

Diabolic Tastemaker

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Tentacles are groping
We crawled out of the sea
Jelly stained reptile brained
Formless and squishy
And still we have these minds
And that fishy kinda flux
All unglued, loose and ballooned
Slippery as a slug
Like an octopussy swimmin'
In a bath of lemonade
Licorice gas our hearts our ass
Breeding life
You don't understand your minds' music
Lacks a funky bass
No balls, tour walls
I got solar system space

I got Diabolic Tastemake
Got my source of creation

Angle eyes to skyward
There's a mustache comm' down
Tongue is red givin' head
Lickin' up the moon
A self portrait in vomit
I spit it in the rug
Look inside, there you'll find
I'm of noble blood
Creative acts in liquid
Smearin' doo doo on the walls
I got spanked when I yanked Niagra Falls
Goddesses of beauty, I worship your booty
I crashed her gash
I suffered in her succotash

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