

# God's Bathroom Floor

## Atmosphere

Head, pressure, senses, clutch  
Date, divinity, wouldn't, fuck  
Touched, hazy, God, change  
Rush, floor, life, veins  
Head, pressure, senses, clutch  
Date, divinity, wouldn't, fuck  
Touched, hazy, God, change  
Rush, floor, life, veins

From a head full of pressure wrest the senses that I clutch  
Made a date with divinity, but she wouldn't let me fuck  
I got touched by a hazy shade of God-help-me-change  
Caught a rush on the floor from the life in my veins  
From a head full of pressure wrest the senses that I clutch  
Made a date with divinity, but she wouldn't let me fuck  
I got touched by a hazy shade of God-help-me-change  
Caught a rush on the floor from the life in my veins

It goes one for the cannabis, and two for your Dianetics  
Three for your reasoning, and four for those that try to get it  
Five for your love, and six for the stress  
And seven for the day that I climbed into this mess

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I'm catching ulcers from the childproof lighters  
And all of these fine-tooth biters that keep the wires in my head tighter  
I'm tired out by the distances achieved walking in my sleep  
Floors got shifted since the high got a tad too deep  
Ask dad to keep cool, I'll call him back soon as I resume normal  
And get out of this bathroom  
And call management to seek some reimbursement  
For the nerve endings that burnt from the first hits

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Made a date with divinity, but she wouldn't let me fuck  
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So fuck needles, fuck smoke  
Fuck lines that make the sinus choke  
Fuck chasers, trails, fuck waves and rails  
Fuck hangovers, fuck hallucinations  
Regurgitations, mandatory sentences and UA tracing  
Blind my insight and dull the common sense  
Give me inhibition, kill the superstition and the confidence  
Built a tolerance, now it's more that I consume it  
When it boards up my room, the world's whores will croon in unison  
Unify the eulogy, autopsy pages read euthanasia, i.e. irony  
Well here I be within a pool of my drool  
Sedated, windows dilated, comatose, life overdose  
Tell Jacob Miles to keep it wild style  
I'll promise I'll smile  
And check the floor, God's got nice tile

Tell Jacob Miles to keep that shit wild style  
And I'll smile  
And check the floor, God's got nice tile

From a head full of pressure wrest the senses that I clutch  
Made a date with divinity, but she wouldn't let me fuck  
And I got touched by a hazy shade of God-help-me-change  
Caught a rush on the floor from the life in my veins

Head, pressure, senses, clutched  
Date, divinity, wouldn't, fuck  
Touched, hazy, God, change  
Rush, floor, life