

Melon Blind

"Hell"

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I have no fingertips

They were burned away from too many stove trips

Can't find no fingernails

I ate them off cause I was hungry as hell

Can't read, can't clear my mind

So here I go I've got to get into this lifetime

I think I'm gonna build a fence

To keep inside what little sense

The sense of taste

The sense of smell

The sense to sit here and feel like hell

To feel like hell

The sun, the moon, the stars

Is that what you're thinking that you are

As I'll disintegrate over time

If I expect my Body to try and keep up with my mind

Today everything's mine

Today everything's mine

Today everything's mine

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