

# What's In Store

## Psychedelic Horseshit

Go away, slave for the city.  
A total waste appeared in the door.  
Bring crystal days and talk of some meaning.  
Repaid past lives in winters of silence,  
(A cold escape, the empty bad weather,)  
A page torn away, but rescued from science and  
Laser rays, unheard but still firing

My leaving brings some comfort with dying,  
And being things that we can't add up to  
It's just a phase, nobody has a clue  
We're learning things; experiences are crude,  
Let's turn the page and find out what's in store.

Lyrics Submitted by Nathan

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