

The Suffering Machine

Buck 65

Black angel, carry me down

Jacket and shoes, pistols and pens
Poor boy, feels like, I ain't got no friends
I wake up nervous, Sunday is gloomy
Eyes on the sidewalk look right through me

I hear myself breathing, trying to focus
Goodbye Babylon, wandering hopeless
The drifter, singing the lament of a non-tryer
The isolation makes me want to set myself on fire
I don't live anywhere

Black angel, carry me down

I pick all the flowers and extinguish the flames
The insanities, I remember all of their names
Bottom of the barrel, it's no way how to be
The cold and the silence beats the shit out of me
But the windows are wooden
And I shouldn't complain
I'll just be digging until I'm good and insane
Cobwebs and apple cores, old ghosts and vestiges
Woman at the desk says I got no messages
I don't live anywhere

Black angel, carry me down

Lost in a haze of fantasy and folklore
The woman I love don't want me no more
Inebriated, alleviated of pain and speaking wild
Full grown man reduced to a weakling child
Hard of hearing, short tempered and long viewing
Completely disappeared and cleared of all wrong-doing
Challenging the calendars and tempting the clocks
Tree knocked over, inside an empty box
I don't live anywhere

Black angel, carry me down