

No Future Part IV : No Future Triumphant

Titus Andronicus

Some days start with an earthquake
The bed shakes until it breaks
And I hate to be awake

Most days start with a dull ache
Enough weight to crush my face
And I hate to be awake

Both ways are about the same
Making my mouth complain
Is pounding the trouser snake

So I just lie and count the chains
Assign them a thousand names
To praise their astounding strength

My portrait, proud and vain
Hanging without a frame
On the wall of the house of pain

Fragrance of a pungent skunk
Hung in the repugnant
Dungeon where I have sunk
But I can't say it just once

Fragrance of a pungent skunk
Hung in a repugnant
Dungeon where I have sunk
Ooh, it stunk

Cowering in the glowering gloom
Ex-human left entombed
Never to be exhumed

Remember the flowers in bloom
Just for an hour or two
Then back to the sourest mood

Forfeit the power to move
Total paralysis soon
None welcome to the ruins of my room

Door's closed and there's no window
To this odious remote rodent hole
Inside we'd find the frozen ghost
But we won't expose his decomposing soul

Flesh that roasts on smoldering coals
Blood that flows from broken nose
The moss that grows on rolling stones
Floating boats, the ocean throw and pull below

"The loser's movements are truly fruitless
The stupid student won't improve one bit
He refuses to do his tricks
Confused with the rudiments
Cruel unusual punishment

May prove prudent"

Hey, I hate to be awake
I hate to be awake
I hate to be awake
I hate to be awake

I hate to be awake
I hate to be awake
I hate to be awake
I hate to be awake

I hate to be awake