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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