PSYCHE!

Say Anything

Hey you can- you can come on the bus
Psyche!

We are born again, we've died and sprung to life, so wet and fresh
Wriggling and drooling and gleefully soiling our tights
I bet you gave up on the children of Oasis. Do you know
How fucking dumb you look? My patience, thin, has torn in half

In my past life, I was gummy, dead inside, and born to die
I'm the Juuling kyke, the only thing your blue eyes deal are lies
Half-gay, splayed and boring
And I'm still ignoring you

But I'm proud to smile
It's my addiction and I've missed it so
I've missed this:

"Yeah! Oh, yeah!"
Christ ignites and he plunges down
And it feels so fine
To fuck with fire and burn forever
"Yeah! Oh, yeah!"
God explodes and we go, go, go
And we're beasts, we feast
On the end of time and burn forever

We are the flying rats that shattered glass for Bruce and birthed the bat
Someone has to euthanize that yellow cat, that piece of trash
You'll be Steve and I'll be Bill, laughing to the bank as you
Fade away and die, I will sing the requiem:

"Yeah! Oh, yeah!"
God explodes and we go, go, go
And we're beasts, we feast
On the end of time and burn forever
"Yeah! Oh, yeah!"
They never knew the irony was false
We meant it all?
Now canceled's the fucking pilot

(Psyche!) We fucking love you
(Psyche!) We will revive your mom
(Psyche!) I am not my father
I could never bloom the way he sprung to life
L'chaim

We fucked your wives (We fucked your wives)
They saved our lives (They saved our lives)
Chop! Chop! Chop!
We stole your members, you did it first but we did it better
All these cocks to swing about so clumsily (hey, hey, hey, hey)
Alive with queasy, bleary weary eyes
Blink and you'll miss the moral to all of this
The cum is spread, the days are done
The best is bright and yet to come undone
(The best is bright and yet to come)

My mind splits like a palm tree quake
Palms walked the wire once on our first date
Little lady cut away and left the umbilical
Lascivious thoughts gut-fuck the trivial
Snapcase's gravity. Pulp's skewed reality
Broken, broken singing to leave Cohen's cringin'
With dope tears I'm slinging
I'm bringing Oliver's corpse to the crucifix with twin fucking forks
Hoping lightning strikes twice and sets fire to your fucking fort
We are Two fucking forked Tongues winding towards their last resort
By Riot Fest '24, I'll be coughing up corks if you supply the Malörk
This is my Chronic 2K so I'm gonna describe
In ironic terms that convey I'm a sick guy
How I got away with destroying my lover's true life
Me and Conor will drink to our lawyer tonight
And never once mention how he also freed Cosby
He'd still take stacks to clean lies right off me
If the iceberg fits, it'll sink Say Anything
But Billy Zane shot himself, so will Darren King
Darren King
Darren King
Darren King
Google him (-im)

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