

# Rags

## Crazyhead

Everything is rags  
And there's nobody to blame but me  
And it would be so easy  
If there was no one to hurt but me  
But now everything that I do  
Comin' out of me  
Will just tear through you  
In and out of you  
Up and down your life  
Like a curse  
Cast by the only son of rags  
Who would wrap you up  
In all the finest tatters  
But he wanted nothin' more,  
My loved one,  
Than to wrap you up in joy  
But it never be with me  
- you and I are like  
Two worlds  
Not meant to collide  
Death to each other  
In the unravelling of time  
So how do you...  
How do you like it?  
What kind of dream  
Would you call it -  
To have one foot in Eden  
One foot in Hell  
To be always numb  
Plagued by demons  
Summoned by Angels  
At the same time,  
Endlessly  
But I will burn me  
Right out of this place  
I will lay you down to sleep  
So when you wake  
I'll be gone  
And You

Will remember

Nothing

You

Will remember

Nothing

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