

The Introvert

Superjoint Ritual

Leave well enough alone, annihilate the telephone
Be what only you can see, a curious and odd belief
Meant to walk the crooked mile
Never blink, never smile
Sees itself in nothing much
A skeletal emotion push

Unrising, slumped over
The dank seasons are controlling

[repeat 1st verse]

Unrising, slumped over
The dank seasons are controlling

The dropping ladder of crucifixion
Of crooked eyes, one green, one blue
A Mongoloid gaze

Unrising, slumped over
The dank seasons, are controlling

A "never had", a "never will"
In the syringe being pushed through
The leverage that pulls it over
Is dropping into the moot, drowning on a sinking boat
The pressure brings it up, then down