

The Alcoholik

Superjoint Ritual

Pick up and shake in the wind
Shed your resource and keep it down, trashed
Trashed, trashed, trashed
Don't make it right, don't move it in
Put it in the mouth, and swallowed the whole
Smashed, smashed, smashed, smashedIt makes all the fucking sense to me
And could it make all the sense to you?
Let it ride
Because there ain't no winning in this one, right
I try to facilitate, whine in restoration
BlownBlow through the prime of life
Numb all the senses down
Project your fear of heights
Onto untravelled groundFry hallucinate, pry investigateBlow through the prime of life
Numb all the senses down
Project your fear of heights
Onto untravelled groundPitfalls of grief, on all that displayed on the ground out
Prophetically speaking the wilted unformulated

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