

Monster Magnet "Third Alternative"

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My hands up to the maker
My head's down in the bomb
I swim in bloated vision
And I kiss you on the phone

My heart beats so atomic
And I spill the sweat of drones
A mouth screams to a hundred
And my lips split all alone

Sometimes I think this pig will just explode
Sometimes I hope this torture just goes on
Well, I'll stuff myself in a pit of darkness
And I'll slam 'til I can't see home

Would you like to hope for Eden
That I keep a steady hand?
Do you want to milk the syrup
Of a thousand year old man?

Shall we fuck each other's babies
Let momentum do its best?
Keep our shrieking little urges
In our burned out little heads

Well, I sense a slight recoil
Was it something that I said

Sometimes I think this pig will just explode
Sometimes I hope this torture just goes on
Well, I'll stuff myself in a pit of darkness
And I'll slam 'til I can't see home

Dropping off the edge of nowhere
Everything I've ever known

I've ever known
I've ever known
I've ever known
I've ever known
I've ever known

This is what you asked for
Now this is what you'll get

Sometimes I think this pig will just explode
Sometimes I hope this torture just goes on
Well, I'll stuff myself in a pit of darkness
And I'll slam 'til I can't see home

Dropping off the edge of nowhere
Everything I've ever known

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