

# Transmaniacon Mc

## Blue Oyster Cult

With Satan's hog, no pig at all  
And the weather getting dry  
We'll head south from Altamont  
In a cold blooded traveled trance  
So clear the road my bully boys  
And let some thunder pass  
We're pain, we're steel, a plot of knives  
We're transmaniacon MC  
Behind the pantry, behind the tree  
The ghouls adopt that child  
Whose name resounds forever  
Whose name resounds on terror  
And I'm no fool to call that hog  
'Cause man I remember  
Those who did resign their souls  
To transmaniacon MC  
And surely we did offer up  
Behind that stage at dawn  
Beers and barracuda  
Reds and monocaine  
Pure nectar of antipathy  
Behind that stage at dawn  
To those who would resign their souls  
To transmaniacon MC  
Cry the cable, cry the word  
Unknown terror's here  
And won't you try this tasty snack  
Behind the scenes or but the back  
Which was the stage at Altamont  
My humble boys of listless power  
We're pain, we're steel, a plot of knives  
We're transmaniacon

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