

Russian Roulette With A Trigger Happy Manic Depressive

Eighteen Visions

Worn down to the slate.
I want to taste lead on my lips.
Flooded with abscent actions of seductive thoughts.
Can you stare at me and tell me these ideas are not profound?
The valves are starting to shut down.
Loaded. put it to my head baby.
Loaded. put it to my head baby.
Understand.
I have a strange killing desire building up within this crush.
Watch the rounds spin.
Pull the trigger.
Its so complex.
And I can taste the lead on my lips.