

Pre-Medicated Murder

No Use For A Name

More times than five I've been right here by your side Still Wondering....Where did you go? Walk down the hall in a mental menacle Don't want to be 'round When you take yourself out And it's a complicated life Step to the plate to swing and miss But I have more vigor than this When "how you live, is how you die" Looks like your soul is connected to the wall A photograph stands by the bed Of better times, when we crubled with our spine But lived the next day...and put the Malice away That's when I noticed the drip Ignored the line that didn't skip No more sleepless nights just for me It seemed the blue suburban sky turned to gray, polluted night But as for you, a memory.

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