

Melvins, The

"Grinding Process"

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I think you're stoned yeah
well I sniff with much shit
he keeps me tall with lies
of those less fortunate
I must exterminate
well lucky continue
win my lottery
my fingers need her back
he moves around her neck
she chokes her dying breath
and blows it in my face
her sticky druggy sticks
to my more waiting flesh
it doesn't number mine
for my last kiss to taste
for my last kiss to taste
but I know it is wrong
but I'm waiting to see
how very long
I can keep up the pace

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