

Mr. Eyeball Ooze

Psyche

His hands
Clenching cold steal mirror bars
Pulsate muscle and blood
React to the echo worlds
His lips crack like baked leather as he gags
The glass between his eyes is breaking
Mr.Eyeball Ooze

Wailing in the background, breakdown
As someone screams Liquid scenes of trench warfare
Pour down the black interior
Of his perfectly inflated eyelids
Eyelids!
He doesn't know if he's screaming
His ears are nowhere to be seen
Mr.Eyeball Ooze

His hands Clenching cold steal mirror bars
Pulsate muscle and blood
React to the echo worlds
Collide at a glance
He hears voices
Do you hear voices?
I can't get them out of my head!
I can't get them out of my head!

Mr. Eyeball Ooze
In a factory workstore
He becomes a machine!