

The Centre Bullet

Skinny Puppy

Dead shot through the temple in the temple heard the preacher screech! I
bored you full of holes, Lucretia, saw you crease up in a ball, as if you
swallowed your own poison followed as you crawled up to the altar.
I watched the tabernacle choir bawling in a bath of sacramental wine...

You laced it, but it tastes just fine to me!

Yes, it's 89 - 's' a good year... Let's hear it now for good old (bittersweet)
'89... Let's hear it now for good old '89.

We took our seats, we watched them stringing up a chicken (kept on
kicking) as they kicked away the chair... They fed it strychnine! We kept
on staring, sick and sordid, as you pulled another bullet from my belt and
fired! Count to nine... (ninety nine)... count to nine.

I caught it in my teeth, I licked it clean, I chewed it, I chewed it, struck a
match... I flew a dozen stories to my stool behind a widow. Sure I'm small,
but big enough (I'm big enough), to send a bullet through your head. A
bullet through the center of your head! I'll send a bullet through the center
of your head. Center bullet... Rent a bullet...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>