

Liquid Hater

Acumen Nation

Many more times than I can come clean
Something wicked trips my good eye
And down, I crash
Babbling a slippery tongue among close friends
All I need is just ignition... fuel to rock this engine

I can't deny, I love the way
It serpentine, through my veins
Paralyzed, at twenty-five
I love the taste, hate this place

Ebony creepers barrel down upon the earth in my
80 proof is positive of something much darker at hand
Saturation bombing of my senses
Slackened by the stingiest of missions
To the derision of... my... life...

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