Upon Viewing Brueghel's "Landscape With The Fall o

Titus Andronicus

I was born into self-actualization
I knew exactly who I was
But I never got my chance to be young
So when you lay me inside of a coffin
Bury me on the side of the hill
That's a good place to get some thinking done
It didn't work out the way that I planned it
They all seem to want to take it away
Everything that I thought to be true
So it's obvious to me somebody
Somewhere must have really done a number on you
And I know because the fuckers got me too
All the pretty horseS
All flowers and trees
They will all mean less than nothing
When it all has come to beGod sent me a vision of the future
In a dream on a Saturday night
And I see no reason to celebrate
For when I saw it I wept like a child
It came to me like a knife in the chest
You and me and everyone, forever, to ache and ache and ache
So Father, if it's possible
Let this cup pass me by
But if it can't without my drinking it
Then thy will be done

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/