

December Wolves "Sharing Needles"

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Induced psychosis lies dormant for today, but you
know you'll
get sick again.
So what's wrong with this picture but bones in the beak
of the
Erudite who talks to himself.
Cut yourself, hang yourself...The human instinct
presides when
mind and body consequentially divide. Emerge from
cold tile.
Not to be reborn...Rather, to suck the breast of scorn.
Breathe in...Breathe out. The drugs begin to take and
what
used to be a deadly secret, now is the utmost rapport.
As far as I can tell, I am more addicted to a wealth of
being

possessed. Make room, deep inside, for malevolent
thoughts in
your mind. It's a conflict of interest, but it makes the
truth
easy to find. When the walls are hammering down your
curse and
the prophecies stand aside...Time flying by like you
wish you
were dead...So hide as well as you can. You'll never be
free.
How does it feel? You've got no fuckin' chance.
All done...This is it...You're gonna burn in fuckin' Hell
until you die. Sickened by relation...You're diseased.
Sharing needles!

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