The Destruction of a Person

Superjoint Ritual

You see I had some friends once before
Who's not much my friends anymore
I was very influential in their lives and when I lost my
(So they say)
Mind, they followed me though multiple deathsBecause there we were on the floor slumped over and
Sliding downward with syringes hanging out of our arms
Another night, anyway we could, I said, "Trust me"
The destruction of a person builds character, invisibleAnother so called group of friends
Can't seem to get off the needle now again
Should I blame myself? 'Cause I introduced some of them to the Devil
Or just realize the Lord of light
Fallen from heaven works also in mysterious ways

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