

# The Air-Conditioned Nightmare

## Mr. Bungle

Inside of me today  
There is no one  
Only asteroids and empty space  
A waste...They're looking through the windows at me...Get me out of this air-conditioned nightmare  
Rots your brain just like a catchy tune, yeah  
You will hate life more than life hates you  
Happiness is your illness in an air-conditioned nightmare...Burn all your mementos of me...Get me out of this  
air-conditioned nightmare  
Rots your brain just like a catchy tune, yeah  
You will hate life more than life hates you  
Happiness is your illness in an air-conditioned nightmareWalkin' on air  
Up from the wheelchair  
I'll find the suicide  
That I deserveWalkin' on sand  
Forgotten where I am  
But it's so comfortable  
Here in the sun...I only see rainbows  
Now that the bandages are gone  
Through my window, thereFrom the skyscrapers  
Down to the submarinesBirds and fairies  
Sanctuaries  
Atop the rolling hills of hellThese words are sledgehammers  
Of truth  
That pound the iron heart  
Of sinBloody smiling  
Vandalizing  
My wet dream is drying up...Walkin' on air  
Up from the wheelchair  
I'll find the suicide  
That I deserveWalkin' on sand  
Forgotten where I am  
But it's so comfortable  
Here in the sun...Where's my rainbow?  
Where's my halo?There's my halo!

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