

Methane Crescendo

Psychostick

Alright, who did? Who did it? ADMIT IT.
Admit to your transgression a guilty conscience needs
confession.
Don't dare deny it. Don't hide it. Don't fight it.
Denied abominations will lead to investigations.

You gotta take responsibility for your flatulence, for
your gas.
You gotta be accountable for silent death that you're
unleashing, for all the products of your ass...

Oh, God!

It's the wraith of the burrito!
Roll down the window!
A methane crescendo!

Alright, that does it. That does it. WHO WAS IT?
We'll find the guilty party who's been doing all the
farting
Somebody's lying! You're lying. He's lying!
We'll beat the truth out of you for the suffering we've
gone through.

It's the wraith of a taco!
Roll down the window!
Or maybe the nachos

The gas is building up. It's reaching lethal doses.
We all will soon be found, dead holding our noses.
OH GOD! It's smells like death in here!
The time for truth is near because

He that smelt it dealt it.
He that sniffs it gives it.
He who denied it supplied it

What do you mean? It wasn't me. IT WASN'T!

Oh, maybe it was.

HA HA HA HA SMELL MY STENCH YOU FUCKERS.