

## 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...