

I used to think my thoughts made me mad - then I
realized I was just mad, with thoughts
Taught my hands to speak my mind - the inside of a fist
is soft
Had 6 strings to take my mind off of things - to
ventilate hostility with positivity
And control my aggressive tendencies - cause what I am
is what you hear

It's a piece of me to outlive my flesh - and continue
my bloodline
Like a child, yet complete in it's form - like a child,
but you can't mold it wrong

An angry kid becomes an angry man
And the pendulum swings like a thinking mind
The pendulum swings and it passes time
Like a mood it swings me wide

Until I've lost my balance and fallen to it
Like a mindquake it puts me through it
Like a hand shake it greets me
As it cheats me of a content life

And in the end we bend to make amends
Before your own angst eats ya
And to those that made winter so cold
I hope your food repeats ya

And in my darkest room I feel my way through - guided
by a short leash
Made of sound to keep down - the part of me I fear
It's a piece of me that puts my flesh to the test -
gives it power
And devours my awareness- of what's waiting under my
skin

...and in the end we bend to make amends
Cause any one of us can blow up
And so I'm not covered in your food before ya do
I really hope ya throw up

...and in the end we bend to make amends
Cause any one of us can blow up
Since I'll be there to collect my share
I'd like to see ya throw up