

Mr. Bungle "California (Album)"

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Sweet Charity
Save me
The heavens have opened
The storm is over
So let's start the parade...

Raindrops
Will turn to laughter
Forever after
In your technicolor heartbeat
And they say
That it helps you forget everything...

Sweet charity

You drink your poison from a cup of gold
Your gift keeps on giving and giving

Perfect photographs
Of Everest days
And postcard nights
Tearing through the paper walls of time

With sunset eyes
Telethons, Grand Canyon hearts
You numb your mind
With gloves of white and turpentine
Even the bombs and scarecrows will sing!

Sweet charity

Save me
The heavens have opened
And I'm alone
Sweet charity

Save me
The heavens have opened
I'm coming home
Sweet charity

Save me

The asylums have opened
I'm coming home
Sweet charity

I'm home free...

None Of Them Knew They Were Robots

Mendel's machines replicate in the night
In the black iron prison of St. Augustine's light
He's paying the bills and they're doing him proud
They can float their burnt offerings on assembler
clouds

With omega point in the sight
The new Franklins fly their kites
And the post modern empire is ended tonight

From history
The flood of counterfeits released
The black cloud
Reductionism and the beast
Automatons gather all the pieces
So the world may be increased
In simulation jubilation
For the deceased...

Spray-on clothes and diamond jaws
Wrinkles smoothed by nanoclaws

With my machines I can dispatch you
From this world without a trace
Our nostalgia ghosts are ready to take your place

Content-shifting shopping malls
Gasoline trees and walk-through walls

None of them knew...

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As I watch the dead rise up out of the earth
Try to hide from the lies as they all come true

Deus absconditus
Deus nullus deus nisi deus

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As the fenris wolf slowly bites through his chain
Try to hide the myth as it becomes a man

None of them knew they were robots

Buying an X or an O
In state craft tic tac toe
Cats game for Joe Blow

Post industrial bliss
A binary hug or kiss
Can be wrung from utility mist

They stole the great arcanum
The secret fire
Moloch found his gold
For the new empire
Once again
The necrophage becomes saint

Lindy hop around the truth
Jump back wolf pack attack
Slap back white shark attack
Swingin' up there in the noose
Jump back wolf pack attack
Slap back white shark attack

Phased array diffraction nets
From full-wall paint-on TV sets
Migratory home sublets
And time shared diamond fiber sets

Recombinant logos keys
Bitic Qabalistic trees

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As leviathan and his bugs freeze the sea
Try to save the world by immolating myself

From history
The flood of counterfeits released
The black cloud
The resurrection of the deceased
Automatons gather all the pieces
So the world may be increased
In simulation jubilation
For the builders
Of the body of the beast

Retrovertigo

Before you advertise
All the fame is implied
With no fortune unseen
Sell the rights

To your blight
Time-machine

While I'm dulled by excess
And a cynic at best
My art imitates crime
Paid for by
The allies
So invest

Now I'm finding truth is a ruin
Nauseous end that nobody is pursuing
Staring into glassy eyes
Mesmerized
There's a vintage thirst returning
But I'm sheltered by my channel-surfing
Every famine virtual
Retrovertigo

A tribute to false memories
With conviction
Cheap imitation
Is it fashion or disease?
Post-ironic
Remains a mouth to feed

Sell the rights
To your blight
And you'll eat

See the vintage robot wearied
Then awakened by revision theories
Every famine virtual
Retrovertigo

The Air-Conditioned Nightmare

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!

Ars Moriendi

He who hears in the vast silence
He who wafts on the red wind
"In extremis"

He who leaps across the precipice
He who steals pearls from the ashes
"Ride si sapis"

'Ave atque vale'

I shall rise again
Bardo of the flesh

So feast on me
All my bones are laughing
As you're dancing on my grave

'Ave atque vale'

Pink Cigarette

Hush me, touch me
Perfume, the wind and the leaves
Hush me, touch me
The burns, the holes in the sheets

I'm hoping the smoke
Hides the shame I've got on my face
Cognac and broken glass
All these years I've been your ashtray

Not today

I found a pink cigarette
On the bed the day that you left
And how can I forget that your lips were there
Your kiss goes everywhere, touches everything But me

Hush me, touch me
Champagne, your hair in the breeze
Hush me, touch me
Lipstick, a slap on my cheek

Your eyes cried at last
Told me everything I was afraid to ask
Now I'm dressed in white
And you've burned me for the last time

This ain't the last time

You'll find a note and you'll see my silhouette...

There's just 5 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 4 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 3 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 2 hours left until you find me dead
There's 1 more hour and then you will find me dead
There's just.....

Golem II: The Bionic Vapour Boy

Golem II: the self-perfecting
Lie-rejecting

Human mind correcting

Totem of the living

Self-organized, wrought from the clay

Our king by night, our slave by the day

Giga-giga-gilgamesh

What do you know?

Watch the human life show

OK let's go

O my double

He can pop your bubble

That means trouble

Stronger than a lion

Golem II: the bionic paper boy

Self-perfecting

World-inspecting

Lie-detecting

Our instructions

His induction

Big production

Golem II: the bionic puppet boy

Giga-gilgamesh

Gigagigagigagiga

Beast of burden

Spirit lifting

Master of shape-shifting

Seamless drifting

Shining spotlight

Screaming mobs and stage fright

You get it right

Building a new zion

Golem II: the bionic vapour boy

War-directing

Mind-inspecting

Man-correcting

Our instructions

His induction

Big production

Golem II: the bionic vapour boy

The Holy Filament

In fiber optic illusion
The flickering eyes
By fluorescent lights
Supplicate before machines,
Self-reflecting

The legend of modernity:
The phosphenes explode
God's eternal strobe
Through the holy filament,
Graven image

Vanity Fair

You're not human
You're a miracle
A preacher with an animal's face

In your sexy
Neon smokescreen
Lie the supersalesmen of vanity

Even your shadow worships you
In your jungle solitude

With the orgies of the sacrament
And the seal of flagellants

God saves those who save their skin
From the bondage that we're in

I'm elated
I could cut you
And remove the sheath of your ignorance

Bless the eunuch
And the Skoptsi
Will you hurt me now and make a million?

Say cheese, baby
We all love you
But it's a cheap world and you don't exist...

Slit the fabric of the right now
Spread your legs and wear the crown

Tell me how long, lord, how long?
Till I get my beauty sleep?

Now the hourglass is empty
The moment of my de-sexing

Cut it
Cut it
Cut this cancer from my soul

Now that I've made it...

I'm finally naked...

Goodbye Sober Day

Your lips say one thing
But the drugs say another
How can I massage
This inter-galactic ulcer?

Goodbye sober day

Hello milky way...

Pin my ear to the wisdom post
Hang me up and drain me dry
Mend my shipwrecked spirit
Lift the veil from my eyes

Goodbye sober day
The years grew wings and flew away

Ghosts of the past become barbarians
Of the future...
And I still pity you
Because what you said was true

Goodbye sober day
Hello milky way...

May your sun be blown out like a candle
May your sea burn like tar
May your sky be rolled up like a scroll
May your blue moon drip with blood

What would they say
If you went up in smoke?
If I dug you up
And made soup of your bones?

Goodbye sober day

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