

## Mr. Bungle – “California”

All songs © 1999 BEAT ME UP, LORD MUSIC (ASCAP)

### Sweet Charity

(music and lyrics: Patton)

Save me  
The heavens have opened  
The storm is over  
So let's start the parade...

Raindrops  
Will turn to laughter  
Forever after  
In your technicolor heartbeats  
And they say  
That it helps you forget everything...

Sweet charity

You drink your poison from a cup of gold  
Your gift keeps on giving and giving

Perfect photographs  
Of Everest days  
And postcard nights  
Tearing through the paper walls of time

With sunset eyes  
Telethons, Grand Canyon hearts  
You numb your mind  
With gloves of white and turpentine  
Even the bombs and scarecrows will sing!!!

Sweet charity

Save me  
The heavens have opened  
And I'm alone  
Sweet charity

Save me  
The heavens have opened  
I'm coming home  
Sweet charity

Save me  
The asylums have opened  
I'm coming home  
Sweet charity

I'm home free...

### None Of Them Knew They Were Robots

(music: Spruance, Patton, Hefetz; lyrics: Spruance)

Mendel's machines replicate in the night  
In the black iron prison of St. Augustine's light  
He's paying the bills and they're doing him proud  
They can float their burnt offerings on assembler clouds

With omega point in the sight  
The new Franklins fly their kites  
And the post modern empire is ended tonight

From history  
The flood of counterfeiters released  
The black cloud  
Reductionism and the beast  
Automatons gather all the pieces  
So the world may be increased  
In simulation jubilation  
For the deceased...

Spray-on clothes and diamond jaws  
Wrinkles smoothed by nanoclaws

With my machines I can dispatch you  
From this world without a trace  
Our nostalgia ghosts are ready to take your place

Content-shifting shopping malls  
Gasoline trees and walk-through walls

None of them knew...

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood  
As I watch the dead rise up out of the earth  
Try to hide from the lies as they all come true

Deus absconditus  
Deus nullus deus nisi deus

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood  
As the fennis wolf slowly bites through his chain  
Try to hide the myth as it becomes a man

None of them knew they were robots

Buying an X or an O  
In state craft tic tac toe  
Cats game for Joe Blow

Post industrial bliss  
A binary hug or kiss  
Can be wrung from utility mist

They stole the great arcanum  
The secret fire  
Moloch found his gold  
For the new empire  
Once again  
The necrophage becomes saint

Lindy hop around the truth  
Jump back wolf pack attack  
Slap back white shark attack  
Swingin' up there in the noose  
Jump back wolf pack attack  
Slap back white shark attack

Phased array diffraction nets  
From full-wall paint-on TV sets  
Migratory home subtlets  
And time shared diamond fiber sets

Recombinant logos keys  
Bitic Qabalistic trees

I feel the grey goo boiling my blood  
As leviathan and his bugs freeze the sea  
Try to save the world by immolating myself

From history  
The flood of counterfeiters released  
The black cloud  
The resurrection of the deceased  
Automatons gather all the pieces  
So the world may be increased  
In simulation jubilation  
For the builders  
Of the body of the beast

### Retrovertigo

(music and lyrics: Dunn)

Before you advertise  
All the fame is implied  
With no fortune unseen  
Sell the rights  
To your blight  
Time-machine

While I'm dulled by excess  
And a cynic at best

My art imitates crime  
Paid for by  
The allies  
So invest

Now I'm finding truth is a ruin  
Nauseous end that nobody is pursuing  
Staring into glassy eyes  
Mesmerized  
There's a vintage thirst returning  
But I'm sheltered by my channel surfing  
Every famine virtual  
Retrovertigo

A tribute to false memories  
With conviction  
Cheap imitation  
Is it fashion or disease?  
Post-ironic  
Remains a mouth to feed

Sell the rights  
To your blight  
And you'll eat

See the vintage robot wearied  
Then awakened by revision theories  
Every famine virtual  
Retrovertigo

### The Air-Conditioned Nightmare

(music: Patton, McKinnon; lyrics: Patton)

Inside of me today  
There is no one  
Only asteroids and empty space  
A waste

...They're looking through the windows at me...

Get me out of this air-conditioned nightmare  
Rots your brain just like a catchy tune  
You will hate life more than life hates you

...Burn all your mementos of me...

Walkin' on air  
Up from the wheelchair  
I'll find the suicide  
That I deserve

Walkin' on sand

Forgotten where I am  
But it's so comfortable  
Here in the sun...

I only see rainbows  
Now that the bandages are gone  
Through my window, there

From the skyscrapers  
Down to the submarines

Birds and fairies  
Sanctuaries  
Atop the rolling hills of hell

These words are sledgehammers  
Of truth  
That pound the iron heart  
Of sin

Bloody smiling  
Vandalizing  
My wet dream is drying up...

