

## Dull

### Pinhead Gunpowder

Like a dull pain in my head  
Buried by my fantasies and  
Crowded by old memories  
I can't isolate the disease  
So it spreads

Like a dull ache in my heart  
Just one thought starts to spark  
A raging fire of doubt  
No juice to put it out  
Cuz my creative wells are dry  
From mental drought

Looks like a dull night by myself again  
And I got no money and no girlfriend  
And I'm thinking too much  
And I'm making pretend  
Inventing problems and despair to wallow in  
It's pretty dumb

Like a dull knife in my back  
I'm my own worst enemy  
This war inside of me  
Keeps on taking the same casualty  
But now I'm ready to launch a counter-attack  
Yeah!  
(Yeah, right)