

Bitter Truth

Saint Vitus

I knew a man, I 'm proud to say

But he couldn't live in a world he couldn't see
Hidden patterns genetic mold
The laws of life, it 's ways are cold
No one seemed to know for sure
A knowing look of falling to death 's door
Living unreal, time is to steal
Booking passage on a journey unknown
Blackened veins of nihilistic sadness
A painted mask substance induced gladness

With a spike or from a bottle
Tiny cartoon pictures on a square of paper blotter
He was a man, was fear's machine
Sickness don't fail, don't succumb to self-esteem
Unseen vessel, undreamed flight
No one knows if you were wrong or if you were right
R.I.P. H.B.[Dedicated to Dough (H.B.) Caldwell - R.I.P.]

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