

# 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 doors I'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 mess 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 born My 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 out Will 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 lights First 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 sea Well, 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 born I'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

Songwriters

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