

Tripping Daisy "Triangle"

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Mean while kickin' them back on the couch
Drug-addicted weak-mind people
Searching for the god through the TV screen
With the preacher jacking off in their face
It's love for him
It's pain for them
It makes me .. sick
All their pain poured into one
Arms reached out to catch the fun
Playing life's savior with no fear
For he knows his stats will grow
Year, after year, after tear, after tear, after year
Mean while packin' up the lungs
But mark my words I'm gonna rage
I'm gonna make him loose the only one
Make him burn for what he did
Sick, a-ya
Sick, a-ya
Ooooooh
Sick
Every time he comes home
To his pet snake named after him
They take turns licking the floor
They take turns licking each other's
Oooh, he likes it
Every night he kisses his wife
On the forehead
She lives down the street
She's got thirty-two rooms in her house
Got thirty of them to paint her face
Mean while packin' up the lungs
But mark my words I'm gonna rage
I'm gonna make him loose the only one
Make him burn for what he did
Sick, a-ya
Sick, a-ya
Two wrongs don't make a right for him
Playing preacher to the weak bewildered, yeah
One day he'll get his just reward
Ooooooh
Well, welcome to the swirling pool
Of red and white blood cells of it all

Disease began by a man full of dream
For when will your journey end
Amongst the slimy green solution?
You see, it makes
me sick, sick, sick, sick, sick, ya-ya
Mean while packin' up the lungs
But mark my words I'm gonna rage
I'm gonna make him loose the only one
Make him burn for what he did
Sick, a-ya
Sick, a-ya
One day he'll get his just reward
Playing preacher to the weak bewildered, yeah
One day he'll crash upon hell
When will they ever learn
to wake up?

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