

Strapping Young Lad

"Oh My F**King God"

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There is no insanity, rather a super sanity
More suited for life at the end of the 20th century
Where everything is art
And everything is trying to express it
Where everything is art
And everything is trying to communicate it...

All intelligent beings sleep the dreaming of dreams
And they've all come up to meet met tonight
Although while in the morning, all their wonder and
their
Glory was turned ugly and quite simple
Like a venue when you're loading in gear

Sexuality, eroticism in asexual persuasions
Man or woman, makes no difference in the outcome
No fashion, no tolerance for stupidity or ignorance
..."adidas" or "the arch deluxe" ...
And time is now an object

Oh my fucking god...
Oh I'm fucking god...
And I'll dream this into becoming real

And until such time that you can prove me otherwise
I will continue with my agnostic travels
Until I've found a place that dreams with me...
...a place that feeds on my routine

All I want is my mommy...
All I want is my mommy...
All I want is my mommy...
All I want is my mommy...

This is the night that it all changes

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