

I live in a crazy part of a crazy brain in a crazy part
of a crazy town

If some one pisses up my wall again,
I might actually kill them.

So that's me in jail.
The dusting off of an old nightmare.

But when a flower explodes,
I feel a whole shit load better.

But then again,
the pour soul soon wilts,

and the next thing,
I'm raging again

at the stupidity of it all.
At the damned cask that we all ferment in.