

## TV TURNS ON YOU

I can't wait to flush my face in flickers of the human race  
All of this I may despise but it sustains my dreary life  
Need some genuine heartfelt screams to liven up my stillborn dreams  
I need some blood I need some pain I need to think that I'm still sane

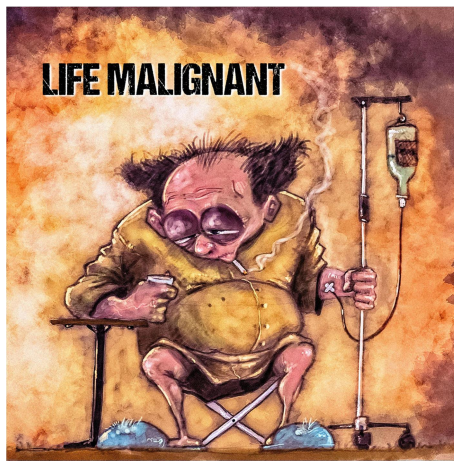
I'm so bored, I want more, need some gore, need some gore  
TV turned on me, I can almost see now

I turn it on 'cause it turns me off  
As I cease to be it turns on me

Madness greed blood screeching tearing  
Never subside no retreat no  
Shelter inside all because of  
Hatred fear wrath I've seen all the  
Liars tell lies sold out assholes  
Anger bursts out misdirected  
Preachers spread blight murder all the  
Sense that we might have left out there

Omens portend we are failing  
Massacred and entrails trailing  
Final dead end we are nearing  
Pestilence dread disappearing  
Poisoned this place killed bystanders  
Utter disgrace parasitic  
Malice! We waste good intentions  
Straying so far from redemption  
Doomed

Anger bursts out misdirected  
Preachers spread blight unsuspected  
Omens portend we are failing  
Utter disgrace parasitic  
Liars tell lies sold out assholes  
Sense that we might have things left there  
Malice! We waste good intentions  
Straying so far from redemption  
What a relief this can't happen ever to me, I just watch some TV



## LIFE MALIGNANT

Every day and every weeknight  
I get more cancerous  
Each endeavour every stage fright  
Gets me cancerous

Every weeknight  
Every stage fright

Every time I close my eyes  
I get more cancerous  
Sometimes I get caught by surprise  
And get more cancerous

Every weeknight  
Is the same plight

Sleeping pills say let go  
But reason murmurs don't know  
It's out there stalking me  
And it wants me cancerous

I'm complaining whining pining  
Pondering this curse  
But I go on, although declining  
Shitting long-shat turds

Every weeknight  
Everyday plight





## BAD BAD BOY

I've been a bad bad boy

All the wants that I may have  
Tremble at my mother's stare  
I implore her to desist  
This thing she does

I've been watching her grow old  
Never penetrated, cold  
I have never even grasped  
The sin

I've been a bad bad boy  
Got little hamster legs in my secret drawer  
Therefore I hide till I can hide no more  
I've been a bad bad boy  
I have her visit my mind  
Make her my own whore  
Therefore I loathe  
Till I can loathe no more

I grow older she grows old  
I've been hiding things untold  
It's been years and I am  
Unrepentant

But she steals the cellar key  
I make her stay eternally  
Now I love her quietly  
She's watching

I've been a bad bad boy  
My little hamster legs I carry in my pockets  
I no longer run 'cause I can run no more  
I've been a bad bad boy  
Those children's shoes  
In my cellar locker  
They're all just for you  
So you can love me too





## RIGHT HUMPSTER

Right, Humpster!  
Do your nasty thing!  
Be what you are!  
Let the frolicking begin!

Her bulging eyes at three a.m.  
I really wish I'd give a damn  
My eyelids kiss  
My upper lip  
Indeed this is a vile routine

She's watery eyed like frogs in heat  
Ignoring me, my every plead  
When bonecrumbed dump  
Spills everywhere  
Repugnant, yes! But it's the end



## ANOTHER PLACE ANOTHER TIME

Incomplete  
A fading vision  
I still roam this darkened city  
Altered and disguised  
Stranger streets  
With every season  
As I sit there unperceived  
And ponder our demise

Turned the tides  
And wasted many months of  
Slipping grips on what we thought  
That some day might become  
Something has gone  
And hastened by while I  
Returned time after time  
To glimpse the things undone

Another place another time  
Oh we used to be whole

All those long lost  
Trains of thought end up  
Derailed as I blend finally  
With shadows you can't see  
There I remain  
A distant grain of memory  
An epitaph a footnote  
Signed yours respectfully



## INIQUITY

Put me up and put me down  
Mercy fuck me then turn around  
Ready-made as I serve any whim  
Then I'm disassembled  
Limb from limb

Sometimes when I snap  
I turn on you  
You cross the line  
I cross it too  
I feel disdain  
You feel the pain  
Again

I've been had you took the piss  
But made me feel I have been amiss  
I'll just leave you to bleed to death  
And you'll thank me as you  
Gasp for breath

You are lying  
So I keep prying  
I swear  
I will hunt you down  
Won't make a sound

Abruptly I can see this might be iniquity

Maybe we could all agree  
that this might truly be iniquity

This might be iniquity





## TOURING MY BACKYARD

When I was just a boy I yearned to rock n' roll  
But I didn't realize I was living in a hole  
Then I grew a tiny bit, my vision kind of cleared  
I popped a beer, caressed my cage and never really feared

Now I'm the coolest guy around, the only god with such a sound  
I sell my twopence sermons every day  
My nails are black my eyes are lined my pants are tight oh I'm so fine  
I gloat in dismal dismay and decay

I rented the only touring bus in this godforsaken place  
And published in every goddamn paper I was touring my own space

