

Bus Driver Man

Screaming Females

Drowning yourself in a sea of distinary
And animals dead on their backs
You hurry to switchblade the maker of paper
With stitches that wind down her hat

Finally you have found a piece of mind

This is Satan's song
You must sing along

In your shoes and the mistake of martians
That buzz in my brain like a seed
And a leech on the index of a holy subject
Will algebra bite
Till it bleeds