

You see me hang my spirits high  
My dirty linen's out to dry  
I've sought not freedom nor espy

Placating reason in the rhyme  
A vindication of my crime  
To ridicule the most sublime  
Is an art I wish to kill

Now I'm crowning new dementia  
With the thorns of yesterday  
Liaising pandora  
Laureate of disarray

Each eye through blindness finds it's sight  
Each peak through valleys finds it's height  
Each wrong through nil can make a right

For nil will excavate that strain  
Nor subjugate the caustic pain  
The linen doused within the rain  
Again and again and again...

Now I'm crowning new dementia  
With the thorns of yesterday  
Liaising pandora  
Laureate of disarray

And I'm breathing in absentia  
Through the thorns of every day  
Liaising pandora  
As I drink the guilt away