Oh wow yippee my gosh and gee  
I'm tourin' my backyard  
Rolling over my own mower  
Bellyfolds o' lard  
Mounted mirrors on the walls  
My backyard's looking big  
I'm bouncing reeling falling over  
My excessive concert rig

In the mornings my head hurts, my double visions spin  
But I know well that I'm the One so I embrace my sins  
My proud dadland needs me to flash her stardom smiles  
Distract the nation with pretence, wallow in shit piles

From the mountains to the sea  
I sing my three-chord symphony  
Nameless crowds beneath my feet  
Look up at this astounding deed  
My hair receding down my spine  
But I still make these corpses mine  
Dancing deaf to shit I spout  
I dread what I have figured out



## WHENCE SHE CAME

From whence she came?  
It was easy to detect  
Wispings pungent air, traces trailing  
From whence she came?  
Whiffs of heavily lagging scent  
Remnants slowly fading  
Like a bitch in heat  
All made up flawless painted glossed  
Lined groomed tanned and flossed  
They always knew  
From whence she came

From whence she came?  
She'd be nice for some action  
Short of mental interaction  
From whence she came?  
She would serve for some blowin'  
'Cause a mouthful is a mouth shut

When they came

They came

When they came  
I heard a scream through the ceiling  
And I nursed a gnawing feeling  
That by the time her skin got peeled away  
What was left of her was bloody insane



### TIT

Tit tit tit tit

There's a tit every morning  
Stalking my TV  
And the girl who does the weather  
Wears tits for all to see  
Then some bitch pretends to sing  
In a see-through gown  
While I fight back stomach acid  
Trying to keep it down

But holy crap I've got to see  
There's a tit on my TV  
I must see  
I can't see  
All the crap tit sells to me

Then I go and grab a beer  
Promoted by a tit  
I've heard beer's good for mother's milk  
So I think, well, that's it  
Of course the john's adorned with tits  
To get me in the mood  
If only they were flesh and blood  
I'd grab them if I could

When they're done with selling  
Shit by means of tit  
They unveil a juicy butt  
I like it, I admit





## HERBAL HAZE

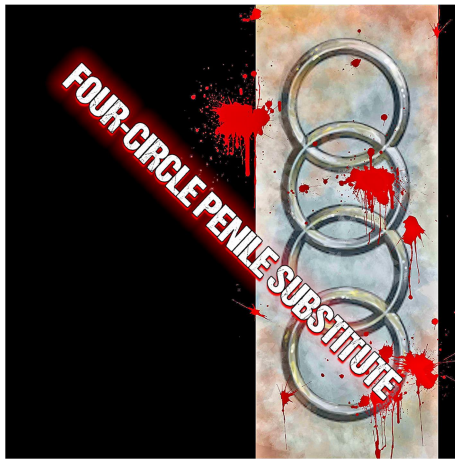
Welcome dear tainted dawn  
Are you to stay here long?  
I plan to stay away  
From your big brother day

Hello my trusted friend  
Ready to make amends?  
I'm yearning for your touch  
Why cope with drudgery much?

And while I listen to them breathing  
I want to see them fast receding  
Longing for its touch  
I know I don't want too much

Lead the day  
And get sick get sick of it  
Speed the day  
There's much so much of it  
Free the day  
Roll it up and shrug it off  
Heed your way  
Feel it calling

Herbal haze became my face



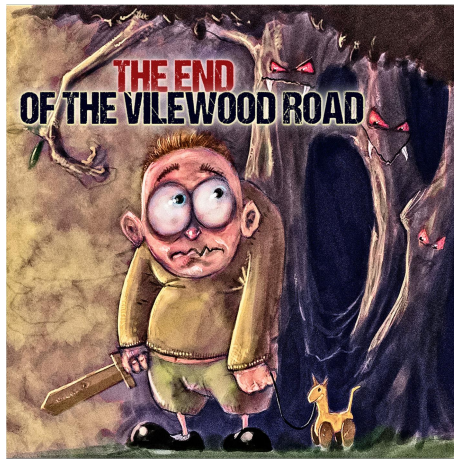
## FOUR-CIRCLE PENILE SUBSTITUTE

Such display of sound and vision  
I've got what it takes  
No indecision  
I don't make mistakes  
I own highways roads and side streets  
Alleys know my name  
With utter precision  
I'm driving them insane

I'm the smartest smoothest best  
Way above you and all the rest  
I stop for no one  
I am like the wind possessed  
Every day I rub and polish  
That which makes me me  
All I can wish for  
And everyone can see

All my life I wanted these four circles  
Greeting me each day, greeting me each day  
All my life I wanted these four circles  
Taking me away, taking me away

Then one day some stupid cunt  
Dares to make me swerve  
I stop for no one  
Damn she's got some nerve  
Then the circles of my life  
Get stamped into my head  
Now I'm the greatest  
Even though I'm dead



## THE END OF THE VILEWOOD ROAD

Go to the end of the Vilewood road  
Where kids end up as food for foxes  
Right to the end of the Vilewood road  
Where garbage dreams of metal boxes

Come to the end of the Vilewood road  
Let old knotted pines lure you astray  
Here at the end of the Vilewood road  
You'll peacefully blow your mind away

Away

Cobwebs peeling your eyes out  
As you miss a roundabout  
Murders crimes and tyres cut  
Titties of your test drive slut

All along those Vilewood lies  
Whispered by the cat's corpse eyes  
Titties of your test drive slut  
Complement her naked butt

Come to the end of the Vilewood road  
Let old knotted pines lure you astray  
Here at the end of the Vilewood road  
You'll peacefully blow your mind away

Away away