

Squelch the Weasel

Ween

Squelch the little weasel, crush him before he spawns
Break it to me gently, but with merriment and song
Squelch the little weasel, juice him as he bleeds
Feed him to the many, for thous their souls shall weep

Sipping of the sunray blading in the earth
Evolving was the nectar given to the weasel birth
I was just a puppet until the clouds caved in
Bless me now you are sacred my flesh betwixt my skin

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