WASTELAND

"Ground"

What a messy game, I have to win

When radiation outside of the air kicks in

I won’t know what to say

But it goes on

Now my roots are digging down in all

the bedrock bending over, until the stems fall

And I won’t know what to say

And it goes on

Something's coming out of the ground

And I won’t know what to say

"Even Though"

Even though the seed was planted years ago,

There’s nothing coming

Out of the dirt, only dust and ash

And even though the scorched earth was the product of its exploitation,

Castrated by gods all snorting cash

The people are still feeding from the trash

Even though I’m feeling good, oh yeah, I’m feeling like

One of the divine that moan and whine when their seeds get scarred

I’m just sitting like good American boy

Feeding on my medicine,

My plastic fifty stars,

Even though the ground is getting hard

Every atmosphere is fake

Every mark we made’s erased

Now I see inside our gate

There’s nothing there

Even though the garden’s the pure

My sympathies lie with the resource

That is hiding underneath it all

Even though accumulation

Means it’s receding at a steady pace

The race to collect it is starting now

“Wasteland"

I see the man who’s dripping poison from his hand

And drinking his medicine through a plastic straw

And as I turn to wave to him, he shows his face

That’s melting off just like it’s ice starting to thaw

I’m sweating as I try to mop him up

And keep him inside a plastic cup

If that’s what he wants...

What a mess what a mess what a mess you left behind

What a mess what a mess what a mess you left behind

I drove until the road in front of me was sand

The rubber band that held it all together snapped

I hit the brakes, but by that time, it was too late

The car dissolved into the united wasteland

The bond that kept my head intact unglued

As I vomited red, white, and blue

It’s all I can do

What a mess what a mess what a mess you left behind

What a mess what a mess what a mess you left behind

Something in you

ricocheted

what you played

On your saint's

holiday

to nothing

What a mess you left behind

"GOOD SHEEP"

Yeah, there goes the girl

who’s stuck inside her phone

She thinks her friends are listening, but no,

there’s no one home

Yeah, there goes the boy

who thinks he’s so upset

He cries for the attention cause it’s

All that he can get,

So it goes on and on

And on and on and on and on and...

Yeah, there goes the fly

I squeezed like it’s a grape

It feels good to hear it pop, I like to

hear the juice escape

Yeah there goes the squirrel

It fell out of the tree

The fruit that it was eating was borne of a rotten seed

And it goes on and on and on and on

Someone is inside my head

My God, she isn't dead, she’s only sleeping but I want her to be

Conscious, like a baby owl

Like the sheep I’m slaughtering inside a paper towel, I see her

Guts expand, they’re everywhere

I smell it in her hair, she is God, but she is nothing more, and

“Baby,” is what she says to me

“If you do this for me, then I’ll never see anyone else again"

Yeah I see the man

with wool made out of clay

He talk talk talk talk talk talk talks his boring life away

His conversation blows

And he don’t wear no clothes

He strokes his ego like his manhood as far as his hand goes

And it goes on and on and on and on and on and on and on

"Kill him! Kill him now” she moans

“make him scream out loud and make him love it like you love me, baby”

I bring the knife down like a cop

As I do, I smell her cum and beg him not to stop

But our alter is sinking like a brick

Our garden’s flopping down like it’s an American prick, and then she

Asks me, “Can you see that we have won?"

The clouds above are thinning out, and all I hear her say is “it is done”

"The Problem, Part 1"

It’s a starry night with all the fighting

Stifled til the sun reveals its light

The is grass is still cold

And deprived of life

And I go off to bed with all you said

Still swirling around my delirious head

Until all my thoughts decide to stop dead

In that atmosphere where you were here

When you had time to bribe the auctioneer

When I was with you, and we were everything

As I walk inside this empty night

with sillouhetes of houses hid from sight

I blend in with these, in with nothing

"In The Garden"

Our garden was an idea

A concept so real, we called it freedom

Where everything, everything, could be ours

Then our garden came alive

The seeds that I planted in her eyes

were growing now, growing now, they were mine

In our garden, you were scared

You knew we could be anywhere

So you left, so you left, and it rotted

"What a Shame"

