

Next To Ungodliness

A Lot Like Birds

(Premeditate!) I can't see far past the present and fortune-telling's not my profession but I can see the crystal ball, formed out of the water.

Through it, I can see it all.

When they ask you, what are you hiding from: all of the others in the way!

And on this wall: a different reflection, I can recall it's not the same face.

Quick!

Pull this rope.

Wash your hands of this.

It's the dark reflecting.

Images reflecting, and you're full of it.

When all our thoughts are dirty, can we get them clean?

Hold our heads under the water, let our eyes roll back and look deep.

Deep into our skulls.

Is there anything worth keeping?

When they ask you, what are you hiding from: all of the others in the way! (The sink is full, the bubbles rise and stare at me like spider eyes.) And on this wall: a different reflection, I can recall it's not the same face.

When nothing else will hold me up, broken tiles on the bathroom floor will have to do.

If nothing else can pull me through.

I just can't remember!

Why can't I remember?

When's the first time I looked in the mirror and said "I hope I die"?

I know you keep pretending.

Let me be the same!

Let me be this way!

I know you keep pretending.

Let me be the same!

Let me be this way!