

## **Skinny Puppy**

### **"The Centre Bullet"**

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Dead shot through the temple in the temple heard the  
preacher screech! I  
bored you full of holes, Lucretia, saw you crease up in  
a ball, as if you  
swallowed your own poison followed as you crawled up  
to the altar.  
I watched the tabernacle choir bawling in a bath of  
sacramental wine...  
You laced it, but it tastes just fine to me!  
Yes, it's 89 - 's' a good year... Let's hear it now for good  
old (bittersweet)  
'89... Let's hear it now for good old '89.  
We took our seats, we watched them stringing up a  
chicken (kept on  
kicking) as they kicked away the chair... They fed it  
strychnine! We kept  
on staring, sick and sordid, as you pulled another  
bullet from my belt and  
fired! Count to nine... (ninety nine)... count to nine.  
I caught it in my teeth, I licked it clean, I chewed it, I  
chewed it, struck a  
match... I flew a dozen stories to my stool behind a  
widow. Sure I'm small,  
but big enough (I'm big enough), to send a bullet  
through your head. A  
bullet through the center of your head! I'll send a bullet  
through the center  
of your head. Center bullet... Rent a bullet...

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