

Headstone Epitaph

"Cubically Contained"

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Good for me, for a time
All hell's cubically contained
Starched and bottled
Pressed and altered
And ready for the rings
The first tiny little shadows of my creepy little thoughts
And have it all that matters
And i lose by default
And i'll never promise anything again
I never promise anything again
I never promise anything again
I set a dozen 12-step traps
They slip by everyone
I never catch the little bastards
I really do wish that they'd own up
Those paranoid little fuckers
Take their paranoid little time
And when the moon rolls in
They're like a bank-robbin'
And i'm a hostage who will drive
And i never promise anything again
I never promise anything again
I never promise never promise never promise
Anything again anything again
Never promise never promise
Anything again anything again
Never promise anything again
Now i can only do so much
And i will never deviate
I hear myself take a deep breath
And think i musta wanted it this way
I remember all those little traps
I could not keep them in place
And whenever stationed anywhere
They were terrorized and maimed
So tonight i set a vigil and my shadow's all that's cast
And the iron that's encased it
Is doing all that one could ask
And i never promise anything again
I never promise anything again
I never promise anything again anything again

Never promise anything again
Never promise anything again anything again
Never promise anything again

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