

Mr. Bungle, California (Album)

Sweet Charity
Save me
The heavens have opened
The storm is over
So let's start the parade...
Raindrops
Will turn to laughter
Forever after
In your technicolor heartbeat
And they say
That it helps you forget everything...
Sweet charity
You drink your poison from a cup of gold
Your gift keeps on giving and giving
Perfect photographs
Of Everest days
And postcard nights
Tearing through the paper walls of time
With sunset eyes
Telethons, Grand Canyon hearts
You numb your mind
With gloves of white and turpentine
Even the bombs and scarecrows will sing!
Sweet charity
Save me
The heavens have opened
And I'm alone
Sweet charity
Save me
The heavens have opened
I'm coming home
Sweet charity
Save me
The asylums have opened
I'm coming home
Sweet charity
I'm home free...
None Of Them Knew They Were Robots
Mendel's machines replicate in the night
In the black iron prison of St. Augustine's light
He's paying the bills and they're doing him proud
They can float their burnt offerings on assembler clouds
With omega point in the sight
The new Franklins fly their kites
And the post modern empire is ended tonight
From history
The flood of counterfeits released
The black cloud
Reductionism and the beast
Automatons gather all the pieces
So the world may be increased
In simulation jubilation
For the deceased...
Spray-on clothes and diamond jaws
Wrinkles smoothed by nanoclaws
With my machines I can dispatch you
From this world without a trace
Our nostalgia ghosts are ready to take your place
Content-shifting shopping malls
Gasoline trees and walk-through walls
None of them knew...
I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As I watch the dead rise up out of the earth
Try to hide from the lies as they all come true

Deus absconditus
Deus nullus deus nisi deus
I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As the fenris wolf slowly bites through his chain
Try to hide the myth as it becomes a man
None of them knew they were robots
Buying an X or an O
In state craft tic tac toe
Cats game for Joe Blow
Post industrial bliss
A binary hug or kiss
Can be wrung from utility mist
They stole the great arcanum
The secret fire
Moloch found his gold
For the new empire
Once again
The necrophage becomes saint
Lindy hop around the truth
Jump back wolf pack attack
Slap back white shark attack
Swingin' up there in the noose
Jump back wolf pack attack
Slap back white shark attack
Phased array diffraction nets
From full-wall paint-on TV sets
Migratory home sublets
And time shared diamond fiber sets
Recombinant logos keys
Bitic Qabalistic trees
I feel the grey goo boiling my blood
As leviathan and his bugs freeze the sea
Try to save the world by immolating myself
From history
The flood of counterfeits released
The black cloud
The resurrection of the deceased
Automatons gather all the pieces
So the world may be increased
In simulation jubilation
For the builders
Of the body of the beast
Retrovertigo
Before you advertise
All the fame is implied
With no fortune unseen
Sell the rights
To your blight
Time-machine
While I'm dulled by excess
And a cynic at best
My art imitates crime
Paid for by
The allies
So invest
Now I'm finding truth is a ruin
Nauseous end that nobody is pursuing
Staring into glassy eyes
Mesmerized
There's a vintage thirst returning
But I'm sheltered by my channel-surfing
Every famine virtual
Retrovertigo
A tribute to false memories
With conviction

Cheap imitation
Is it fashion or disease?
Post-ironic
Remains a mouth to feed
Sell the rights
To your blight
And you'll eat
See the vintage robot wearied
Then awakened by revision theories
Every famine virtual
Retrovertigo
The Air-Conditioned Nightmare
Inside of me today
There is no one
Only asteroids and empty space
A waste
...They're looking through the windows at me...
Get me out of this air-conditioned nightmare
Rots your brain just like a catchy tune
You will hate life more than life hates you
Happiness is your illness in an air-conditioned nightmare
...Burn all your mementos of me...
Walkin' on air
Up from the wheelchair
I'll find the suicide
That I deserve
Walkin' on sand
Forgotten where I am
But it's so comfortable
Here in the sun...
I only see rainbows
Now that the bandages are gone
Through my window, there
From the skyscrapers
Down to the submarines
Birds and fairies
Sanctuaries
Atop the rolling hills of hell
These words are sledgehammers
Of truth
That pound the iron heart
Of sin
Bloody smiling
Vandalizing
My wet dream is drying up...
Where's my rainbow?
Where's my halo?
There's my halo!
Ars Moriendi
He who hears in the vast silence
He who wafts on the red wind
"In extremis"
He who leaps across the precipice
He who steals pearls from the ashes
"Ride si sapis"
'Ave atque vale'
I shall rise again
Bardo of the flesh
So feast on me
All my bones are laughing
As you're dancing on my grave
'Ave atque vale'
Pink Cigarette
Hush me, touch me
Perfume, the wind and the leaves

