

Crucifunkin'

Gruntruck

Say what it's good for, good for funkin' around
Say what it tastes like, nothing but you always want more
Pray that it fend off evil off of you like a whore
Take the streets and ride a reef and pull the sucker down

Crucifunkin'

Say that the flags of your soul still suckin' around
Feels like you're living ten feet underground
Stay in the doghouse, scratching with your hand in your mouth
Take your feet and put 'em in and eat and chain the temple down

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Stay in your goat house, stay in the morgue
Live for the moment when your body's pulled
To live for a castle that's floating in the sky
Might be really silly if your soul forgets to rise, yeah

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To tether my suspicions
I've gotta hold with everything I know
Yeah, to ride on my condition
I gotta push, well, on and on

Well, this disease has got me down
My fingers scrape the ground
'Cause all I see doesn't fit
My head is spinning 'round
You know the gaunt they push while they're greasing pockets
Taking people in their greed has got me down
And so I'll get away from burning silver steeples
And crucifunkin' on, yeah

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Well, get off your cross and dance!