Hysterical

Rakkatak

Here comes the newest apparition
To set fire to all the flowers
Now I should have known it was you who would call
When vainly I escaped into the ever-changing rapids
To your boat with a sign which read ?get in and hold on.?
Hysterical
Calls for luck
Heal the weak
We should just grow up
And so I hid behind the dishes in the night

Until you woke to find me trembling like an emasculated dog
There is no sense in even trying to track the weather pattern
Is it better to leave than to blindly hold on?
Hysterical . . .
Let me out
Of the rain
Let me down
I want to make my last mistake
Hysterical . . .

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