

Mr. Bungle

"Air-Conditioned Nightmare"

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Inside of me today
There is no one
Only asteroids and empty space
A waste

...They're looking through the windows at me...

Get me out of this air-conditioned nightmare
Rots your brain just like a catchy tune
You will hate life more than life hates you

Happiness is your illness in an air-conditioned
nightmare

...Burn all your mementos of me...

Walkin' on air
Up from the wheelchair
I'll find the suicide
That I deserve

Walkin' on sand
Forgotten where I am
But it's so comfortable
Here in the sun...

I only see rainbows
Now that the bandages are gone
Through my window, there

From the skyscrapers
Down to the submarines

Birds and fairies
Sanctuaries
Atop the rolling hills of hell

These words are sledgehammers
Of truth
That pound the iron heart
Of sin

Bloody smiling
Vandalizing
My wet dream is drying up...

Where's my rainbow?
Where's my halo?

There's my halo!

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