

La Stanza Bianca

These Arms Are Snakes

Rabid mouths, prone suicidals
Morphine injections for crazed homicidals
A man's work is never done
In this the white room
Nineteen hour shifts
What kind of job is this This is madness
Someone had got to be here, but Jesus
This is madness Some that won't grow up
Some that won't shut up Anorexics
Agoraphobics
Schizophrenics
Grown adolescents
Past traumatics Loss and abandonment
The usual in this white room Rabid mouths, prone suicidals
Morphine injections for crazed homicidals
A man's work is never done
In this the white room Some that won't eat up
Some that can't get up Delusional, compulsive and bulimic
White floors, some with black tile
A possible vacation, but possibly not Don't talk to me about a honorable mention
Please don't talk of pensions and such
The things these eyes of seen
Money doesn't really seem to be all that much Where are my supplements
I need my supplements
Where are my supplements
I need my supplements My eyes are dry and my mind has had enough Where are my supplements
I need my supplements
Where are my supplements
I need my supplements My eyes are dry and my mind has had enough I need my home and I need some sleep
I need my home and I need some sleep
I need a minute so I can rethink What is this
This is madness
This is madness

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