

## **Killing Caroline**

### **"En Route To Oblivion"**

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It underlies, it crucifies,  
they underminde,  
tonight I undefine.

They lie....  
How they lie.

A shot past twelve  
and I lose my nerve.  
A pill perscribed so  
I can get what I deserve.

It infatuates, then permeates.  
They agitate;  
tonight I elevate.

I wait.  
How I wait....

A shot past twelve  
and I lose my nerve.  
Feels good to be proof  
that you get what you deserve.

One more cheer for good time's sake.  
I think maybe I'm lost.  
Can you pass me one more  
pointed word you worthless waste of...

Time....

Time, wind down....

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