

King Kobra

"Ed"

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Ed was at the end of his rope, an expression he
detested. "There is no
Rope!" he would scream at the laughing walls. "There
is only the end.
No hope, no rope. Ending is better than mending.
Doors of perception,
Windows of opportunity -- these are illusions, like the
killing floor."
Ed spoke in a squeaky whiny voice with perhaps a
slight tinge of glee,
But this was only because he couldn't be bothered to
try to develop a
Manner of speaking that truly reflected his mood. "This
is a vacuum.
There is no air in this room. Despair is no fun anymore.
Nihilism
Knocked three times on the ceiling, but the rosy fingers
of dawn always
Inserted themselves in the nose of unfulfilled
promises. Angels sang
Heysanna Hosanna, paralyzed prima-donnas danced
in the streets all day,
But when darkness came, everybody went home. I was
ready - everyone
Else was asleep. And while it may have been a relief to
see that I was
Right all along, here I am still: alone and trapped,
awaiting the
Endless end. And I can turn it all around, and laugh at it
and laugh at
Myself; I can laugh louder than the walls, the halls the
waterfalls,
Louder than Charles de Gaul or Fulton Mall, but I don't
know what I'm
Laughing at, I don't know just what I think is so
goddamn funny. I
Don't know why I don't just shut up and give up and lay
down and die.
What do I have to complain about anyway," Ed asked
his Picasso, "I'm a
Millionaire!" This wasn't exactly true. Ed's Picasso was

an obvious
Forgery, his three Rothkos had just been singled out in
an article in
ARTFORUM entitled "The three most insignificant
paintings of Mark
Rothko," and his Barbara Kruegers had been
irreparably damaged by Rein
Sanction and a few other bands from Gainesville that
refused to
Acknowledge the value of art.
"Come to think of it," Ed mused to the laminated
roadkill coffee table
That he had purchased when times had seemed
slightly less bleak, "Come
To think of it, not onl does art have no intrinsic value,
but my
Collection has no extrinsic value either. I know I'm not a
millionaire,
But that's no reason to complain. There is no reason to
complain.
There is no reason to do anything. I don't believe in
reason, objective
Reality, or collective farming. I don't believe in public
speaking,
Which is another reason why I'm here alone. I don't
believe in life or
Death, I would kill myself, but I don't believe in suicide."
Ed put on
A red shirt and took a quick walk around the block while
whistling
Softly to himself. He reentered his apartment
screaming, "There is no
Life on this planet! Jehovah-One replaced all life with
machinery five
Centuries ago. the so-called industrial revolution was
just another
Hoax and we all fell for it, 'cause we were all
programmed to. Even I
Fell for it, I believe in the steam engine, even though I
don't believe
In anything. Logical inconsistency is the Mr. bubble I
bathe in each
And every evening, except for yesterday evening,
when I rollerbladed
Over to the Masonic temple to play pinochle with Pope
John Paul the
First. I really had no choice in the matter." "Ed certainly
could go
On and on, and he did, and he would, and he will, until
you or I or
Somebody does something about it." Senator Sterno of

Arkansas announced
Over closed circuit television. "And as long as he
continues to
Pontificate pointlessly, I will do nothing." Ed walked
away from the
Program feeling fortified and stapled. His brain was
buzzing, the was
It always did just after Jeopardy. He loaded up the
microbus with
Atlases and poseidons and headed for Pope county.
"I've had it." He sang, "I've had it with puns,
alliteration, russian
Literature, Italian neorealism, meaningless cross
references and laundry
Lists of nonsense. I shall dive without a license, without
clothing,
Without direction and if I make it to Louisiana, fine, and
if I'm
Running late, if I'm running a numbers game, it doesn't
matter, I shall
Keep on running. Yes, this is the answer. This is the
ending, I shall
Keep on running, because a body in motion tends to
stay emotional, and
It's better to feel. Pain is better than emptiness,
emptiness is better
Than nothing, and nothing is better than this."

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