

17 Coked Up Speeding

Say Anything

I'm 17 coked up and speeding and I cannot swear that this is actually happening.
Collecting names scrawled out on paper napkins and confusing love with squalid, base attraction.
I'm 21 and she's called the cops to take me as I weep my eyes bone dry in the back of a taxi.
I'm so convinced that now it's finally too late.
Disembodied, friction based, toothless in an empty face.
I don't mind if I spend my time humping a fault line. "
Hey kid!
You're not a kid anymore!" said the fool to the mystic. "
Be realistic!" He replied with a lipstick sigil: "
You always think too much and feel too little." I'm 23 locked up in the asylum.
Listening too much to my own album sent me spinning out death-wish-bound to forge a callous, stomping on
the seesaw where I balance.
I'm at that age where I actually go to parties and I sit in the back with a drink and let them judge me while I
pray to the devil that a hurricane comes to take us.
We'll be torn away from all the ways we fake trust.
Physic Nazism.
Throbbing viral meme fissures eating my insides.
Cut, maim, and drink beneath an obese sweltering sun.
I am a vain little white boy with nothing to offer except the admission that we have become a disease.
So if this is what your god has to offer I spit in his face.

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