

Vile

Melvins

Your vile, sawed in howl
Exudes a demigogic stool
And your little bit of dropper down
It lows and reaches up all real loud
And I pray, and I pray
And slowly rise upon my knees
And praise the little bit of dropper down
That hardens in me

I'm wishing I could feel it but I know
I know it's bigger
'cause I know even though my pride's grown
I could fall
Take it through the eyes like men
You're scared of what could come
'cause I know my only pain comes through the eyes
Through the eyes

Wishing that I could feel it but I know
You can take yours
'cause I know it's a runaround like a chump