

THE TRANSFORMATION
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 SOUL GATE

I write the glad songs I write the hefty songs that make hearts vomit
 I write the glad songs I write the hefty songs that make guts crunch
 I write the songs that clang brains shut I write the songs that
 bake flowers brown I write the songs that take inborn intelli-
 gence down I write the **CRAP** songs that shake blue birds
 purple I write the songs that fake sunshine black and
the songs that e songs that rake menstrual flow asphalt I write
blue I write **that howl all night like starving dogs I write the**
 glad songs that scratch fingernails on screen doors I am the songs that
 screech chalk blackboards I am the songs that grope sticky crotch I am
 the songs that bake armpits mealy I am the songs that brake into your
 carburetor cough I write the songs that grind your hard disc I write
 the glad songs I write the hefty songs I write the songs that make
 your electric toothbrush scream I am the songs that make you go out
 and get aids from a toilet seat I am the songs that get you in the mood
 to eat shit I am the songs that make working at things you hate seem to
 be bearable I am the songs that clog your memory sewer I am the songs that
 turn your sugar into dry ice I am the songs that fleece your inner sheep I am
 the songs I am the songs that get you to see how to pretend you're working hard at
 worthwhile things I am the songs that get you to pretend to be alive I am the songs
 that get you to forget you are in a constant two AM panic in the bottom of your mind I
 am the songs I am the songs I aaaaaaaaaam theeeeeeee sonnnnngs For I am stuuuuuuuu
 piiiiiiiiiiiiiiity I am that bottomless wealth of banal ko ko bop feelings nothing more than
 banal ko ko bop feelings of low body temperature whoa whoa cretin superficial doo waaah
 diddy fake folk intelligence in a bop shoo op bop shoo op drool wannabe out to be a diddy
 doo o mo mo pity mo pity mo pity do do grave slave pushed by the rolling rock of sha
 boom sha boom mega sweat heavy metal banana manna salami dipped in wha wha danga
 danga plucked chicken fat glad market force hefty squirm disco charm bullet chart rama dama
 ding dong piss off shoopy doo phony ding dong danga danga dwarf vogue soul death
 Stars shine bright on shatter light. Bom baba bom ba bom ba ba bom ba ba bom ba ba bom ba danga dang dang da dinga dong ding
 Blue goon blue goon blue goon dip da dip da dip I saw you standing alone without a tov of my own. Thee. The. The. The. That's
 I was a tragic little musical comedy Jewish dwarf genius, formerly, but give me a break. O God! Why Did You Make Me A Star? folks.