

Motherfucker

Faith No More

Force-fed more than we'd eat in the wild
Grazed on a mash that could suffocate a child
Bloated, promoted in an ode to pomp and style
Moistening the feed while we choke upon the bile
Cornering the market on the geese without their bones
Hushing out the public in a strike without a drone
The cage became collapsible, our sticks equipped with stones
Get the motherfucker 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
Inoculating bastards, bloody peck at pain
Distemper has a hold, distemper has a hold
We took the 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 of stones
Get the motherfucker on the phone, the phone

Hello motherfucker, my lover, you saw it coming
Goodbye motherfucker, my lover, you had it coming

Get the motherfucker on the phone ..