

Pre-Medicated Murder

No Use for a Name

More times than five
I've been right here by your side
Still Wondering....Where did you go?
Walk down the hall in a mental menacle
Don't want to be 'round
When you take yourself out

But I have more vigor than this
Step to the plate to swing and miss
And it's a complicated life
When "how you live, is how you die"

Looks like your soul is connected to the wall
A photgraph stands by the bed
Of better times, when we crubled with our spine
But lived the next day...and put the Malice away

That's when I noticed the drip
Ignored the line that didn't skip
It seemed the blue suburban sky
turned to gray, polluted night
No more sleepless nights just for me
But as for you, a memory.