

# The Destruction of a Person

## Superjoint Ritual

You see I had some friends once before  
Who's not much my friends anymore  
I was very influential in their lives and when I lost my  
(So they say)  
Mind, they followed me though multiple deaths

Because there we were on the floor slumped over and  
Sliding downward with syringes hanging out of our arms  
Another night, anyway we could, I said, "Trust me"  
The destruction of a person builds character, invisible

Another so called group of friends  
Can't seem to get off the needle now again  
Should I blame myself? 'Cause I introduced some of them to the  
Devil  
Or just realize the Lord of light  
Fallen from heaven works also in mysterious ways