Crystal Methods

Listener

It's your high, your pastime, passion, and drug of choice.
Wherever you go, it's your ego, wanting to hear it's voice.
It's your poison, your power, your master, and your slave.
It's your driving burn, it's what makes you happy, it's your ca
ve.

You heretic, parasitic wonder, insides colder than a witches pe
rsonality.
Sloshing happily in your fallacies, proud to be the Pharisee th
at you see.
Swimming in a sea of sellouts like Judas to Jesus.
Sitting smug with your holy interpretations only hoping to plea
se the collective us.
It's a sad state of events when you loftily judge outsides when
 it's the heart that gets the cleanup.
Malpractice seems to be your actress head spinning on the mattr
ess.
From all the lies you've fed intravenously.
Seamlessly you've managed to believe yourself in a circle with
no beginning or end shrouded in purple.
Trying to smush the crown on your head baked & bloated from the
 limelight's guest list.
And always complaining about how you didn't get the new Lexus.
I just have no patience for fools who constantly sharpen their
quills to write lies.
And then steal my ink when theirs is dry.
Who welcome the maggot sheets & worm blankets of enslavement.
Smoothing over more pavement on their personal highway to heave
n.
And I'm the only one who knows that their bridge is out.

Now everyone's slowly dying, but you're slowly living.
Trying to keep your head from lying, just underneath the waters
 edge.
Wading in a pessimistic swill.
While curiously toeing the ledge, dreaming about becoming road
kill.
You're such a vulture.
I used to sit content with these speakers on the microphone,
but now I stand screaming into the same headphones that summons
ed me to close
my ears and labeled me "just another face in the culture".
My position of thinking might be wrong but at least I'm honest
Your a sheep in wolves clothing and your winning the contest.
Trying to cram all your extra-curriculars into your tiny God-
hole.
It's an unfortunate sight from where I'm at to see you try to p
lay the role.

It's time to choose your poison instead of handing it out.
Look deep into your mirror image and study self.
And stop putting holes in my pulsating emotion bag with your me
at of a life.

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