o masters of the universe won't you please reveal the secrets of The Octopus inside me which i feel

clawing clawing who's been waiting at my door forever patiently upon the lips of your incarnation who is the man to spin me your remedy

in homage of your industry
in debt with each huzzah
that's paid in its entirety
with teardrops from the stars

catch them catch them holy waters soothe the tears of jet set troubles that set the feet of every martyr upon the road to fame and paradise forward forward not forsaken are you the man to fuck with the enemy show me gold and show me favour crown a man of humble origins

that's adept at fitting in from within unholy skin

sing along to the minion's song emerging from the jaws of each lion treading on in a far constellation riding away on the waves of oblivion

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