

## Superjoint Ritual "The Alcoholik"

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Pick up and shake in the wind  
Shed your resource and keep it down, trashed  
Trashed, trashed, trashed  
Don't make it right, don't move it in  
Put it in the mouth, and swallowed the whole  
Smashed, smashed, smashed, smashed

It makes all the fucking sense to me  
And could it make all the sense to you?  
Let it ride  
Because there ain't no winning in this one, right  
I try to facilitate, whine in restoration  
Blown

Blow through the prime of life  
Numb all the senses down  
Project your fear of heights  
Onto untravelled ground

Fry hallucinate, pry investigate

Blow through the prime of life  
Numb all the senses down  
Project your fear of heights  
Onto untravelled ground

Pitfalls of grief, on all that displayed on the ground out  
Prophetically speaking the wilted unformulated

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