Another Fine Mess

Skyclad

In my world far removed from the actual
Safe in my small amorality capsule
I cruise far aloof from the other world's laws
Hiding behind tinted windows and doorsI'm so tired of living, too weary to cry
Too stubborn to give in, curl up and die
This whole situation has I must confess
All the tell tale signs of another fine messI've been run aground, a ship in a bottle
Caught in the eye of the storm
Deep in my strife found the meaning of life
You're dying the moment you're bornMy heart bears the scars even time can't disguise
If you only knew what I've seen through these eyes
Of times overwhelmed by the feelings of doubt
I have crawled in a bottle to shut them all outWill I drown in the sweat of this chemical dream
With far too much blood in my alcohol stream?
When Mr. Jack Daniels has read my last rights
His friend, Billy Whizz comes to turn on the lightsFirst we were plastered in Paris
Then we were frying in Greece
Caught between heaven and hellfire
Send for an ambulance, fetch me a priest'Cuz I've been run aground, a ship in a bottle
Caught in the eye of a storm
Deep in my strife found the meaning of life
You're dying the moment you're born"Abandon ship", the captain cried
We bought damnation duty free
Now we're floating with the tide
The silent whales of lunar seaWell, I've been run aground, a ship in a bottle
Caught in the eye of the storm
Deep in my strife found the meaning of life
You're dying the moment you're bornI've been run aground, a ship in a bottle
I'm caught in the eye of the storm
Deep in my strife found the meaning of life
You're dying the moment you're born

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