

Bikinigram From Satan

Dr. Steel

Not a time or a place. Not a name or a face in mind.
He wants to spread disgrace. Like a cardboard "help me"
sign.

He's a man with a mission. He's a man with a plan.
He's a man when he talks people listen and he's
shouting
Out your karma from a hot dog stand.

In a velvet cape, lighting up.
He rides an alligator on his way
To a junkie in a bathtub.
And in his big, black Cadillac
He's been known to do a doughnut in the parking lot
Of the Pearly Gates. And he laughs a lot.

He's on a Revelation Vacation. He got a bikinigram from
Satan.

Eating deviled eggs. Pulling up Puny Devil Kneesocks on
his skinny legs.

Half naked in the fireplace. Crashing stocks and bonds,
giving people ideas on how to build an A-bomb.

On his front lawn, there's a guy in a tie with a Bible
in a briefcase (and he's ding dong ditching).

He's on a Revelation Vacation. He got a bikinigram from
Satan.

Burning up for fun, he's a trillion years old with a
spear like a tail and a back bone throne. Never minds,
sips his wine. He's singing "Bub-Belzibub the world's
corrupt and it's mine!" Head guy on top of Mt. Sinai,
he's drawing upside down triple nines in the sky.

He's rolling snake eyes.

He's rolling snake eyes.

He's rubbing snake thighs.