

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