

These People Ought To Know Who We Are And That We Are Here

Crime In Stereo

I'm still down here.

Drowning in caffeine.

Carbonated and caustic.

I'm scared to death of my TV.

Ninety thousand screens over sixty cycle hum.

High definition projection of the horrible things I've done.

You aren't the bastards of young.

You aren't the sad troubadours troubled by modern love.

I am the troubled sometimes, living out a b-side...

No, I am not dead, but often wish I was.

There is no relief, no retreat from this heavy shepard's crown.

I must lead my vast parade of sheep.

There are no right answers.

I'm still down here.