

I beweeep my foolish prudence, I beweeep thy sick  
reluctancy  
chaos disguised as nought, accusing acquaintance of  
sodomy  
Sometimes I just stare blankly for hours wondering how  
it could have been  
interrupted only by the blur of sight from the tears I  
shed in between  
C17-H19-NO3-H2O...

I crawl my way through morphine days  
anodyne at least, in opiating grace  
I knew it was killing me  
but the apple seemed so sweet  
and I still, sometimes, dream of thee...  
I am the tranquil king, I mirror cupid in all these  
phrases  
there's a sadness in our eyes, dancing stars and  
trancing faces  
I am the faithless mainstream of poker puss mannequins  
to be  
these days everybody smiles and all the cameras are  
circling me  
In forvid energy...I still extol thy image to the sky  
(and beyond).  
Thou art petite, thou art pristine...  
(and) my superlatives are not just words  
The humid energy (of passion) granted us the wings of  
hell  
we are drifting aimlessly (on) our way to somewhere  
C17-H19-NO3-H2O...

I crawl my way through morphine days  
anodyne at least, in opiating grace  
I knew it was killing me  
but the apple seemed so sweet  
and I still, sometimes, dream of thee...  
I waive my attempts to smile, I waive my attempts to  
care  
tinged with bizarre implicit violence I mimic the  
expression they expect me to bear  
I am the pretty, pretty sex machine, when we come is  
when we die  
deceit is a pill for us to share, leaving an all time  
high...