

Magnet Monster

"Third Alternative"

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My hands up to the maker, my head's down in the
bomb

I swim in bloated vision, and I kiss you on the phone

My heart beats so atomic, and I spill the sweat of
drones

A mouth screams to a hundred, and my lips split all
alone

Sometimes I think this pig will just explode

Sometimes I hope this torture just goes on

Well I'll stuff myself in a pi of darkness

And I'll slam 'till I can't see home

Would you like to hope for Eden, that I keep a steady
hand

Do you want to milk the syrup of a thousand year old
man

Shall we fuck each other's babies, let momentum do its
best

Keep our shrieking little urges in our burned out little
heads

Well I sense a slight recoil was it something that I said

Sometimes I think this pig will just explode

Sometimes I hope this torture just goes on

Well I'll stuff myself in a pi of darkness

And I'll slam 'till I can't see home

Dropping off the edge of nowhere
Everything I've ever known
This is what you asked for
Now this is what you'll get
Sometimes I think this pig will just explode
Sometimes I hope this torture just goes on
Well I'll stuff myself in a pi of darkness
And I'll slam 'till I can't see home
Dropping off the edge of nowhere
Everything I've ever known
I've ever known
I've ever known
I've ever known

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