

Flagpole Sitta

Venice Sunlight

I had visions, I was in them;
I was looking into the mirror
To see a little bit clearer
The rottenness and evil in me.

Fingertips have memories
Mine can't forget the curves of your body
And when I feel a bit naughty
I run it up the flagpole and see who salutes
(but no one ever does)

I'm not sick but I'm not well
And I'm so hot 'cause I'm in Hell.

Been around the world and found
That only stupid people are breeding
The cretins cloning and feeding
And I don't even own a TV

Put me in the hospital for nerves
And then they had to commit me
You told them all I was crazy
They cut off my legs, now I'm an amputee, God damn you

I'm not sick but I'm not well
And I'm so hot 'cause I'm in Hell
I'm not sick but I'm not well
And it's a sin to live so well

I wanna publish 'zines
And rage against machines
I wanna pierce my tongue
It doesn't hurt, it feels fine
The trivial sublime
I'd like to turn off time
And kill my mind
You kill my mind, mind

Paranoia, paranoia
Everybody's coming to get me

Just say you never met me
I'm running underground with the moles (digging holes)
Hear the voices in my head
I swear to God it sounds like they're snoring;
But if you're bored, then you're boring.
The agony and the irony: they're killing me (whoa).

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And I'm so hot 'cause I'm in Hell
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