

Fat Snatchers (the Hippo Effect)

Tankard

My name is Chunk and I'm a real fat ass
No diet plan could ever help me
My friends are laughing about my plump mass
Where is my dick? Long time no see

Yesterday I heard of an arcane company
A cult, maybe, that's crazy about slender body
With blood I signed a contract, a lifetime membership
Proponents call the concept "The Hippo Effect"

Check in hypnotherapy
Lose weight in coma
Check out of reality
You won't remember

Fat snatchers want you
They have a secret plan
Fat snatchers watch you
If you're a sugar fan
Fat snatchers need you
Your pounds, your calories
Fat snatchers harvest
Reduce you just in weeks

My name was Chunk, now it's thirty days later
I can't believe what became of me
A featherweight, a chocolate-hater
It all seems odd, I'll investigate

A country in the Third World is where the traces lead
So horrified I realize: there's nothing to eat
From all alone they're getting fat, some even look like me
I can't escape "Hippo Effect", malnourished and bony

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