

Oh! My! God!  
You reside in the details  
Take my audio out and really wail  
Oh yeah!  
You've got blood to bleed  
But we've got mouths to feed!  
God please send me courage  
To wear this darling dress  
When there's murder on the frontlines  
And blood in the headlights

She! Looks up and quietly says  
("are these atoms?")  
These are atoms!  
("I'm holding them.")  
Slipping on the science of an optic nerve  
C-c-c-cut that in half, you'll see what i mean  
God please send me guidance and the perfect halter-neck  
When a door becomes a war  
We're win with our effortless style

Sit down!  
Sit down!  
This is really napalm  
And it's a sea of such passion  
A neon birth canal  
Sit down  
Sit down!  
He was really nervous  
In that sea of such passion  
What a way to learn

When she gets what she wants!  
She won't care anymore  
And carry on for an age  
There's no way to make her pay  
Unless! You cut!  
Her gums out with knives of heat  
And flatten her bones!  
To pulp and bruises

Sit down!  
Sit down!  
This is really napalm  
And it's a sea of such passion  
A neon birth canal  
Sit down  
Sit down!  
He was really nervous  
In that sea of such passion  
What a way to learn

Yeahhh!  
C'mon, stand! Up  
Yeahhh!  
C'mon stand up!

Easier to let it spill back into our mouths  
Than to wrench it from a centrefold  
This is the opera of the crystalline  
Sudden skin for the playground scene