

# Dark Arts

## Man Man

Bored to life you shower with a knife  
You mix Ambien and motorbikes  
She heaves a sigh in the middle of the night  
That says come inside her and it kills the vibe  
Bored to life you huff glue and wine  
You paint portraits of pretty babies  
Crying out a short bus eyes for you  
(wa wa wa wa) You gravitate towards lovers named  
After days you were weak and hurricanes  
And hope that they hold you like an avalanche  
And I hit my head and I had a vision quest  
I rode on the wings of a giant talking bat  
Said to trust my sonar  
'cause happiness don't ever last  
And I can feel it  
Can you feel it?  
It's like a warm  
It's like a swarm  
Atomic cloud that's raining down, washing over us  
I can feel it, can you feel it?  
It's like a warm  
It's like a swarm  
Atomic cloud that's raining down, washing over us  
There must be something in the air  
That's making us all go crazy here  
Our friends are either breeding, dying,  
Or losing all their marbles trying  
Told me that you turn to pygmies  
And the dark arts to ease your suffering  
It's why your running through the bush with a tazer and a tan  
Blame me for your bouts of sadness,  
Blame the magic that makes the mattress  
Melt so wonderfully with another's body in the dark  
And I hate my head  
So I bury it in the sand  
If I razor cut some bangs  
Will I forget who I am?  
Staring at the man who's in the mirror  
And how the fuck did I live this long this way?  
(Hello  
Nice to meet you  
Certainly  
Charmed  
Thank you)  
Mister dagger, meet mister back, inseparable, together at last.  
These days I feel like a pariah,  
An albatross with my feathers on fire  
Stop and drop and roll the flames  
But they don't slow, they just grow brighter

And will you help me search party for my hidden Indians?  
The parts of me that I scalped to be  
A well-adjusted manAn old surgery on the fondest memories  
That keep me bound like blackened ice  
To motorcycle crashAnd I pour myself a cup of mummy brown  
And I'll carve a coffin out of tramp art that I've found  
Cut me down if you love me and let me sway if you don't  
Stare at the man who's in the mirror  
And how the fuck did I live this long?  
And I can feel it!  
Can you feel it?  
I can feel it!  
Can you feel it?  
I can feel it!  
Can you feel it?  
I can feel it!  
Can you feel it?  
I can feel it!  
Can you feel it?  
I can feel it!  
Ahhh!

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