

The Alcoholic

Superjoint Ritual

Pick up and shake in the wind
Shed your resource and keep it down, trashed
Don't make it right, don't move it in
Put it in the mouth, and swallowed whole
Smashed
(It makes all the sense to me, and could it make all the sense
to you? Let
it ride)

Because there ain't no winning in this one right
I try to facilitate, whine in restoration
Blewn

Blow through the prime of life
Numb all the senses down
Project your fear of heights
Onto untravelled ground

Fry and hallucinate, pry and investigate

Blow through the prime of life
Numb all the senses down
Project your fear of heights
Onto untravelled ground

Pitfalls of grief, on all that displayed for the groundout
Prophetically speaking the wilted unformulated