

Droge Pete

"Closing Credits"

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It's been a month or two, separate ways to avoid
The other half and so we forgot how we've been
annoyed
Minor matters grew, the base got dispensable
A single pebble thrown, shattered our status quo

Breathe dust, drink mud, eat stone
Constrained, accursed and lonesome
Befogged, despaired, undone
Leaves me demented like a
Horror addict
Psychopathic

Hate replaced remaining rapture
Loss of soulfulness and common structure

You shift all blame on me
What for!
Sewage always seeks the drain
And words you say will leave a scar in me

I filled the gap you left with ego trips, booze and
whores
There's a rusty blade left to fester in your wound
I gave a shit about, too cold a shoulder to lean on
It doesn't make me proud, hate me for what I've
become

No sorry eases pain
It's too late for regrets
The first strike smashed your crown
The only victim is you
It's my fault

But words you said and things you did have left a scar
in me

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