

## Small Victory, A "Hell-Bent On Heaven's Smile"

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Valium blue lights flash and flicker to the beat.  
Callow hearts spark in his burning blood shot eyes.  
Consequence never reared its ugly head quite like this  
and he will not be missed tonight one bit.  
But too heedless to make sense of this.  
Hallucinations and this heave have got him thinking  
am I passed out on the floor?  
All I did was ask for one more  
but now I'm only praying I'll get out of this dive.  
With a sinking in his chest  
He'll only kill his conscience at best  
but now he's only praying he'll get out alive.  
The dead weight on his shoulders keeps him beat and  
bruised.  
Bar the windows before the real world crashes in.  
The sharks will know that it is feeding time.  
Send a signal before their teeth start sinking in too  
deep and too fast  
He's just too slow to escape his past.  
The dizzy spells and throwing up have got him thinking  
who are you running from  
and what are you running for.  
Don't forget to tip your bartender  
and we'll hit the dancefloor.  
Now he's thinking.

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