A Clean Head And A Clear Conscience

Nodes of Ranvier

Pull the syringe away from my arm and watch it fall to the floor
(I have decided) My tomorrow does not need you
All your talk and all your ideals run from your mouth, rapid and dirty.
So all you scene kids,
Bow your heads to the "kings of your scene"
And abide by their punk rock laws and man made ideals.
As for me, Ill stay sober.

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