

# The Explorer

## Essential Elements

Day after day I comb my brain  
Searching for words which sound the same  
Choosing these words and making them fit  
Hoping, somehow, they'll all make sense  
If they don't, don't blame me  
I'm exploring my identity  
I set the stage for the anonymous play  
Composing good and evil in an offhand sort of way  
So, if you should turn on me  
It's because you don't understand  
And won't until you assemble the fragmented picture  
Of a shattered man  
I'm searching  
And my own mind  
Is my latest, greatest  
Most fabulous find  
I had to explore everything  
All the drugs and drink  
Cut my dick off with a butterknife in the sink  
Lived in jail for a thousand or more years  
Got lost for fifteen million more at seas  
Never know what I might do next  
Destroy myself  
Discover death

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