

## Bedlamite

Puscifer

Old man Wibble,  
Lush diviner,  
Duke of babble,  
Mad soothsayer  
Drunken oracle drinks  
The Liquid Jesus  
Straight from the bottle.  
Spirituous Sancti,  
Like God full throttle.  
The Bedlamite seer  
Fortune teller croons,  
"Write your own fable.  
Believe it'll all work out."

"It's gonna be all right.  
It's gonna be all right.  
Everything will be all right."

"Raise," he says, "raise a glass  
"Raise a glass to our, our heterogeneity  
Our remarkable resilience through calamity."  
"Raise," he says, "raise a glass  
"Raise a glass to our, our heterogeneity  
Our remarkable resilience through calamity."

Old man Wibble,  
Duke of babble,  
Drank straight from the bottle,  
Danced on the table.  
Fortune teller croons,  
"The world may tinkle.  
The world may wobble."  
"Raise your bottle  
Of God full throttle,  
The Liquid Jesus,  
Spirituous Sancti.  
Write your own fable  
Believe it'll all work out."

"It's gonna be all right.  
Everything will be all right."  
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Everything will be all right."  
"It's gonna be all right.  
Everything will be all right."

"Raise a glass  
"Raise a glass to our, our heterogeneity  
Beautiful delirium  
Our remarkable resilience through calamity."  
"Raise a glass  
"Raise a glass to our, our heterogeneity  
Our remarkable resilience through calamity."

"It's gonna be all right.

It's gonna be all right.  
It's gonna be all right.  
Everything will be all right."