

Oh! My! God!
You reside in the details
Take my audio out and really wail
Oh yeah!
You've got blood to bleed
But we've got mouths to feed!
God please send me courage
To wear this darling dress
When there's murder on the frontlines
And blood in the headlights

She! Looks up and quietly says
("are these atoms?")
These are atoms!
("I'm holding them.")
Slipping on the science of an optic nerve
C-c-c-cut that in half, you'll see what i mean
God please send me guidance and the perfect halter-neck
When a door becomes a war
We're win with our effortless style

Sit down!
Sit down!
This is really napalm
And it's a sea of such passion
A neon birth canal
Sit down
Sit down!
He was really nervous
In that sea of such passion
What a way to learn

When she gets what she wants!
She won't care anymore
And carry on for an age
There's no way to make her pay
Unless! You cut!
Her gums out with knives of heat
And flatten her bones!
To pulp and bruises

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Yeahhh!
C'mon, stand! Up
Yeahhh!
C'mon stand up!

Easier to let it spill back into our mouths
Than to wrench it from a centrefold
This is the opera of the crystalline
Sudden skin for the playground scene