

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