Showbread Is Showdead

Showbread

On my first day without the drug
i tell myselfthat i don't need it
just because i say and sing it
doesn't mean that i believe iti need to shrink and shrink
until i disappearwhen i go looking after me
i find that nothings hereon my first day as the new me
i tell myselfthat i can be it
just because i say and sing it
doesn't mean that i believe it
for every friend i've madefor all the blood i gavefor every one that stayed the course
there's two that turned awayand all the bitter diatribesof the youthfully enlightenedmillennial excrement ofthe
the wounded and the frightened
they rise like stinking totems in the swamp of the estranged
and they find themselves all alonebored and married to their paini know it hurts to walk the roadi know you've
eaten dirti know that things aren't lining up
i know it always hurts
remember your first love tonight
and listen to him callthere's no more songs, so this is it
there's no more songs at all
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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