

Atrophy

"The Bedlam Of The Bedlam"

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A young man astride a rocking horse. His petticoats
bristling. His eyes closed with pleasure enjoying the
euphony of his fork scraping his plate.
Facing him sits a filthy oldie shaking his dentures like
castanets. Whistling through his nostrils, giggling with
tears in his eyes.
The clattering of my teeth. Sometimes a coff,
sometimes an achoo.
Heard a cry for help, but didn't pay attention. Thought
it was only myself as usual - the beldam of the bedlam.
A toothless hag moving eyeball-beads in an abacus.
They stare so, they stare so on her rope of pearls: A
row of Lilliputian skulls on a string.
The oldie chants the alphabet in an order he has fixed
himself. Once he strode down the aisle with a wedding
gown on an arm's length.
His bride-not-to-be (anymore) in the soil right outside.
The youngster tells about how he once lay in a bathtub
barely conscious in rusty-bloody-red water.
The bathtub tiptoed on lionpaws to the landing, tipped
over and flung him down the stairs on a rusty-bloody-
red runner.
I'd like to tell them about a dragon with hiccups.
Hiccuping fire in headwind, burning itself. But I'd better
not...

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