

## Vile

Melvins

Your vile, sawed in howl  
Exudes a demigogic stool  
And your little bit of dropper down  
It lows and reaches up all real loud  
And I pray, and I pray  
And slowly rise upon my knees  
And praise the little bit of dropper down  
That hardens in me

I'm wishing I could feel it but I know  
I know it's bigger  
'cause I know even though my pride's grown  
I could fall  
Take it through the eyes like men  
You're scared of what could come  
'cause I know my only pain comes through the eyes  
Through the eyes

Wishing that I could feel it but I know  
You can take yours  
'cause I know it's a runaround like a chump