

In Vino Veritas II

A Wilhelm Scream

Tearing up the walls, scratching out her name.
Staring up the walls, dulling up the razor blade.
I'm washing it down.
Watch me call the port on.

I'm washing it down. Watch me fall.
It's the shock of the sound of the ants.
to carry me off towards home.

I'm better now, not behind the eyes.