

# Lost Connection With The Head

Showbread

Oh Lord, I'm sick of myself  
I'd rather bury it than carry it  
I'm desperate for help  
And barely sentient means I'm just being me  
Follow suit the destitute my modus operandi

A face that's marked by pallor means you're wasting away  
So get a tan and raise your hands and take to feeling okay  
No one enjoys the party when they're stricken with anemia  
A shallow sinking surface simply screaming septicemia

Peace of mind is hard to find  
So I'm standing in line and feeling fine

Aye, me sad hours seem long  
And even longer when you're numb  
Fading away and that's okay  
Cause life has me under her thumb

I'm languorously open-ended and the ending's no good  
I've been told to break the mold and I would if I could  
But apathy is easier than caring at all  
And the undulating nothingness means having a ball

Incredibly impressive and bereft of concern  
Lobotomized and optimized and then I'm ready to burn  
At war within myself and self is winning the fight  
Because feeling like no one at all means feeling alright

Sense of purpose has got me feeling worthless  
And I'm fading away, but that's okay

Aye, me sad hours seem long  
And even longer when you're numb  
Fading away and that's okay  
Cause life has me under her thumb

Oh yeah, all right  
I'm in a big fat cage and feeling free  
That's okay, that's all right  
Cause that's all that's left of me

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Oh yeah, all right  
I'm in a big fat cage and feeling free  
Goodbye, goodnight  
That's all that's left of me