

## **Buck 65**

# **"The Suffering Machine"**

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Black Angel  
Black Angel  
Black Angel  
Carry me down

Jackets and shoes  
Pistols and pens  
Poor boy, feels like I ain't got no friends  
I wake up nervous  
Sunday is gloomy  
Eyes on the sidewalk  
Look right through me  
I hear myself breathing  
Trying to focus  
Goodbye Babylon  
Wandering hopeless  
The drifter  
Singing the lament to the non-trier  
The isolation makes me wanna set myself on fire  
But I don't live anywhere

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I pick all the flowers  
Extinguish the flames  
The insanities, I can remember all of their names  
The bottom of the barrel  
It's no way how to be  
But the cold and the silence  
beats the shit out of me  
The windows are wooden  
And I shouldn't complain  
I'll just keep digging  
Until I'm good and insane

Cobwebs and apple corers  
Old ghosts and vestiges  
The woman at the desk says I ain't got no messages  
But I don't live anywhere

Black Angel  
Black Angel  
Black Angel  
Carry me down

Lost in a haze  
Of fantasy in folklore  
The woman I love, she don't want me no more  
Inebriated, alleviated of pain and speaking wild  
Full-grown man, reduced to a weakling child  
Hard a hearing, short-tempered, long viewing,  
completely disappeared  
and cleared of all wrong doing  
Challenging the calendars  
And tempting the clocks  
Tree knocked over  
Inside an empty box  
And I don't live anywhere

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