Hotel Nevada 1982

shut your fucking mouth. tradition does not seem to be working because of its mechanical tone its one that paralyzes my thoughts and defies my suspense, I breeze through walls as they scratch my floor boards a blue light. looks up, white flash looks away and one blue little fuck makes me look up two blue fucks make me look away. this is not the truth, this is lies, this is bullshit. I resolve you with a trick of hand and a joke of sight.