

Mechanical Poet

"Bubble Bath"

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Another day of shameful living's coming to an end
Twelve hours of jests and hurting words that mickey's
used to stand
A daily dose of cruel gibes, a sorrow's set in emerald
eyes
Who the hell needs such a being when the dying looks
so nice?

Pleasant smell of bubble bath
Slow, slow, slow, slow down your breath
Let the life flow out of veins
Do you really think it's gonna ease your pains?

A nagging hurt of dirty pranks is tearing her apart
How could they all be so unkind and stab her in the
heart?
Sweet-scented foam is getting red while scarlet drops
are dripping
A final whiff of mary jane before a long and quiet
sleeping

"How could you be so unkind? how could you be so
unkind?
How could you all be so blind and make me live that
way?!"

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