## Superior "The Alcoholik"

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Pick up and shake in the wind
Shed your resource and keep it down, trashed
Don't make it right, don't move it in
Put it in the mouth, and swollowed whole
Smashed
(It makes all the sense to me,
And could it make all the sense to you? Let it ride)

Because there ain't no winning in this one right I try to facilitate, whine in restoration Blewn

Blow through the prime of life Numb all the senses down Project your fear of heights Onto untravelled ground

Fry and hallucinate, pry and investigate

Blow through the prime of life Numb all the senses down Project your fear of heights Onto untravelled ground

Pitfalls of grief, on all that displayed for the groundout Prophetically speaking the wilted unformulated

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