

## Project 86 "One Armed Man"

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Submerged in endless (trailing off)  
I watch them fade by (sigh)  
Lifeless and blank-faced (paining on)  
I see...  
The face I use to be  
They want to feel this (straining on)  
They want to sense this (now)  
Drunk with existence (waking me)  
I'll show you something (someone) you can feel

They search and strain and drink and stagger  
They play on...but I'll never, ever look back

Zombies staring, looking my way  
Crying out for something...  
They can't fill their stomachs with enough to satisfy  
The hunger growing

Needing something real

Zombies staring, looking my way  
Crying out for something they can't feel  
Play, on stray on, in these wicked days on  
Play on and understand that in your drunken stupor you  
Are dying

Zombies staring, looking my way  
Reaching out for something, anything  
Anything to keep them numbing  
Keep them plunging far from knowing...

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