

## Allflaws "Acid Face"

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Smoke filled consciousness, dust filled lungs,  
Smouldering fibres laced in thick black tar,  
Gaunt and emaciated with a feted smile,  
Glistening eyes traveling for miles and miles,  
Self aware, detailed stare, look around paranoid glare,  
Etchings in the skin of places we've all been,  
Deep and layered, textured flesh,  
Every face has a trace, a twisted map to a hidden  
place,  
It's so easy to feel uneasy, the unfamiliar making  
nerves quiver,  
Accentuated features, cartoon creatures,  
So heavily distorted don't know what the truth is,  
Need to stay on the level,  
Don't wan to be taken by the demon mind, the demon  
side,  
Don't go there, don't go there, ringing out, the chorus  
of doubt,  
Shaking the walls of the cerebellum as tinnitus plays  
his organ,  
It's the divided spirit the fractured self,  
Broken up and scattered into the realms of ambiguity,  
You're high but twisted not high as in lifted,  
How can you rest with a head full of flees,  
Scratching your thoughts until they bleed,  
Moving from the boroughs of sanity into the center of  
psychosis,  
This is the city of paranoid neurosis,  
Sirens, danger, hostile strangers, roaming the streets  
of your psyche,  
The ones who normally feel close are now wearing  
black satanic clothes,  
So sinister in their pose and striking in their fear,  
They look strangely unfamiliar and austere,  
As you sit there with a feted mouth full of witches hair,  
So rigid in the numbness as the roaches crawl between  
the cracks of your consciousness,  
Nestling, multiplying, feeding off your weakness,  
breeding from your neurosis,  
Aaaaaargh, what am I saying, what am I feeling,  
I can feel my reasoning, weakening and withering in  
the dusty haze of obscurity,

Feeling aloof in a land of giants, feeling so small I can  
only be quite,  
I'm one in a million, billion, zillion lost souls all falling  
into the same cryptic hole,  
Drowning in the potion, saturated in the chemical  
confusion,  
Sinking into the toxic gravy, full of rotten bones,  
perished souls and lost minds,  
Remove me from this but I know it's too late, it's too  
late,  
Coz none of the voices in my head wanna relate,  
Clarity is swamped in a head full of puss,  
Meaning is lost in the septic slush,  
One conversation with a multiple of understandings,  
One ambiguous speech gets twisted by each and every  
one,  
It's the schizophrenic rap song as the babbling maniac  
talks on and on,  
A niggly twitch, mental itch, scratch it away, scratch it  
away,  
It's the schizophrenic rap song as the babbling maniac  
talks on and on.

Gotta grin and bare it coz now I wear my acid face.

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