

Archers Of Loaf, Slow Worm

There's a worm in your head,
Squirming over on me.
Leaves a paper thin scab
And you're laughing.

It's too crowded
With the skull cap on. (?)
When you're amplified.

And everybody's tired of the noise that you make,
And everybody's tired of the voice you're faking.
Nobody's counting, cause everybody's fine.
And everybody's whistling because everybody's blind.

There's a page of your face from the xerox machine.
Gray matter, bending, blending.
Makes me sleepy when you can't define
How far you're trailing behind.

You're always sedated.
You're simplified.
Picking off the scabs
From the skin of your lies.

And nobody's counting, cause everybody's fine.
And everybody's buying it cause everybody'd blind.