

We are the morbid and the abstract
We are the breeding mammals with bad backs

Our messiah on the cover of magazines has a black lung an i.v.
of nicotine
A.m. rendezvous

With strung out ambulance driver's caffeine blues
Feeling the needles the medics used

To stab their veins with double doses by the twos
This is the life of the living dead
This is the revolver blowing off my head

These are the sedatives that keep me fed
All the lies and piss

Has it come down to this

A junkie's tract mark makeshift remiss

This is the life of the living dead
This is the revolver blowing of my head