

## The Toxic Shock Mountain Blues

Heavy Heavy Low Low

It feels comforting,  
Apathetic until a situation reaches a point of extreme despair.  
  
Merciless, the story goes and it feels great to never really be  
here,  
I am morally culpable,  
And you only have the slightest idea.  
Paranoid about the evolution of my feelings,  
Or lack there of, could take.  
I'm a walking contradiction.  
So I lick the nipples of perfection,  
Turn around and bury my face in the belly of the beast  
Or wherever I think it belongs the most