

Depression

"Ghosts In Cabbagetown"

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Last chance for the undecided, another cut from the
depression in my heart. I don't care what the fraction
says my friend, it don't matter much anyway. God
bless, god left, chain smoking in a thinking moment.
Keep my hood up on the corner of every fucking street.
And we see when all cobwebs expire, we take with
passion and desire. Forget the waking hour, the night
is ours. When all we see are blacks and grays... To write
again another day... Haunting every breath you take.
Last chance for the undecided, another laugh from the
undivided. I don't care what the fraction says my
friend, it don't matter much anyway. I'll laugh with you,
taking the backs of the strong, the last of the few. It's
time to decide, you've got one last chance, you cannot
think. Father, son, and the holy ghost. Mother,
daughter and the parasite host. We've been struck
down by the eyes of god. We are wolves, we are not
loved

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