

## The Alcoholic

### Superjoint Ritual

Pick up and shake in the wind  
Shed your resource and keep it down, trashed  
Don't make it right, don't move it in  
Put it in the mouth, and swallowed whole  
Smashed  
(It makes all the sense to me, and could it make all the sense  
to you? Let  
it ride)

Because there ain't no winning in this one right  
I try to facilitate, whine in restoration  
Blewn

Blow through the prime of life  
Numb all the senses down  
Project your fear of heights  
Onto untravelled ground

Fry and hallucinate, pry and investigate

Blow through the prime of life  
Numb all the senses down  
Project your fear of heights  
Onto untravelled ground

Pitfalls of grief, on all that displayed for the groundout  
Prophetically speaking the wilted unformulated