

## Cubically Contained

### Headstones

Good for me for a time  
All hell's cubically contained  
Staunched and bottled  
Pressed and altered  
And at the ready for the reigns  
The first tiny little shadows  
Of my creepy little thoughts  
Inhabit all that matters  
And I lose by default

And I'll never promise anything again  
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I've set a dozen 12 step traps  
But they've slid by everyone  
I never catch the little bastards  
I really do with that they'd own up  
Those paranoid little fuckers  
Take their paranoid little time  
And when the mood rolls in  
They're bank robbin'  
And I'm a hostage who will drive

And I'll never promise anything again

Now I can only do so much  
And I will never deviate  
I hear myself take a deep breath  
And think I must have wanted it this way  
I remember all those little traps  
I could not keep them in place  
They were never stationed anywhere  
They were terrorized and maimed

So tonight I've set a vigil  
And my shadows all that's cast  
And the iron that's encased it  
Is doing all that one could ask

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