

The Toxic Shock Mountain Blues

Heavy Heavy Low Low

It feels comforting,
Apathetic until a situation reaches a point of extreme despair.

Merciless, the story goes and it feels great to never really be
here,
I am morally culpable,
And you only have the slightest idea.
Paranoid about the evolution of my feelings,
Or lack there of, could take.
I'm a walking contradiction.
So I lick the nipples of perfection,
Turn around and bury my face in the belly of the beast
Or wherever I think it belongs the most