X-ray Mind

Mad Season

Do the laughs die when
One such as I run
And allow myself
Time for own true needsWhen convincing me
That you're on my team
May not lie to me
But not mentioningSo sit back and have
An hysterical
Laugh at tiny holes
Buy and trade men's soulsX-ray mind reads plenty
Worth no more than penniesYou, they, it or what
Have been fair, I thought
May you never free
You from you or meSee the more I think
I'm afraid to blink
I don't move an inch
Slowly draining meHire a spy and bug me
Pimp your friends for money
Rich and growing sicker
Sell the dead ones quicker

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