

The Trophy Fire "Medicate Me"

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small room, bright lights nothing novel in my sights
it's killing me without the kindness in an early
century cliché typeface, no ink in focused on
nothing well, nothing new by any accord in so
bored of being bored
medicate me i hope these chemicals won't deceive
me medicate me i want something new to take me then
release me
what's something new to trust to help me shake
this rust? building up beneath me nipping at my heels
frenzy of noise static posed as poise in emptied
out, in cored in so bored of being bored
take a breath, slow my heartbeat to where it should be
medicate me i hope these chemicals won't defeat
me medicate me i want something new to take me then
to free me

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