

I might be dying sooner when I fight these nightly tumors/
I assume it's likely to in times in spite my dicey psyche/
You know the drill, bite me. Screwdrivers to get me railed/
Until I'm hammered enough to fall asleep on beds of nails/
So take that hacksaw and saw this hack into a thousand pieces/
Put it in your mouth and teeth it, chew it 'til it's ground between 'em/
Drain my blood and use it when you write a page/
Describe the taste and tell me if I'm truly worth the ground I sleep in/
It's the semi-psychotic Henny and vodka mix/
With some Remy Martin and a medley of monster flicks/
I'm on a mission for the ending of all of this/
I'm contradictory, full of empty intoxicants/
I'm a desperate, desolate mess of skeletons/
Who second guesses questions, intentions when all the messages/
Mix and sections of skin are left dissecting your ribs, infected/
With pestilent hexes that exorcists fix, so check it/
I got two bad hands and still built this house of cards/
Just an average Jack up in the Club who thinks he found a Heart/
But I don't go to clubs and don't believe in love/
Or holding hearts in grips unless this fist is into which it's bleeding from
/
It's bleeding from, it's bleeding from, it's bleeding from/
I look into the bleeding sun and whisper with my bleeding tongue/
All my poems are telling that the bleeding's fun/
Until this carcass reaches heartless, telling me the bleeding's done/

After birth, there's just afterbirth/
And after that's the aftermath and consequences/
'Cause after life there's nothing that's after death/
And after death there's no afterlife/
And you'll agree that eulogies and afterwords/
Are words, after birth from aftershocks/
And afternoons of afterthoughts/
So after you, I'll follow you to Acheron/
And after all, while you can't just save yourself/

From this place in Hell I'll say farewell until the sun decays/
With eyes open hoping nowhere nosy poachers dug our graves/
The silence is talking, walk-in, we've all been in coffins/
Hostage to cautious responses, solemn and lost in the nonsense/
Often I follow my conscience, bottle and swallow my problems/
Wallow in hollow with processes, toxic hostile menages/
It's just another itchy finger that I know expects to pull it/
And I'm in the line of fire every time you're sweating bullets/
Because (these nights) it's getting harder now to go to (sleep tight)/
When everything is haunting me
Until I take my heart and squeeze it 'til the bleeding stops/
(Speak to God), but I'd rather go and (reach the stars)/
So I could pluck one out the sky to navigate inside this shallow grave/

If I can't find my way back home/
Know that I'm safe in these catacombs/
I stand alone in the window with the casket closed/
And latch to hold the stack of bones/
Yeah this ship is on the path I roam, but that's just home/