

I'm not the one with my head to the gun
And your heart is bursting at the seams
You're taking me down with every crease in your frown
The folding of your skin is making me feel queasy

Old man beware
I'm not all there
Or so I'm told
By the powers that be

Fallen at your feet with an arrow through my cheek
Shown a fraction of the mind
The rest would have you six foot deep, you creep
Where do I stand now? I'm strapped against the bow
Of a ship that's captained by a fraud and I get sick at sea

Old man beware
I'm not all there
Or so I'm told
By the powers that be
Powers vested in me

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