

Transmaniacon MC

Blue Ã-yster Cult

With Satan's hog no pig at all
And the weather's getting dry
We'll head south from Altamont
In a cold-blood 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 resound forever
Whose name resounds in 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, yeah
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 scene 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...

Look, all right! You can feel it!

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