

Severe cold, stare at the code  
Keep a small circle like a deer in a scope  
Let me clear my throat (Let me clear my throat)  
Pocketful of rocket fuel and pyramid stones  
Invoke a spirit from the parallel  
Appearing as unwelcome news  
That drag you to the shadow realm  
And back for show and tell at school  
Promising a future more bedraggled than bedazzled  
When, "It isn't you, it's me," began the dagger to the scabbard  
Free snake tats, plays on train tracks  
Dorm like a door to Hell, the doorbell plays Taps  
Born inside a ring of baffled demonologists  
A casualty of otherness, what the fuck's an olive branch?  
Rats as big as cattle sent to Babylon convulsing  
The home sweet home that sees you as bag of hostile protein  
While I do believe that you believe you're adding to the magic of the motif  
Homie, all I hear is, "Dad, I want a pony"  
Fuck the police, I'm floating out with the Camazotz  
Property of nada, runs on Trompe le Monde and Otter Pops  
Roger that, cobblestone beyond the common polygraph  
His middle fingers wear little safari hats  
Chainsaw shave in the house of a thousand tonics  
They're magic if you need a cure for lack of sour vomit  
Son, it's not a thing  
Everywhere I go, I call to make sure there's a fog machine  
Posse up and follow the anomalies

That's a unique wind  
Spun a whip out in the snow  
Really ain't got shit  
Your condition is not a condition we know  
Maximum effect  
Maximum effect

The rats are back and built their own ship  
They're backstroking faster than the old ship  
A rat's a rat, it scatters, that's like its magic power  
The bowing out it when your house is being smashed to powder  
Ping in the rubble, located burning his bacon  
Ravens deliver him trinketry in eternal damnation  
I make disturbing the stasis a game to beat when the mania boils  
Even the days when the pavement's keeping his platelets employed  
Stole an ox on occasion  
I go through wands too quickly to name 'em  
Okay I'll name one, it's the rod of fuck the nonsense  
A basic wave and nod'll turn bravado into fondant  
We slalom from beyond the wildly oscillating compass  
Whether you connect the dots or not is truly not my problem  
Familiar with the color of permanent cloud cover  
Though I've heard there might be others, I'll buy it when it buffers  
Until then a dry and lifeless pile of, "Whys?" and, "Ay carambas"  
In a bubble watching dumpster fires multiply in numbers  
I know that fear and love and death and pride and romance hold you by your C  
hukkas  
Though it's unclear what some closure might encompass  
A bid to visit symmetry from civil war and swim ashore

Sob story same as yours, but a little more, ha  
I'm in the alley pacing, I'm skirting curtain call  
I make my hospital corners in a circle of salt

That's a unique prayer  
Pretty nervous on the low  
Only came up for air  
You condition is not a condition we know