

## Your Blessedned

Melvins

I like your hands  
Mr Cancer see  
Fell the timber  
I felt you be  
And if you were  
Just like your will  
We can end up  
And we can turn up  
And we can bleed

When man's only distant relative  
Has descended on his own  
You will know

Your blessedned  
I can feel your pain  
You're man-like  
You're friendly  
You're me