

No More Shame, No More Fear, No More Dread

Andrew Jackson Jihad

Self-appraised, that's my name
But these tight-ass pants
With these baggy eyes
That see a garbage world
Forever hideous
Forever purposeless
Forever worthless

Until all that I can do is beg for mercy
Nothing will survive in that despair
When something I hold dear is out to hurt me
I kick that feeble dream and whisper something like a prayer

No more shame, no more fear, no more dread

Stabbed in the face
That's all the rage
Hit with a hammer
Hammer smashed face
Dodging rocks and bottles
Trapped in a cage
When something stabs you
You gotta get more blood

If my ugly had a shape it would be a spiral
Moving forward as it spins around
It's all that I can do to break the cycle
Just veer hard as I can and keep from crashing to the ground

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And no more doubt
No more nitpick
No more hurt feelings
No more resentment
No more dwelling
No more hand wringing
No more living fear of the world
No more fixating
No more crazy making
No more crazy making

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