

## 5 To 9

### A Wilhelm Scream

This grin is shit-eating and fleeting like a catamaran  
It fits me better than a smile on a dead man  
Watch the hands of the ticking clock for emotional rock

I've strangled necks of ages with the fabric of new words  
The bar withstood the raising, which taste makers allowed  
One fire to block the exit, two palms to block the sound  
As each bulb smashed from the ceiling at the lighthouse

And with the weight of a monolith perched on a guiltless chest  
Once a witness you can't shake the thought of 15 year old dick  
ornaments  
On kabuki faced jocks hair sprayed up the ass  
Wide open, inviting the next pop rock star asshole

Well I won't be failed anymore  
And I won't play fair anymore  
All eyes are on the lighthouse collapsing

I've strangled necks of ages with the fabric of new words  
The fires were amazing, why would you put those out?  
And what the gun was not erasing, these bare hands snuffed right  
t out  
When each bulb smashed from the ceiling at the lighthouse

You won't be failed anymore