

# God Bless You, Blood Thirsty Zeppelins

The Blood Brothers

"Save the falsetto valentines for the black ice cube toast, for the filth roast."

You know she looks so clinique,  
but when you think she's asleep,  
we're watching from inside the pilot's seat.  
Because unfortunately this Marilyn Monroe is a secret Zeppelin  
whose sweat rains down napalm confetti on all black tie celebrations.

Tear out your carnivorous toupee for the afro fire,  
save your hors d'oeuvres for the boiling lobster choir.

You know she looks so vulnerable in that snakeskin shawl,  
but we're watching through her cut out eye holes  
(because unfortunately this Marilyn Monroe is a Secret Zeppelin  
known towing a sign across the Coca-Cola sky that reads S.S. Penetration)

God Bless you Bloodthirsty Zeppelins!

And now we're flying over the past  
and future butchered from out brains and left to rot.  
And now we're flying over the television towers  
plastering the air with the filthy film of prayer.  
We don't need a blueprint, we don't need a blue print  
To burn our manuscripts naked and new.  
We don't need a blueprint, we don't need a blue print  
the blue prints me, the blue prints you.

We'll build our engines from hijacked hymans.  
Propellers churning in whispered fury.  
We'll pluck our bombs from the greased pouch  
of your presidents propaganda pupa louse.

"Honey I'll be home late, from the office today,  
up to my neck in paperwork, yeah,  
my boss is such a jerk."

"Oh, yeah she bought the story and there's a motel nearby...  
so show me your, show me your surrender face baby"

Unfortunately this Marylin Monroe is a secret Zeppelin  
set on a crash course with your cumshot museum  
with the blowjob bunny mansion.

And now we're flying over factories manufacturing authentic ecstasy.  
And now we're flying over the swamp  
that brews the biggest smiles, cackling teeth in piles.  
And now we're flying over the globe  
derobed all the houses x-rayed all our thoughts exposed.  
And all the copyrighted memories in my head spill to the floor  
in a puddle of hungry lead.  
And while the traffic weaves human tapestry's  
we sing a chord to the frustration symphony.  
Unfortunately this Marylin Monroe is a secret Zeppelin

Oh my God, the bombs are falling!  
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