

Lost Connection With The Head

Showbread

Oh Lord, I'm sick of myself
I'd rather bury it than carry it
I'm desperate for help
And barely sentient means I'm just being me
Follow suit the destitute my modus operandi

A face that's marked by pallor means you're wasting away
So get a tan and raise your hands and take to feeling okay
No one enjoys the party when they're stricken with anemia
A shallow sinking surface simply screaming septicemia

Peace of mind is hard to find
So I'm standing in line and feeling fine

Aye, me sad hours seem long
And even longer when you're numb
Fading away and that's okay
Cause life has me under her thumb

I'm languorously open-ended and the ending's no good
I've been told to break the mold and I would if I could
But apathy is easier than caring at all
And the undulating nothingness means having a ball

Incredibly impressive and bereft of concern
Lobotomized and optimized and then I'm ready to burn
At war within myself and self is winning the fight
Because feeling like no one at all means feeling alright

Sense of purpose has got me feeling worthless
And I'm fading away, but that's okay

Aye, me sad hours seem long
And even longer when you're numb
Fading away and that's okay
Cause life has me under her thumb

Oh yeah, all right
I'm in a big fat cage and feeling free
That's okay, that's all right
Cause that's all that's left of me

Oh Lord, I'm sick of myself
I'd rather bury it than carry it
I'm desperate for help
And barely sentient means I'm just being me
Follow suit the destitute my modus operandi

Aye, me sad hours seem long
And even longer when you're numb
Fading away and that's okay
Cause life has me under her thumb

Oh yeah, all right
I'm in a big fat cage and feeling free
That's okay, that's all right
Cause that's all that's left of me

Oh yeah, all right
I'm in a big fat cage and feeling free
Goodbye, goodnight
That's all that's left of me