

Quote Unquote

Mr. Bungle

All behold the spectacle
A fleshy limbless rectangle
Sitting on a pedestal
So nasal handicapable Contortions that he can't recall
Sniff and remember silver ball
The torso on a trampoline
The happiness melts into dream
To talk is an enunciated sneeze
To taste is some foul air to breathe One thought, it lasts a day
And at that rate - he'll most likely live forever!!!!!!!!!!
He's a bird in flight, a hermaphrodite And he fucks himself as he fucks the world
His twitching brain can dance within
A secret means of ecstasy
Gyrating more like gelatin
Acute and very olfactory
To see is colors crawling in the nose To hear is stinking highs and lows He's got an itch, but nothing with which
To scratch the itch - so wish it away With his mouth sewn shut, he still shakes his butt
'cause he's Hitler & Swayze & Trump & Travolta Smell. Sweat. Movement.
Disco.
Everyone's dancing.
Dimple.
Fading. Darker.
A subtle fragrance.
Faint.
Everyone's dancing without him.
Where did it go?
Dark.
Odorless.
Nothing

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