

# Spaced

## Pete Herbert

Dad, dad, dad, dead, dead, dead  
Was I ever alive?  
Fucking makes you alive in one minute  
Solstice, I am solstice filled with mercury  
Filled with mercury, liquid fucked  
See right through your heart  
See right through your heart Fuck your heart, I am mercury liquid pure  
Hot, alive, dead, mucked fish eyes  
Doors, I was born alive, I'll fucking kill you  
I'll beat your soft baby head with my own hand  
Careful with that baby  
Don't ever say the H word around him Ashamed, I am ashamed of my name, say it  
I hate the sound of your shit, I think it means no good  
It means cheap, liar, smart ass piece of shit  
Change it to raygun, you fuck  
Billy the loon, Billy the loon  
I am mars, I am mars, Billy addly Your name causes shit  
While I may be no expert on this reality there is no God  
God is hurt, God is cold, try that once  
God is dead, there is not another one  
Battle cold heart radio, feedback the pain  
Reoccurring messages of badness Reoccurring living bad dreams at the vortex of lost souls  
Wailing lost souls of shame  
We are in one hole like a cup of mercury phosphate  
Brr, showering, taste my shit you wench  
Lifting wailing lost souls who stand a chance  
My eyes darkly gazing and wondering, why why why? I was born whole, fractured, divided  
Shattered into a billion fragments  
A million piece puzzle, a million piece  
Jigsaw puzzle with no face and no head

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