

## Beef Supreme "The Surgeon"

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[Verse #1]

A forest of tongues rooted deep in their sockets dry...  
silence  
An army of eyes gazing round for some flaw to spy...  
violence  
Twenty-five grand to reattach a retina... (in a) furnace  
Twenty-five and out, and all the good it's getting you...  
burn this

[Chorus]

I'm a pro, I'm a surgeon  
Ice-cold veins, keep on working  
White-hot pain, feel nothing at all

[Verse #2]

The time I burned the armrest in the Mustang with a  
cigarette... junked it  
The test that they gave to see if you were feeling it...  
flunked it  
The latest in a series of biggest disappointments yet...  
waitress  
Finally get it right, and there's no one left to witness it...  
hate this

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