

1984

Sadistik

1984

Everybody's talking in that newspeak
Hiding all my thoughts in a loose leaf
1984

You can always find me where the goons creep
Underneath the solace of the moonbeams

There's a bluebird on my shoulder, can I kill it?
Man, there's a bluebird on my shoulder, can I kill it?
Watching ceiling fans go 'round, trying to catch the feelin' of
f instrumental
Got my indo, and plus my papers for crescendos
Headphones against my temples
Pencil in my clutches, Jackson Pollack while he's stenciling a
subject (BANG)
And now I'm splattering the pain and such
Apple on your head and my aim is Naked Lunch
Stain-faded Chucks from the roads that I cross
Roads not taken, but no Robert Frost
So pale flames when I go Nabokov
With the inner-thought dialogue
I keep the steps quiet, inside my head's riot
My heart beats (BANG), I leave the rest silent
Test driving pilot Kamikaze tired
On the Rockies watch me die in slow-motion like it's 1984

I sit inside my prison like I'm Winston with the gin
To scribble my addictions, or I'll kill 'em with the pen
Figurative or literal, I'll stick it in the femoral
This devil won't ever fall the victim to a trend
A penny for your thoughts at the bottom of a wishing well
Hit 'em with the uppercut, they're falling on a pit of nails
Fighting off the reptiles, Thompson on a Psilocybin
Binge been buzzed, molotovs are lit as well, their (eyes)
Are like a hawk when they writer's block
Big brother's always there, creeping in the shadows with their
(eyes)
That like to watch when I try draw a
Piece like Frida Kahlo while I'm sleepless in Seattle
The skies here cry 365
Black clouds above me sing, "Eat shit and die!"
I'll acquiesce, but I won't give 'em what they want
Or dignify their shit with a response, 'cause it's