

# The Bud Dwyer Effect

Ion Dissonance

It takes guts and a gun  
Just like Bud Dwyer lil' surprise  
A defect, a defect  
No one will ever see it coming...

I'm indulging myself in a strategic advance  
Orchestrated by the Enemy  
It dwells deep, yet grows strong, within...  
(I'm working against myself? well am I?)

Everything dreadful happening, imagine how I should feel,  
When realizing that it was planned  
From a beginning that I don't even recall, (Recall!)

From a beginning that I don't even recall,  
You might call this a tragedy; seem more to me like simple standard habits

Wishing to be finally saved, waiting for something/someone that  
would order me  
To follow a certain purpose with both convictions & devotions

If you only knew how I'm tired of your paintings.

Your bold landscapes sucks and have ceased to amaze me a while ago  
Be a pal and let me add a little fantasy of mine, abstraction  
Of scarlet red, pure... so pure

(Drained away by violence, insanely driving to kill)

Are there any written rules related to simplicity  
I guess not, so how come your judging?  
You won't the day that it will all end,  
Drenched in vital fluids (.357)

As you are forced to witness  
The spontaneity of the events,  
And I won't be a bother no more?