

All our friends have, have sponsors
In the hope to attract a national brand
Sum your values up on a postcard
Hide the long, the long words under stamps

I'm praying for wisdom, a better physician
While softly blaspheming in the brace position
And every professional, checking the sensible
Barely detectable, flawed by a scoundrel's design

And I fall, oh, I tend to fall sometimes
Though I'm tall
But I can't access Heaven if I tried
No, I won't get to Heaven in this life

I could lie awake, oh God, how I used to lie awake
And listen to repetition
In my dreams I'm chased, well, at least when I dream them
Not since my carbon emissions, oh

I've taken to listless, I've been preconditioned
To misdiagnosing myself to remission
We hunt down this villain, condemned to perdition
Worn down by attrition and flawed by a scoundrel's design

And I fall, oh, I tend to fall sometimes
Though I'm tall
But I can't access Heaven if I tried
No, I won't get to Heaven in this life

So what's it even mean
To be accepted by the scene
And doubt your worth in magazines
And lend your life to ketamine?
You know that
And I could see the woods if not for all these fucking trees
And we're so hounded by a cure
That's for a separate disease
He lights the sparkler, prays it dies
Another threat, he stays inside
There's no more meaning to the highs
There's only viewing platforms built to watch it burn
I'm not sure if it's purpose anymore
But I know this, despite my wish, a scoundrel's all I'll ever