

My Days Are Numbered

Close Lobsters

My days are numbered and structured at cross purposes
My steps are aimless and I couldn't care less
I stumbled on DNA once and sucked in CS gas
My reality is Television - records

I disappeared one day in a blinding blue flash
I stumbled on DNA once and stuck it up my ass
My conscience is non-existent I'm numb with disinterest
My elastic arms are stretched across oceans of stress

My days are numbered
I don't know what to do
My lights are flashing
How about you?

My days are numbered
I know exactly what to do
My brain is bending
How about you?

My theories are psuedo hollow and thouroughly weightless
My mind is polluted by dreary sixties sickness
My fabrications are solidly ludicrous
I stumbled on CS gas while I sucked in DNA

My days are numbered
I know exactly what to do
My lights are flashing
How about you?