

Sheer Terror

"Cup O' Joe"

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Pass the time, passing the time.
Wasting my time looking for the end.
Smoking like a dragon, drowning in my flagon.
Pumping like a work horse going 'round the bend.
Shouting and screaming 'til the walls go deaf.
Shaking my fire and brimstone fist.
Choking on dust as I cleanse myself.
Staining my eyes as I search myself.
I'll never, ever understand.
No one will ever, ever know.
Sticks and stones will break my bones
But cancer will probably kill me.
Filling the gaps with vice after vice.
None of which actually thrill me.

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