

# Transmaniacon MC

## Blue Hyster Cult

With Satan's hog no pig at all  
And the weather's getting dry  
We'll head south from Altamont  
In a cold-blood traveled trance  
So clear the road, my bully boys  
And let some thunder pass  
We're pain, we're steel, a plot of knives  
We're Transmaniacon MC

Behind the pantry, behind the tree  
The ghouls adopt that child  
Whose name resound forever  
Whose name resounds in terror  
And I'm no fool to call that hog  
'Cause man, I remember  
Those who did resign their souls  
To Transmaniacon MC

And surely we did offer up  
Behind that stage at dawn  
Beers and barracuda, reds and monocaine, yeah  
Pure nectar of antipathy  
Behind that stage at dawn  
To those who would resign their souls  
To Transmaniacon MC

Cry the cable, cry the word  
Unknown terror's here  
And won't you try this tasty snack  
Behind the scene or but the back  
Which was the stage at Altamont  
My humble boys of listless power  
We're pain, we're steel, a plot of knives  
We're Transmaniacon...

Look, all right! You can feel it!

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