

We're Winning

Fog

We dropped the ball,
It rolled away,
Down a hill,
Onto the freeway,
We didn't look,
We got run over,
We died and rotted
We decomposed.
We became fuel
For future human
Flying cars
Our remains
Will quench their
Thirsty engines
They'll get gas
Or die trying...
We swallowed the olive, man, we blew it...
We Baptized our Super-Sized Babies in embalming
fluid...
With squirt guns...

We dropped the ball
It rolled away
Behind the couch
It gathered dust
The soot of lives
We put our feet up
On the table
Which was embossed
With dead skin
The soot of lives
We were scared
We bought plastic
Furniture covers
And jogging suits
To protect us from the bulldozers

Jesus Christ is my American Idol!
He's the Brand New Funky President!
Victory is certain, this much is certain,
And if it's not you can always
Start the video game over....

Squirt Guns filled with pig's blood, for real

We're winning...