

# K-Hole

## Punk Dish

tiny spirit in a k-hole  
bloated like a soggy cereal  
god will come and wash away  
our tattoos and all the cocaine  
and all of the aborted babies  
will turn into little bambies  
wounded river push along  
searching for that desert song  
and mozart's requiem will play  
on tiny speakers made of clay  
tell my mother that i love her  
martin luther you're an angel  
charming monkey saunter swagger

drunken donkey limbs disjointed  
your chest is a petting zoo  
mexican pony fucked up shoes  
i dreamt one thousand basketball courts  
nothing holier than sports  
dragonfly kiss your tail  
precious robot built so frail  
universe of milk and ember  
your hot kiss in mid december  
what's god's name i can't remember  
through the crack eye lovely weather

Lyrics provided by

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