

Ground Control

ProSpeR

Sad Sad Monster. Turn those horns up.
Burn the back roads. Find your way out.
Troubled love life... give the gift of yourself...
to the dark"Ground control to lost soul,
Ground control to lost soul.
If you copy... come in lost soul.
Come in lost soul.
We lost contact."(- Josh Brown)
Abort Mission. We lost contact.Don't these dead streets back you into bad corners?
Curbs crumble once you sit your ass on em.
Parking meters overdue. Violation goes unnoticed.
Out of all of those who tried to travel off road... you've come the closest.
So I grant you this toast:
To all of those who showed promise and never made one that broke.
I salute you. I never meant to lose you,
But I know this road don't go where it used to.
I've got a map that looks a lot like your veiny arms.
It aint to scale, but it details the name of this song.And this one is called "Cancelled Flight Blues"
A Manipulative twist I think that Manson might've used.
But poor musicians come a dime a dozen.
And you're the egg man, a flash in the pan, and your yolk is running.
Who broke that hard outer covering?
Some chick in your mix you couldn't level with, headless horsemen?
Come the suffering... go the direction...
following air currents, but it was my drift you were supposed to be catching.
Fish nets collect dust in stagnant water.
I haven't heard back from you since the gag order.
Pussycat got your tongue?
Pick it up up up up up up up (end communication)Bad, bad actor. Flip that script now.
Read these cue cards. Find your way out.
Casting call girl...give the gift of yourself...
to the dark.You're a lint ball who moves on the whim of the wind.
Confused flexible movement for freedom.
If the walls you keep bouncing off of are closing in,
theres only so much time before your rhythm gets broken
I could hear it speeding up before we lost signal.
It caused a ripple effect. Rings on the radar would intersect.
Now your fingers are off limits;
I can't hold your hand longer than your attention span.

The two way street we are supposed to meet on is just
a one-way dead end. You're some of my best friends
Press send. Where are the donuts you've been lost inside?
Tow trucks you've been forced to ride? Hold ups at the border line?
Customs will confiscate costumes.
Eat my dust and get exhausted, force fed by car fumes.
I can't afford a duty tax so expensive.
Come off your head trip and visit where your old friends live.
Your sensitive...like the time...critical.
You swore to God on a lie and didn't die...you're invincible.
Kiss the pavement...make love while cars spin.
Be careful when the unsafe sex parade comes a marchin'.
They've got full body condoms to carry you off in.
I wish I told you that while we were still talking.

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