

# Videodrome

Sadistik

Nights are longer, days are shorter  
Time gets longer, patience shorter  
I just wander pacing forward  
Like a monster, stay De Goya  
Dead from the start, mark of the beast  
Heart that I eat, armed to the teeth  
An intellect, sharp, bleak  
Indifferent, war, peace  
Food for thought they force-feed  
That bla bla bla of a blasé god  
I got a suicide that's forming  
A warning for a deadly price  
I know I'm not the steady type, I'm lost in heady highs  
I'm an artist, man, I'm drawn to sketchy types  
Crabs in a bucket that I'll probably kick if I don't watch 'em  
Hashtag my blood but there's no audience for psychodrama  
Look what the tiger brought in, death, death by dishonor  
Ultraviolet on it, show me where they hide the bodies  
Inside the audio I probably own a few examples  
Tooth enamel planted in the hand that fed a losing battle  
Soon Seattle's gloomy atmosphere  
Can steer me to the shadows  
Booze tobacco, moody adults  
All the blessings they throw at you

Long live the new flesh  
Molly hits, group-sex  
Long live the new flesh  
Klonopin, booze, X  
Long live the new flesh  
Audience-approved death  
Long live the new flesh

A blind stupor prying at the sutures  
I set fire to their dry sense of humor  
They're alive but they'll die in the future  
People I remove from my side like a tumor  
They didn't notice me when I acted balanced  
They didn't notice when my dying was an art  
They didn't notice me when I planted flowers  
But I bet they'd notice with a knife inside their hearts  
If I stab deep, add 'em to the tally  
Toe-tag 'em, bag 'em & can 'em up for the trash-heap  
And that's some fitting title usage if you ask me  
I hope they get diseases from the music that's so catchy  
There must be something in the water, right?  
Root of all evil, power of the dollar, right?  
Two can keep a secret if one of 'em is slaughtered, right?  
f\*ck, marry, kill & they still don't get the order right  
Right? You see I write with my right hand  
Right now, write down, rights of a righthand man  
Who was left on a left-hand path  
So I'm Plath with the deadpan that  
Means I'm Colossus in my head  
Doing aerials I'm Ariel & falling to my death  
Stomping over cities that their god must have neglected  
Instead left an admonishment of long live the flesh

Death to the Videodrome & that's an order not request  
So conform or get the wreck, uh  
A Klonipin & a cardiac arrest  
Left an overworked artifact, a heart attack is next, uh  
So I don't lollygag my steps  
There's no tardy pass in hell, there's no sorry that can fix  
From over-sleeper to insomniac & stressed  
I'm a somnambulist walking right into the hands of them