

# Faith No More, Motherfucker

Force fed more than we eat in the wild  
Grazed on a mash that can suffocate a child  
Bloated, promoted in an ode to pumped style  
Moistened in the feed while we're choke upon the bile  
Corner in the market on the geese without the bones  
Hushing out the public in a strike without a drone  
The cage became collapsable  
Our sticks equipped with stones

Get the mother fucker on the phone, the phone

Hello Motherfucker  
My lover  
You saw it coming

Set aside the scruples in a stratagem of strain  
A smallpox-laden blanket, invisible with stains  
Inoculated bastards, bloody pecked pain  
Distemper has a hold, distemper has a hold  
We took a second sip from a cup we made of bones  
The first it was a ruse, a trick so aptly thrown  
The truth is that our youth was a carpet laid with stones

Get the mother fucker on the phone, the phone

Goodbye Motherfucker  
My lover  
You saw it coming

Get the mother fucker on the phone, the phone