

Badly Preserved

"Frantic"

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I can't complain
how insane, can a man like me get?
drained by the book,
that you took away thin pain inside

free, so fucking free
memory, has switched into blackened lies
Waste... so called waste,
I have made... creator of bad taste

Chorus:
can't you see why I plea
but I've turned into not-me
blinkness seeks, much to deep
while you just stand there and...

bringer of hope is dope
all sorts, make it go away
I grief for things, that I did myself
therefore I cut, shortcut
I'm frantic each and every day
I awake, but life remains the same

first, first I cried.
mean you died, within prosperity
cranked up inside, I still seek
the means of livin' deep

seek for the truth, fuckin' truth
wiseman tells a flop
slipped upon waste I engaged
the creator of bad taste

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