

I'm afraid of a sure thing of a change in the here
and now and the force when it hits me the full weight of it whe
n I'm down

The fucking air in the city when the phase-
shifting sign is off

if this ship is unsteady, how will that lifeboat hold us all
I aint gonna crawl->tell them all to forget it tell them that's

it then call it off cause I'm worried about money and paradigm
stores running low

I ain't gonna crawl but I'll lie on the road

so how can I laugh how can I take it without some doubt
how can I laugh how can I face it right away with everything go
ne wrong

with everything all over anyway I need some grace

Say goodbye to aesthetic,

better taste and essential self 'cause I'm just tired of runnin
g

and there's a time bomb in this head

So just who's the real killer and what made his paint dry?

It's kind of hard to imagine Holidays in Neurotica

A slap in the faith, hard, opened hand is the one reality

I can never protect myself from, even in the sparkle yard at en
d

of day warm summer madness in the bouquet of a dream son,
astral projecting, failing to right wrongs when the whole thing
starts to open up

I ain't gonna crawl without falling hard, without some pain
whenever the fog breaks and a day takes hold

I just can't think straight right away maybe I'll come around..
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or not I'm swinging again and all my ex-friends say its psycho-
pathetic

and way too gone, almost painless even though I wondered
if something was wrong all along.