

Mr. Bungle

"The Air-Conditioned Nightmare"

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Inside of me today A waste There is no one Only
asteroids and empty space ...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 ...Burn all your
mementos of me... Walkin' on air Up from the
wheelchair I'll find the suicide That I deserve Walkin' on
sand But it's so comfortable Forgotten where I am Here
in the sun... I only see rainbows Now that the bandages
are gone From the skyscrapers Through my window,
there Down to the submarines Sanctuaries Birds and
fairies Atop the rolling hills of hell These words are
sledgehammers That pound the iron heart Of truth Of
sin Vandalizing My wet dream is drying up... Bloody
smiling Where's my rainbow? Where's my halo?
There's my halo!

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