Where's my rainbow?  
Where's my halo?

There's my halo!

### Ars Moriendi

(music and lyrics: Patton)

He who hears in the vast silence  
He who wafers on the red wind  
"In extremis"

He who leaps across the precipice  
He who steals pearls from the ashes  
"Ride si sapis"

'Ave atque vale'

I shall rise again  
Bardo of the flesh

So feast on me  
All my bones are laughing  
As you're dancing on my grave

'Ave atque vale'

### Pink Cigarette

(music: Spruance, Patton; lyrics: Patton)

Hush me, touch me  
Perfume, the wind and the leaves  
Hush me, touch me  
The bums, the holes in the sheets

I'm hoping the smoke  
Hides the shame I've got on my face  
Cognac and broken glass  
All these years I've been your ashtray

I found a pink cigarette  
On the bed the day that you left  
And how can I forget that your lips were there  
Your kiss goes everywhere, touches everything but me

Hush me, touch me  
Champagne, your hair in the breeze  
Hush me, touch me  
Lipstick, a slap on my cheek

Your eyes cried at last  
Told me everything I was afraid to ask  
Now I'm dressed in white  
And you've burned me for the last time

You'll find a note and you'll see my silhouette...

There's just 5 hours left until you find me dead  
There's just 4 hours left until you find me dead  
There's just 3 hours left until you find me dead  
There's just 2 hours left until you find me dead  
There's just 1 more hour and then you will find me dead  
There's just.....

### Golem II: The Bionic Vapour Boy

(music and lyrics: Spruance)

Golem II: the self-perfecting  
Lie-rejecting  
Human mind correcting

Totem of the living  
Self-organized, wrought from the clay  
Our king by night, our slave by the day

Giga-giga-gilgasmeh

What do you know?

Watch the human life show  
OK let's go

O my double  
He can pop your bubble  
That means trouble

Stronger than a lion  
Golem II: the bionic paper boy

Self-perfecting  
World-inspecting  
Lie-detecting

Our instructions  
His induction  
Big production

Golem II: the bionic puppet boy

Giga-gilgamesh  
Gigagigagigagiga  
Beast of burden

Spirit lifting  
Master of shape shifting  
Seamless drifting

Shining spotlight  
Screaming mobs and stage fright  
You get it right

Building a new Zion  
Golem II: the bionic vapour boy

War-directing  
Mind-inspecting  
Man-correcting

Our instructions  
His induction  
Big production

Golem II: the bionic vapour boy

**The Holy Filament**  
(music and lyrics: Dunn)

In fiber optic illusion  
The flickering eyes  
By fluorescent lights  
Supplicate before machines,

Self-reflecting

The legend of modernity:  
The phosphenes explode  
God's eternal strobe  
Through the holy filament,  
Graven image

**Vanity Fair**  
(music: Dunn, Patton; lyrics: Patton)

You're not human  
You're a miracle  
A preacher with an animal's face

In your sexy  
Neon smokescreen  
Lie the supersalesmen of vanity

Even your shadow worships you  
In your jungle solitude

With the orgies of the sacrament  
And the seal of flagellants

God saves those who save their skin  
From the bondage that we're in

I'm elated  
I could cut you  
And remove the sheath of your ignorance

Bless the eunuch  
And the skoptsi  
Will you hurt me now and make a million?

Say cheese, baby  
We all love you  
But it's a cheap world and you don't exist...

Slit the fabric of the right now  
Spread your legs and wear the crown

Tell me how long, lord, how long?  
Till I get my beauty sleep?

Now the hourglass is empty  
The moment of my de-sexing

Cut it  
Cut it  
Cut this cancer from my soul

Now that I've made it...

I'm finally naked...

**Goodbye Sober Day**  
(music: Patton, McKinnon; lyrics: Patton)

Your lips say one thing  
But the drugs say another  
How can I massage  
This inter-galactic ulcer?

Goodbye sober day

Hello milky way...

Pin my ear to the wisdom post  
Hang me up and drain me dry  
Mend my shipwrecked spirit  
Lift the veil from my eyes

Goodbye sober day  
The years grew wings and flew away

Ghosts of the past become barbarians  
Of the future...  
And I still pity you  
Because what you said was true

Goodbye sober day  
Hello milky way...

May your sun be blown out like a candle  
May your sea burn like tar  
May your sky be rolled up like a scroll  
May your blue moon drip with blood

What would they say  
If you went up in smoke?  
If I dug you up  
And made soup of your bones?

Goodbye sober day



**Mr Bungle**  
CALIFORNIA LYRICS