

Union square at about 9 o'clock  
Friday night, boy was he rocked  
Just a dumb beer drinking jock  
Unaware as he staggered and mocked  
On the platform you see a push  
There's a slam and an eerie squish  
Hear the cracking of his back  
The bloody limbs grind the red tracks

Insta-death your last breath  
Split-second prayers won't save  
The shit you've stepped in  
Insta-death your last breath  
It's all over now  
And this is your last wind

Folks can't deal with a mad mad world  
Try and fly cute little girl  
People all freaked out on the ruckus  
Scrape - Scrape into a bucket

All dreams are six feet in the floor  
Atop the clouds in front of Peter's door  
Finding your way out becomes a chore  
Looks like death is a hopeless bore  
Lie unexpected, lie unexpected  
Dear mother brings you flowers  
As you both rot away the hours  
The aftermath of time  
Thoughts decaying with your mind