

Passage

"In The Bioburbs"

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Under the hood, the coldwater pump
Lets the Monkey angels get us sick,
Our flying flees and millipedes
Read our white count
And screen for the bug
The old fashioned physician treated bumps and
bruises
Not hungry with tube feeding,
But the new slumber party
Cancer can't keep it's solids down

We watch saints of popularity, rail thin snack on their
Hollow legs.
The hairless pairs of replicas dance and gossip,
While at their feet are fighting fish,
The upper half is pressing
Flesh-some campaign of the neurotic black heart,
A vomit Competition.
The autograph is a lap dance from the grammaphone
No one will touch
Their priorities bruised, and without memory
They had to start turning away the ghosts
Of ignored parents like the old men who work the
vending machines
Who've only asked to use the toilet

Plastic dresses ath the biotech frontier tonight,
The pigeons are Continuous, their feathers burn toxic.
The medicine animal is A misfit to the drum,
Desperate to duplicate the whimper like a snapshot.
Genetic jennies sip white zin and choose wallpaper
For the first boy crossbred with a sneaker's new
nursery,
To sit Amidst change, a speak 'n' spell in his heart,
Soon pacemakers Will be able to run for president,
Or any creature with the proper papers,
Until Detroit machinists, our laureates of the chariot...
Jesus Chrysler, cut me a break,
Lay off the feelings and the spiders in the sink
And leave a depression in the wild,
A missing man without A car alarm

Stuck in his knee or a pager in his palm.

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