

Sick Friend

Shiva Burlesque

Thou mayest indeed
Tune onto the forbidden channel
And see it like it is baby
You should be a champion
Never fall on me
Deceit, deceit, deceit
Getting dusty in the cellar
Yo, I was thinking about my sick friend
Stringing a ring around my wit's end
13 loops later his feet hung inches out the pig pen
Motley day goblins brought him pillage to pass the stillness
With bad javelin tip dipped inside, barreled, black magic brilliance
Who rose at the tomb of the 'Unknown Soldier'?
To capture the fascist fragment choreographed
In traffic dancing for nickels
Looked like sickle cells to the principles of pi rotary
One hope distortion odyssey sputters itself
To my how not example sample
Give me the bread crust while considering the littering
I don't pity the head rush or the whimpering, spill
Anchor to rock bottom, rocks bottom packs a ravenous catalyst
Sprung arachnid, leashed by the carnal tyrant
I choked when the cage bird sings it stings
Springs me out delirium to stitch them clipped wings
I sink instinctively brinked while they're clinging the shrieking souls
Mourning the death of fallen ideologues to quality control
Quality control, stand still string up the banner
From the beehive to the anthill, rag dummy
Incorporate the unison of Vikings ship throwers plus the perfection
Of the twice to burn with half the stone throwers
Speak your assessments
My communicative hindrance pleads the needs
Of a billion hungry victims gripped by the hell
That's slipped to splinters and got
Shivving up the mass of natives and it's league marvels
One component's sure to shock a mass burial, breeze
Broken penny bank fragments float up at stagnant seas
Dirty work plus applicants with chatter box disease
Iron bandit, give them the stars, the head balloons and rubies

Asked for many moons and I can't stand it any more
This is how I feel that I sling
And the regulars were so amazed
I'm the mightiest slinger of them all
There is a time for war and a time for peace
And a time to run and a time to split
Getting dusty in the cellar
I don't run a funny race, malnourished monarchs and loopy admirals
Where 99.9 per cent swear by their broken axles
I built boats of a pack rat bats of bully club swung
Post utility inhalants nail it to stability and sail it
Lopsided Star bird bow crooked mass makeshift
Patching holes with chewing gum and stitching sail to thirsty faces
Observe me sitting with my eyes tied to the clock
?Cause I know that once that wind kicks up you
And your motors left roped to the dock
And it's the, art of clarity married to slender extension
Of blue sky of a happy neighborhood
String on my ring has left me dancing
Like wooden dummies in a paper nature
Merry etiquette's a door nail, friends is little brittle dolls of paper
In assembly, I tremble with a crocodile smile
Hiding a fish out of water complex provided upon entry
Now if I, were to, hold to speed
To levigate the game plan, would you honestly impede
I mean I guess, I can just divorce me from the rest
And blame my chemical imbalance for the fact I've made a mess
But my loyalty supply hints on which [unverified] I should run with
And I'm thinking that damn town prior's about to fill this here bucket
It's that, grand precious that precious that part of you wants to touch
And part of you just wants to sit and be impressed with
Tainted agony induct in barnacle attachments
Mood swinging upon the barnstorm to perpendicular traffic
Spread, circle 4,000 circuits you burn to cater wings
Above alkadiene Townsman spoon-fed the shadow
I'm tired of being wired into the thief ratio
It's gnawing a hole through my scheme so I leave
(Know what I mean?)
It is the Molotov cocktail hour
Have I not brought you blessings without number?
They have plenty of nothing
And nothing is plenty for them
Yeah, I've never had it so good
Getting dusty in the cellar
Getting dusty in the cellar

Getting dusty in the cellar

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