

## The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Devil's Dick Disaster"

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When does this start?  
when does this end?  
someone is there whose never a friend  
how do you do  
how do I do  
how should I ask where are my shoes?

What is this coat what is this face  
I just need to change to get out of this place  
why all this pacing breaking a leg  
needless to say taking advantage of blind elders isn't  
very saint.

Spitting out the beer  
then to growing my hair  
then to finding alcupulco gold  
then came halucinations anger just sinking my fist into  
her face

A simmering pot of glue  
I'm waiting to sniff  
it's just enough chemicals  
to put a small hole into the ozone layer  
introduced me to some powder dumping into my  
system  
working at bookstores with never showering yellow pit  
stains  
dance music  
war stories on tape

Enter here follow signs to down hill  
take caution  
leave behind all of your sexual powers  
apocalypse night has no mercy  
all the buds are bastards  
when they choose to overlook and eliminate your  
fantasy tonight

Needless to say taking advantage of blind elders isn't  
very saint.  
The snow is coming

the flakes are all a flurry  
some touched my skin  
they melt away but I have a purpose  
I never sway walking for hours  
don't feel the cold I can't see the sun  
there's just the road, the trees, the poles of leaves like  
vomit on the ground.

I arrive and inhale,  
I inhane and exale  
and I know in my heart the devil doesn't lie  
I am a fucking machine.  
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