

## room for the dead

### A Plea for Purging

There's a battle for my soul between God, the devil, and rock n roll and when my head hits the sheets my feet will hit the ground running to heaven before the devil knows I'm dead. This place is a waiting room. Hoarding the diseased, waiting their turn. Sicker and sicker I wait and wait. I feel my lungs becoming numb. This place is a deadly room, culturing disease, waiting to burn. Pacing and pacing I wait and wait. I feel my legs becoming numb. Doctor I've got this lump in my throat. It's not the cigarettes that stunt my growth. There's voices inside my head. I need the medicine. Who will win the battle for my soul between God, the devil, and rock n roll and when my head hits the sheets my feet are tired of running. Murdered or the murderers, we're all the same. Kingsmen or the poorly dressed, we're pawns in this game.