

Galactic Cowboys "The Buzz"

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Closed society the avant guarded name the password
Tight lips
Broken spirit locked behind a painful stone cold chest
Reach into the valley of the shadow of success
Over the cold shoulder I can't breathe deep or roll away
the stone
Sweet Jesus my relief
From tongues lashing, blind eyes flashing, trash can
smiles
Limited words of infinite smallness
Peering back from the unknown
Mindless mayhem
To the victor go the spoils
As long as that can stand on dead man's bones
Screaming from the devil's pulpit

Intellectual incest, incestual intellect
Open minds, open mines
Like a lump in the throat...incomplete.

I'm coughing up my youth
I've got the buzz on you.

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