

Bad Meets Evil

"Blenderhead"

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Flying through a dark prismatic tunnel on a carousel,
the earth is
Turning and you know it very well, your mind is reeling
lika ten
Helicopters wheeling and you're gonna hit the ceiling
lika a mallet on
A bell, hey, blenderhead, they're starting to ask
questions, your
Transgressions ar a danger flashing sign, challenge
conventions and
Radiate your splendor and feel those flywheels churn
your blenderhead,
Tally up the gleaming ventured on a wishing well, each
shining trinket
H as a story it can tell, your moments pining like those
tales all
Intertwining can become the rusted lining of a deep
neglected shell,
Hey, blenderhead, you ask so many questions, your
confusion's a life-
Affirming sign, break from tradition and carry on with
valor and feel
Those flywheels churn you blenderhead

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