

Oh My Fucking God

Strapping Young Lad

there is no insanity, rather a super sanity
more suited for life at the end of the 20th century
where everything is art,
and everything is trying to express it,
where everything is art,
and everything is trying to communicate it...all intelligent beings sleep the dreaming of dreams
and they've all come up to meet me tonight
although while in the morning, all their wonder and their
glory was turned ugly and quite simple
like a venue when you're loading in gearsexuality, eroticism in asexual persuasions.
man or woman, make's no difference in the outcome
no fasion, no tolerance for stupidity or ignorance
... "adidas" or "the arch deluxe"..
and time is now an objectoh my fucking god...
oh I'm fucking god...
and I'll dream all this into becoming realand until such time that you can prove me otherwise
I will continue with my agnostic travels
until I've found a place that dreams with me...
...a place that feeds on my rountineall I want is my mommy...
all I want is my mommy...
all I want is my mommy...
all I want is my mommy...this is the night that it all changes

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