

The Introvert

Superjoint Ritual

Leave well enough alone, annihilate the telephone
Be what only you can see, a curious and odd belief
Meant to walk the crooked mile, never blink, you never smile
Sees itself in nothing much, a skeletal emotion push, noUnrising, slumped over
The dank seasons are controllingLeave well enough alone, annihilate the telephone
Sees itself in nothing much, a skeletal emotion push, noUnrising, slumped over
The dank seasons are controllingThe dropping ladder of crucifixion
Of crooked eyes, one green, one blue
A mongoloid gazeUnrising, slumped over
The dank seasons are controllingA 'Never had', a 'Never will'
In the syringe being pushed through
The leverage that pulls it over
Is dropping into the moot, drowning on a sinking boat
The pressure brings it up, then downLike, like
Unrising
[incomprehensible] it slicks, it slicks away
Now it's over [incomprehensible]
It's got a gift
Reality
It's got a gift
Reality
It wasn't real
Now it's over [incomprehensible]

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