

Mr. Bungle "Egg"

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Rotting from the inside Over-incubated by the heat of
fear and love The self's coagulated Egg... La la la la la
la la La la la la la la Boiling hard in euphemism Slowly
becoming part of the water Like a frog who never
knows The ja'causezi's getting hotter Blah blah blah
blah blah blah blah Blah blah blah blah blah blah
How'd you know I was looking at you If you weren't
looking at me? A stagnant pale perfume Conceived to
block the pores The clotting glands encroach Deep
inside my tanning salon The endless comfort of a mom
Wishing life was poached La la la la la la La la la la
la la I can't seem to differentiate Between the yellow
love you give and the white sex I take I just want to
fertilize you Blah blah blah blah blah blah Blah
blah blah blah blah blah The cracks finally appear
Release cholesterol tears The flooded cyst drains itself
of pus The lonely stomach chills unless it's drunk So as
she drives she'll close her eyes Feel it warming up
inside edisni eht morf gnittoR evol dna raef fo taeh eht
yb detabucni-revO detalugaoc s'fles ehT Oh an egg
comes out of a chicken Egg... Oh a chicken comes out
of an egg There's no place like home...

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