

got a puss pocket waiting for you  
got a flesh bubble from huffing too much glue  
got a precious pimple loaded with some goo  
dont wanna pop it 'cause I'm saving it for you  
I'm saving it for you

I got a bleeding ulser pulsating in my brain  
growing fast and moving up  
like mushrooms after rain

what are you looking at  
what the fuck are you looking at?!?!  
my fingers are rusty my pockets are gonna bust  
its time for it to open up  
explosions made of pus  
the water bugs are waiting in their armour by the door  
armies of those metal monsters  
crawling on the floor

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a pain inside the pimple  
pulsating in the wind  
fleah bubbles gonna bust  
exposed too much pain  
when pus reaches you and you know it will  
your brains will try and you'll wonder why  
you know I wondwer still