

Get in the oven, young cousin,  
If your pupils dilate wide  
Bearing your rufie and your butter-knife member,  
wearing their scalps and hides

Don't put your hands on her  
Don't read your poetry  
Because it's worthless and it's didactic to me  
Shave off your handlebar, stitch you to the car  
I'll sell your organs off for tuition

So you better get her home by 11:30  
Yeah you better get her home by 11:30

I'll take a look at your parents  
and scour your DNA for your disease  
So you can beg me or bite down  
Your hollow words mean nothing to me

Don't blame your alibi  
Don't sing your poetry  
Because you found the lion deep inside of me  
You are America  
raised to bow and pray  
Before the ivory palace where you lay

So many fish, so many fish  
I'm gonna eat you raw  
So many fish, so many fish  
I'm gonna eat you, I'm gonna eat you