

# Micheal

Sadistik

(Verse 1)

Teeth marks on the skin  
The greatest trick the devil ever played was to take away my friend  
I got your face engraved into my flesh  
So I can try to make amends with that day I won't forget  
In Minnesota I flew in so that we could both record  
Me and Kristoff Krane were supposed to go on tour  
Nobody answered, we were knocking on your door  
And when they carried out your body, I was staring at your shoes on the floor  
Still the answers never come  
Your funeral was beautiful, it captured what you loved  
I sat there in a stupor, fractured by the hugs  
That I gave your family members, growing sadder by the months  
But I won't dwell inside the ends  
And that's not what you would want, you would tell me find connections  
To the world and to tell it my confessions  
The hell that I invest in is a part of something bigger  
Words that you would write, they would carve into the center  
Right on target 'til they start to fill my heart up with the letters  
Shadows have shadows and it's darker than remembered  
When this story has an ending to the part I had together with my friend

(Verse 2)

Absence makes the heart grow fonder of the time before the absence  
And the nights spent trying to imagine  
When you played I was blinded by the magic you displayed  
I tried to reenact it in a way  
I need the dark today to see the stars decay  
Cause if I can fall asleep, then I can dream we are awake  
Another shot of Jameson and PBR to chase  
Another conversation in a seedy bar to play, right?  
Man, this side of me's the worst  
When I'm terrified that all I'll leave's a dynasty of dirt  
But you believed in me and I believed your words  
So in turn, I believed in things when I would need the courage  
To move on, on and on and on and on it goes  
When I'm nodding off an awful lot to songs that you had wrote  
I want to honor all the art and progress that you showed  
I miss my confidant and honest talks allotted on the phone  
With you Mike - I wish that I could hug you again  
It's getting harder to pretend and I can't undo what's been  
Thanks for being someone I could come to, a friend  
I hope I make you proud - I love you, the end

(Snippet of Micheal "Eyedea" Larsen, spoken)

Isn't a person just a collection of their mistakes, and also their, kind of, undoing of their mistakes?  
I mean, what else are you? You know, you're always...you're always just the reaction to the bad parts of yourself, I think.  
And I think that's what is kind of like, a driving motivation behind any human being that's...who wants to continue to grow and live life.  
'Cause they're looking at their flaws and trying to, go beyond it.  
And I think that a person, you know, essentially dies when they think that they found themselves, ya know?  
Unless you want to admit that you, yourself, are not an individual, and are just part of a whole...movement of ideas, and thought, and culture, and humani

ty and,

Furthermore, the universe, and everything – unless you really feel like that  
, and you're walking through walls,

You know, you are always trying to find yourself. And it's usually a person  
who believes that they've found "the answer" – found "the end" –

That there actually is a psychological end. And then what's the point of, yo  
u know, doing anything after that?