

## Grüvis Malt

### "Nonsanity 2037X"

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Morning caught me with the stun gun  
set on bed-head so my hair is on the run  
I have bed-brain to boot so I proceed to water my roots  
to bring those trees down,  
examining stars from stable ground  
When the pimples come home I apply the foundation  
This is stressful, I swear (that's why I'm sleeping with  
women on the brain)  
Ask the mirror for advice and he replies,  
"You're just the same...while you break into asylums  
they're letting everybody out.  
And just because you're loud doesn't mean you need  
therapy.  
You bought new keyboards instead of bedboards,  
that's why you sleep lightly---"  
And I have to shower quickly, or else I wash away my  
thinks  
Clearing out my temple when the mucus hits the sink  
Forgetting what it was that took me 20 years and forty  
winks  
And now I'm walking to the park with Mister Lumas and  
a disc  
trying to integrate sport with a career of doing  
This unknowingly putting myself at risk for being at rest  
and seeing the grand scheme (I can never keep the  
game clean!)  
Seeing monsters as machines (like watching The Quest  
from end to beginning)  
Wondering why I'm singing not screaming  
Morphing for the masses would get me out of this  
metaphoric state  
Seeing symbolism on my half empty plate  
Knowing my best thought's a crumbled up piece of  
paper in Emerson's garbage can  
And there are bands out there that reduce GrÃ¼vis  
Malt to a garage band  
Dazed by mortality, I must refrain from writing  
existential poetry,  
give purpose to little me  
Throwing thought instead of Frisbee  
(it's all Lima beans to me)

Mapping out new territories to get lost in  
And lost in the map-making process  
But I know it well  
Twelve steps to the gates of confusion  
Only attracted to those things that make me go -----  
My theories get eclipsed by human nature slash  
condition slash comedy  
I try to laugh to keep from throwing up  
But I always nod my head politely  
Fighting the urge to understand anything  
that might be detrimental to my blissful ignorance  
So I know everybody's shoe brand and nobody's name  
Color me confused and sign it "female"  
The "bitter half" nation's got built-in nonsanity  
With sex in their pockets, and spite up their sleeves  
Like I would believe this to be depth in disguise  
Writing curly Q letters with heart over the eyes (i's)  
So I wave my white flag, sound-tracked by white noise  
Working out more theories to get eclipsed by the dark

Somebody turn the lights on I can't see through this  
mess

CONFUSION SETS

When logic shows its head its got red letters on its  
breast

CONFUSION SETS

And now I'm caught between emotional motion and  
physical stress

CONFUSION SETS

Rising in the east, confusion sets in (the west)

CONFUSION SETS

Who are you sent to divide?  
You slide over and sink inside  
Spilling over in time  
Who let you in? You're on fire  
Climbing up on the side that confusion's burning down  
Suspended by disbelief  
How can you be alive?  
Climbing up on the side that confusion's burning down  
Breathe a sigh of relief  
No more worries  
Fools run out of time easily hypnotized  
One eye on the present time and one used to fantasize

We come so...hard to decipher  
That after translators and lyrical sheets explanation is  
in order  
You can chase our tacky techniques over oceans of  
metaphor

and still miss the boat ---I mean the point--- I mean both  
Mais enonciation est' ennemi  
Si je voulais me te faire comprendre je te parlerais en  
ta langage  
If you don't get the message let your ears be  
massaged  
And consider yourself successful 'cause all purpose  
has been dodged  
Was it good for you? Lost inside yourself without a clue  
You can't fathom the idea of something new (like  
Bitches Brew)  
Miles ahead in self-confidence and humor too  
watch we pursue the future while you pursue the clever  
rues  
remain confused still muttering retorts days after  
they're due  
Somebody turn the lights on I can't see through this  
mess

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