

# Magma

## Fatso Jetson

I construct a mechanical smile  
And face the solid wall, with pride  
Loosing, falling, tears in our eyes  
Swirling like diordered fliesCeased and torn  
Ravaged and forlorn  
Ten times the horror  
A thousand times the scornPleaasures of the flesh  
Are left behind the door  
We rise in deadly lust  
Our flesh is on the floor

Lyrics provided by

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