Telekinesis

Lemon Demon

Nobody knows my true indentity.
For all we know I'm John F. Kennedy's
love child with Nosferatu.
We can't know, but still we got to.
Nobody knows how deep this mystery goes,
but ancient caveman history shows:
We're all descended from the same evil alien slime.
And it's a pretty shade of gray.
It makes the woodwork eat away.
Glass breaks and cow's milk curdles.
It glows in the dark and it mutates turtles.
Somebody told me something interesting.
They told me the world is always tempesting
round and around again.
I've had enough of that pseudo-Zen.
Somebody else was watching from afar,
screwing it up like a broken VCR.
She thought that I was very insincere, because
I rolled my eyes a bit too much.
Am I really that out of touch?
Why should I care about this?
I'm not concerned with the things I miss.
I don't see the point in not believing in
things you can taste like fear and cinnamon.
Sadly this hasn't gotten me anything but dread and gluttony.
Under the ground is where I wanna go.
Surely there is a way, but I dunno
how to get there. No one seems to know, actually, so
I tried to use a garden spade,
but it was very poorly made.
It broke into so many pieces.
It's times like these that I wish had
Telekinesis...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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