

Blacksox

The Game

I'm afraid of a sure thing of a change in the here The fucking air in the city when the phase-shifting sign is off if this ship is unsteady, how will that lifeboat hold us all I ain't gonna crawl->tell them all to forget it tell them that's and now and the force when it hits me the full weight of it when I'm down it then call it off cause I'm worried about money and paradigm stores running low I ain't gonna crawl but I'll lie on the road how can I laugh how can I face it right away with everything gone wrong with everything all over anyway I need some grace better taste and essential self 'cause I'm just tired of running so how can I laugh how can I take it without some doubt Say goodbye to aesthetic, and there's a time bomb in this head A slap in the faith, hard, opened hand is the one reality So just who's the real killer and what made his paint dry? It's kind of hard to imagine Holidays in Neurotica astral projecting, failing to right wrongs when the whole thing starts to open up I can never protect myself from, even in the sparkle yard at end of day warm summer madness in the bouquet of a dream son, I just can't think straight right away maybe I'll come around... I ain't gonna crawl without falling hard, without some pain whenever the fog breaks and a day takes hold or not I'm swinging again and all my ex-friends say its psycho-pathetic and way too gone, almost painless even though I wondered if something was wrong all along.

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