

# The Suffering Machine

Buck 65

Black angel, carry me down

Jacket and shoes, pistols and pens  
Poor boy, feels like, I ain't got no friends  
I wake up nervous, Sunday is gloomy  
Eyes on the sidewalk look right through me

I hear myself breathing, trying to focus  
Goodbye Babylon, wandering hopeless  
The drifter, singing the lament of a non-tryer  
The isolation makes me want to set myself on fire  
I don't live anywhere

Black angel, carry me down

I pick all the flowers and extinguish the flames  
The insanities, I remember all of their names  
Bottom of the barrel, it's no way how to be  
The cold and the silence beats the shit out of me  
But the windows are wooden  
And I shouldn't complain  
I'll just be digging until I'm good and insane  
Cobwebs and apple cores, old ghosts and vestiges  
Woman at the desk says I got no messages  
I don't live anywhere

Black angel, carry me down

Lost in a haze of fantasy and folklore  
The woman I love don't want me no more  
Inebriated, alleviated of pain and speaking wild  
Full grown man reduced to a weakling child  
Hard of hearing, short tempered and long viewing  
Completely disappeared and cleared of all wrong-doing  
Challenging the calendars and tempting the clocks  
Tree knocked over, inside an empty box  
I don't live anywhere

Black angel, carry me down