

Overlord "The Brand New Panic"

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It's a bulging bloated orb with a molten core
Ready to explode dribble down your chin
Ruining these baby blue blue jeans
But you've made up your mind
You're going to take a bite
No matter what it does to me
So go ahead dig in
Enjoy the subtle flavors
Of my brand new panic
My brand new panic

It's a preteen playground war
Between knife-fighting hordes
These amateur surgeons tremble like virgins
Fumbling and flailing to the bitter end
Clumsy & unnerving
Yet hardly noteworthy
Doubtlessly embarrassing
In a pantomime reflective
Of my own polemic
With my brand new panic
My brand new panic

But is it wrong
To make yourself go mad
To write a song?
To put Psychosis on the couch
And let it talk?
To offer sympathy
And crib the monologue
Of my brand new panic?

Still there's no sexual metaphor
Permitted on this shore
Our annual retreat
Signs posted the beach
All along the Anhedonian Sea read:
'Every single thing is concave or convex
And you'd better get used to it!'
And all my money's wasted
On uptight vacations
With my brand new panic

My brand new panic

And who knows where we'll go
When I cede all control
To the more charming half of me?
In lieu of flowers
Give in memory of me
c/o my brand new panic
My brand new panic
My brand new panic
My brand new panic

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