

Why Turbulence?

Therapy?

I thought there'd be a point to all this Someday it would all make sense Still waiting there's nothing yet

I have everything I need Food, shelter, family People that love me

Routine, habits, our daily rituals Deaden perception Work, leisure, blank eyed ambition (Where's this going?)

Big black hooded perambulator Birth was the death of me Big black hooded perambulator Running red lights to the cemetery

Gradually I started to feel All the absurdity Put me in a minor key Breath snags in my chest Words get left unsaid Leaving me feel, well... helpless

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Today is the first day of the rest of your life Tell that to your liver, tell that to your ex-wife

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