

## Antimc "The Nogooodnick"

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The nomadic addict bites down on his wallet  
He buries his fingernails in the floor where he's fallen  
His blood is freezing and his skin is on fire  
He's twitching and wheezing and about to expire

Yes this nocturnal colonel opens and closes his eyes  
It was bound to end up this way  
It comes as little surprise  
He's covered in perspiration it soaks his sear sucker  
suit  
He wonders who in tarnation  
Put a scorpion in his boot  
Which one'a the sons of bitches  
Did this dastardly deed?  
He knew that some had it in for him  
But he never took heed.

He never listened to anybody  
Never took a word of advice  
He disowned his whole family and didn't think twice  
His poor old mother  
Who failed to keep him from trouble  
Who knew just enough about Shakespeare to fill in a  
crossword puzzle  
He got tangled with Satanic actors at an  
impressionable age  
Who in his heart he knew were bastards  
But were flawless on stage  
They traveled all over the countryside  
Playing to sold out crowds  
Late at night he heard them making awful guttural  
sounds  
And he was making the same ones now  
Writhing in a pitiful heap  
He has no hope of surviving  
The scorpion got into him deep  
His mind is reeling  
His reality has collapsed  
Everything that has ever happened has been part of  
some elaborate trap

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