

To blow my mind

I'm away

From the nail

All we be

Will come alive

And you are

My horrid

Rotten rings are wrong

Away from the mangle where we don't need I got the one to make me alright

We ride

For never

Nothing can or will

Rise

We fight

At zero

Come holy rise 'round

Do you will?

We will in

Hired hand for the eye

They are alive and wasted on me

You are so even

Will you leave me?

Will you ask in ten days

When I'm not worried?

Are they really harmless?

I don't believe them

None of us

None of us don't know

Sat down on the dusk

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