

# Psalm

King Missile

My body's been altared  
Drawn and quartered  
A shower—the shower saved me  
Saved me cut me bled me  
Dead me, I would've been  
Like as if it could've been  
Oh, it never should've been  
But why, I don't know  
On the darkness, of the depth  
And the blood and the body  
Oh so badly shaken up  
Like nothing I ever  
And never you know  
I cannot, I can't  
Just give me some water to drown myself clean  
Like I never have been  
But I am  
I cared and I stared  
And I melted and cracked  
And I never felt stronger than this I swear

If I could I would blaspheme my way to you  
Just give me the courage and the glossary  
Let me turn my own words against me  
And perish in the process  
Let my obsolescence blossom and propagate  
Until every inkling of me passes away  
Passes along, passes on