

# Walkin' with Michael Douglas

## A Wilhelm Scream

Send a priest to save my soul. Forget it  
Send a doctor, take my pulse. Forget it

Feelin' it too hard is the poison to the heart of a cynic  
Redemption

Now I'm waking to pains and shaking  
My guts are rotting out, I'm slurring my speeches  
For fun and forget you now  
Baptismal pool of my sleeping mouth

I apologize for these transgressions  
Wish I could say that I learned my lesson  
But the bottle, she's calling  
To this sickness that lives with me

All these hungry, angry mouths, forgiven  
Silenced, belly-up for a round, forgiven

Feeling it too hard is the poison to the heart of a cynic  
Redemption

Regarding my wishes, washed me clean

Ring me out over and over again  
Just promise to save my place in your disgrace

A riot can start with f\*ck all abounds  
A measure of apathy so proud  
A promising son or a drunken sound  
Is the distance between you and I so far?

So long to vitriol, the f\*ck you's the chain and ball  
Forget it. Forget it  
Forget it. Forget it

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