

Mindfunk

"11 Ton Butterfly"

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Butterfly die with me. Skull in silver decoration.
Leave this glass in my toe, a symbol of my depression.
And now it's pouring red from my smile, laughs from
my veins,
I've left emptied before you.
And I can't find anything to say, why you hung yourself
before me.
I don't think I'm coming home. I made a mess of my
bones
Something in my head gone wrong. Pistol buried deep
and cold.
You look so sad for me, a little taste of my frustration.

And as you scrape me from the floor, there ain't no
more confusion
About the way I feel, bite my tongue, eternity.
Dark runs so red the ocean.
Cracks your mind, turning to clay.
Lead snake slow in the river.
I don't think I'm coming home.
I made a mess of my bones.
Something in my head gone wrong.
Pistol buried, now I hold not a thing.

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