

## Suicide in Progress

Melvins

There's a little animal, way up in the air  
My nose and tongue are roving, but maybe it's not there  
There's a little man now, in the middle of the earth  
He gives himself these orders and let it all be burned

There are lots of makeshift wonders, seven in the world  
Five of them will not be noticed and three will not be heard

There's a meal there's a window, there's a face that you can't  
see  
You can keep what you've stolen, just give it back to me  
I vow to taste my vengeance, even if they dare  
Maybe his time is coming, and maybe he's better off