

# Omega

## Psicosuono

What a skeletal wreck of man this is  
Translucent flesh and feeble bones  
The kind of temple where the whores and villains  
Try to tempt the holistic tomes  
Running rampant with free thought to free form in the free and clear  
And the matters at hand are shelled out like lint at a laundromat  
To sift and focus on the bigger, better now  
We all have a little sin than needs venting, virtues for the rending  
And laws and systems and stems a rift from branches of office  
Do you know what your post entails?  
Do you serve a purpose or purposely serve?  
Wind down inside of your atavistic allure  
The value of a summer spent  
And a winter earned  
For the rest of us there is always Sunday  
The day of the week that reeks of rest  
But all we do is catch our breath  
So we can wade naked into the bloody pool  
And place our hand on the big black book  
To watch the knives zig-zag between our aching fingers  
A vacation is a countdown  
T minus your life and counting  
Time to drag your tongue across the sugar cube and hope you get a taste  
What the fuck is all this for?  
(What the hell's goin' on?)  
Shut up!  
I could go on and on, but, lets move on shall we?  
Say, you're me and I'm you and they all watch the things we do  
And like a smack of spite they threw me down the stairs  
Haven't felt like this in years  
The great magnet of malicious magnanimous refuse  
Let me go and plunge me into the dead spot again  
That's where you go when there's no one else around  
Its just you and there was never anyone to begin with now was there?  
Sanctimonious pretentious dastardly bastards  
With their thumb on the pulse and a finger on the trigger  
'Classified' my ass! Thats a fucking secret and you know it  
Government is another way to say, 'Better Than You'  
Its like ice but no pick, a murder charge that won't stick

It's like a whole other world where you can smell the food  
But you can't touch the silverware  
Hah, what luck  
Fascism you can vote for  
Isn't that sweet?  
And we're all gonna die some day 'cuz that's the American way  
And I've drunk too much and said too little  
When you're gaffer taped in the middle say a prayer, save face  
Get yourself together and  
(See what's happening)  
Shut up!  
(Fuck you!)  
Fuck you  
I'm sorry I could go on and on but it's time to move on so  
Remember you're a wreck, an accident  
Forget the freak, you're just nature  
Keep the gun oiled and the temple clean  
Shit, snort and blaspheme  
Let the heads cool and the engine run  
Because in the end everything we do is just everything we've done

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