Cubically Contained

Headstones

Good for me for a time
All hell's cubically contained
Staunched and bottled
Pressed and altered
And at the ready for the reigns
The first tiny little shadows
Of my creepy little thoughts
Inhabit all that matters
And I lose by defaultAnd I'll never promise anything again
And I'll never promise anything again
And I'll never promise anything againI've set a dozen 12 step traps
But they've slid by everyone
I never catch the little bastards
I really do with that they'd own up
Those paranoid little fuckers
Take their paranoid little time
And when the mood rolls in
They're bank robbin'
And I'm a hostage who will driveAnd I'll never promise anything againNow I can only do so much
And I will never deviate
I hear myself take a deep breath
And think I must have wanted it this way
I remember all those little traps
I could not keep them in place
They were never stationed anywhere
They were terrorized and maimedSo tonight I've set a vigil
And my shadows all that's cast
And the iron that's encased it
Is doing all that one could askAnd I'll never promise anything again
And I'll never promise anything again
And I'll never promise anything again

Songwriters
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