

5 To 9

A Wilhelm Scream

This grin is shit-eating and fleeting like a catamaran
It fits me better than a smile on a dead man
Watch the hands of the ticking clock for emotional rock

I've strangled necks of ages with the fabric of new words
The bar withstood the raising, which taste makers allowed
One fire to block the exit, two palms to block the sound
As each bulb smashed from the ceiling at the lighthouse

And with the weight of a monolith perched on a guiltless chest
Once a witness you can't shake the thought of 15 year old dick
ornaments
On kabuki faced jocks hair sprayed up the ass
Wide open, inviting the next pop rock star asshole

Well I won't be failed anymore
And I won't play fair anymore
All eyes are on the lighthouse collapsing

I've strangled necks of ages with the fabric of new words
The fires were amazing, why would you put those out?
And what the gun was not erasing, these bare hands snuffed right
t out
When each bulb smashed from the ceiling at the lighthouse

You won't be failed anymore