

## Transmaniacon MC

## Blue Öyster Cult

With satan's hog no pig at all, and the weather getting dry  
We'll head south from altamont in a cold blooded travelled tran  
ce  
So clear the road my bully boys and let some thunder pass  
We're pain, we're steel, a plot of knives,  
We're transmaniacon MC

Behind the pantry, behind the tree, the ghouls adopt that child  
Whose name resounds forever, whose name resounds on terror  
And I'm no fool to call that hog, cause man I remember  
Those who did resign their souls  
To transmaniacon MC

And surely we did offer up behind that stage at dawn  
Beers and barracuda, reds and monocaine  
Pure nectar of antipathy behind that stage at dawn  
To those who would resign their souls  
To transmaniacon MC

Cry the cable, cry the word, unknown terror's here  
And won't you try this tasty snack, behind the scenes or but th  
e back  
Which was the stage at altamont, my humble boys of listless pow  
er:  
We're pain, we're steel, a plot of knives  
We're transmaniacon MC