What a shame, to lose at your own game

A desperate plea for sympathy got drowned by your own name

Still, everyone you know forgets you when you go

I suppose, well there the band-aid goes

Saliva plus adhesive makes the wound you lick exposed

Now everybody knows, you’re scared of your shadow

I was bored and I was such a whore

I didn’t have the decency or money to feel poor

Now everywhere I go, my seed will have to grow

What a shame, to siphon off your blame

A self-assault when your at fault, with not much for to claim

Now everywhere you go, there’s something more to grow

“Shadow"

In the shadow of the dusk set on the grass

The footprints of my shoes are now reshaping, moving fast

Back into a form that’s more original

A business less as usual

As usually declaring bankruptcy

But I get by just fine as you can see

Coming down, coming down, waiting around

Until you get an apology from me

Something’s off with you, I see it in your eyes

The way can’t focus on anything, the way you try

To be accepting of complacency, throwing forgiveness aimlessly

Adding grey to the overcast sky

Sometimes, I think I’m the reason why

Coming down, coming down, like an arrow

That points down into my skin, to what’s inside

If you cannot tell me honestly what you’re thinking, then I won’t know

I can’t bring myself to self-defend

Coming down, coming down, coming around

To a sense of what I cannot comprehend

What a shame to feel like anybody else

Whose decency means sympathy means just a joke you’d tell, like they’re just

Words whose meaning verge on nothing,

Yet shadow common sense as well

It’s all the same to me which side’s your end

But I can’t do this much longer, my friend

Coming down, coming down, it’s a breeding ground

For the self-righteous and self-conscious the same

But once again, what’s good was once a shame

Once this becomes usual, it becomes a game

“Accumulation"

I am a child caught in a tourist trap

Guided by the advertising agent pitching me the map

I’m a design of an antecedent century

Some baby boomer’s fantasy they saw on a screen

I am the poison in the atmosphere

I'll die before I need to care, 'cause nothing can affect me here

I’m the appearance of my own happiness

the social fabric of this mess is stitched, torn, and repaired

I can see him now

I don’t mistake my oversights for failures

But you stood up so quickly that your blood rushed up, your skull got thick

And you took four steps toward toward the door to slip away

But all your systems failed you, and you passed out here instead

And I said “who will clean this up?"

I am the room the you stuff all the things you don’t need

I’m overfilled and pouring out, so you close the door and leave

But some day soon, you’ll forget the problem’s there

You’ll open up the door, and everything will tip over

And you’ll say "what a mess, what a mess, what a mess he left behind"

"The Problem, Part 2"

It’s a game we play to feel okay

a self-assurance mechanism way

beyond our control

beyond what we say

As I'm blending in

to my own skin

I wonder what this ending will begin

If anything

Could run so thin

In my future, I am satisfied

With complacency, misidentified

As starting again

As moving away

But in the shadow of a garden we

were running with the idea of “happy"

We tried to fix

Problems we didn’t have

“Relativity”

Work myself off the shelf

On the table, if I fall

One the line, second time

Faith in someone who won’t call

Had a friend, had to end

Had to go far away

Half a drink, made me think

Better now than yesterday

But it’s what I equal now

And it’s all I think about

And it’s where I never meant to stay

Not Today

I’m a ghost, naive host

Of a virus that won’t ever

Die again for my friend

Have him burn now if I won’t

And it’s what I equal now

And it’s all I think about

And it’s where I never meant to stay

Not Today

"Facts"

I’m not the one

to end your hibernation

I’m not the one

to make you feel new

thinking gets rough

when i think too much

but that’s something I’m used to

I’m not the one

to storm any castles

I’m not the one

to sign any pacts

though the ink drips,

the paper’s eclipsed

by recognition of facts

I’m not the one

to utter any secrets

I’m not the one

to open up to you

Something inside

in my gut’s amplified

and feels like you probably feel it too

Something went wrong, something inside’s

gone upside down

Something was strong, but something

Got pulled from the ground

OUTTRO

I had a memory that passed

I was rolling in the grass

I could feel the dust attach itself to me

As I jogged up my memory

Losing my grip on that dream

I could feel that retention disappearing

That’s the problem with our conscious mind

We only see through our own eyes

As we see enough, we forget everything

now a mess now a mess now a mess has become me

what a mess I have to clean