

Dust Devil

Genetic Selection

Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

I drove out to the canyon grind and dust off from the sand

I don't ever fuck with the dust devil

He's got the power of an upright in his goddamn hand!

Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Satan becomes a (?) and wind is as hot as a flame

The bodies fly right through the line

Or phase mister without pain

I grab onto a falling hand or walk into a door

But discovered that I was just buying a pound

Of turkey at the liquor store

Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

I drove out to the canyon, man

And hit the motherfuckin' road

I ???????????????????????????????????????

Exactly like the picture told

The desert sky before my eyes

Had burned into a sea

A flaming mass of oil and gas

And screams of ecstasy

Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

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