

Every Great Story Has a Shower Scene

A Wilhelm Scream

Traveling in space like a cosmonaut.
Requesting signals or just signaling stop.
I hold my breath, I feel that sound.
Here it comes. Here it comes now.
Head down. Burning up, I'm ready now.

I'm panicking (Don't panic)
But I already said it!
Call back the medic.
I'm sick of feeling copacetic.
I'm pulling it together
Got my tires off the mark
I'm digging through the pieces where my brain exploded

Swept the night away.
Roll the car to safety.
Made it up the interstate.
God and Jesus saves.
On the side of bastard brothers.
If you'll excuse the phrase these revolutionary days.

The record of our time
Plays better in rewind
These unforgiving tired lines
Staring at me. My grin shit-eating
Crashing this point home now.
Out of my mouth, totally controlled.

I'm panicking (Don't panic)
But I already said it!
Send back the medic.
I'm sick of feeling copacetic.
I pull myself together.
Got my tires off the mark
I'm digging through the pieces where my brain exploded

Swept the night away.
Roll the car to safety.
Made it up the interstate.
God and Jesus saves.
Another sweetly sickening thing
From my open mouth, full of cavities.

The lazy morning sun will cast its light across my shadow.
It's all I got left: now it's shit production.
When all of this is taken from me.
You can't buy me, sell me, beat me, break me.
It's all in my letter to the higher ups.
Get fucked