

"And we will all enjoy ourselves...  
You have got to enjoy your music,  
Else there's no point in doing it. Okay?  
One, two, three, four..."

A morbid fascination with all things in extreme.  
A limited sport will leave its spot on me.  
Early in the morning, I've given up on sleep.  
I'm in need of attention, but all I hear is my heart beat.  
His spastic aspirations will make a man of me.  
Brought him for displaying such sensitivity.  
Monsters of the present are the monsters of the past.  
Took a look in your lyric book, your head's right up your arse.  
It's unbelievable, the way you got it all,  
It seems improbable.  
The inner city fauna is crying 'round your feet.  
I never really noticed how your eyebrows seemed to meet.  
In perpetual fear of being swallowed whole.  
Beached in the suburbs in the body of a whale.