Hush me, touch me
The burns, the holes in the sheets
I'm hoping the smoke
Hides the shame I've got on my face
Cognac and broken glass
All these years I've been your ashtray
Not today
I found a pink cigarette
On the bed the day that you left
And how can I forget that your lips were there
Your kiss goes everywhere, touches everything But me
Hush me, touch me
Champagne, your hair in the breeze
Hush me, touch me
Lipstick, a slap on my cheek
Your eyes cried at last
Told me everything I was afraid to ask
Now I'm dressed in white
And you've burned me for the last time
This ain't the last time
You'll find a note and you'll see my silhouette...
There's just 5 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 4 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 3 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 2 hours left until you find me dead
There's 1 more hour and then you will find me dead
There's just.....
Golem II: The Bionic Vapour Boy
Golem II: the self-perfecting
Lie-rejecting
Human mind correcting
Totem of the living
Self-organized, wrought from the clay
Our king by night, our slave by the day
Giga-giga-gilgamesh
What do you know?
Watch the human life show
OK let's go
O my double
He can pop your bubble
That means trouble
Stronger than a lion
Golem II: the bionic paper boy
Self-perfecting
World-inspecting
Lie-detecting
Our instructions
His induction
Big production
Golem II: the bionic puppet boy
Giga-gilgamesh
Gigagigagigagiga
Beast of burden
Spirit lifting
Master of shape-shifting
Seamless drifting
Shining spotlight
Screaming mobs and stage fright
You get it right
Building a new zion
Golem II: the bionic vapour boy
War-directing
Mind-inspecting
Man-correcting
Our instructions

His induction
Big production
Golem II: the bionic vapour boy
The Holy Filament
In fiber optic illusion
The flickering eyes
By fluorescent lights
Supplicate before machines,
Self-reflecting
The legend of modernity:
The phosphenes explode
God's eternal strobe
Through the holy filament,
Graven image
Vanity Fair
You're not human
You're a miracle
A preacher with an animal's face
In your sexy
Neon smokescreen
Lie the supersalesmen of vanity
Even your shadow worships you
In your jungle solitude
With the orgies of the sacrament
And the seal of flagellants
God saves those who save their skin
From the bondage that we're in
I'm elated
I could cut you
And remove the sheath of your ignorance
Bless the eunuch
And the Skoptsi
Will you hurt me now and make a million?
Say cheese, baby
We all love you
But it's a cheap world and you don't exist...
Slit the fabric of the right now
Spread your legs and wear the crown
Tell me how long, lord, how long?
Till I get my beauty sleep?
Now the hourglass is empty
The moment of my de-sexing
Cut it
Cut it
Cut this cancer from my soul
Now that I've made it...
I'm finally naked...
Goodbye Sober Day
Your lips say one thing
But the drugs say another
How can I massage
This inter-galactic ulcer?
Goodbye sober day
Hello milky way...
Pin my ear to the wisdom post
Hang me up and drain me dry
Mend my shipwrecked spirit
Lift the veil from my eyes
Goodbye sober day
The years grew wings and flew away
Ghosts of the past become barbarians
Of the future...
And I still pity you
Because what you said was true
Goodbye sober day

Hello milky way...
May your sun be blown out like a candle
May your sea burn like tar
May your sky be rolled up like a scroll
May your blue moon drip with blood
What would they say
If you went up in smoke?
If I dug you up
And made soup of your bones?
Goodbye sober day