

Skitliv

"A Valley Below"

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I am sick
So sick and tired
I'm so sick and tired of this life
As I watch you wander off one and all
Dragging yourselves into the suicide of the mind
While still praying and praising his Whoredom
And so I try laughing while kissing goodbyes
The last idiots still proclaiming their cuntlike
Stories of their salvation poured out
Into your vast and desolate structures of life
As if life itself took a twisted turn and a crooked cross
As children rise in silvery bleak moons singing songs
For all the dead never realizing their departure from
life
And the road ahead is full of mud and slippery like
birth
And on your feet you rise and fall and rise and fall
I sit in the shelter of my mind
Where finalized and realized beauty is but temporary
And savage brutality is part of all my moves and cracks
There is no shelter from the demon-angels and theft
There is no shelter from the ones inside your mind
I like the way things tend to lean on irony
I'd like to take you all to hell with me...

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