

White Knuckles

Pile

A feverish hand is the one that swings the ax
Rote learned while shivering on its back
Now strangers and friends alike don't know how to react
With your white knuckles on the ax

Oh the water in your head begins to expand
Pistol in mouth and ax in hand
With your hands full you cannot meet your demands
While sitting in the snow for a sun tan

Oh blew himself away
And went back inside
He but the ax did not survive
Boots covered in brain
And he laughed until he cried
Resolutely decided that he tried