

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