

Arcturus, White Noise Monster

Crowded mind working overtime in a shrinking stinking home a
Presence arrives just out of sight
Hides in the maze collects all mistakes
White noise withering weeds of deeds
Worshipping with filth in the temple of guilt
Filing its womb with pleasure and doom
Monstrous urban paranoia sweeping over my mine-field mind
Trigging random horrors cause and effect is a bittersweet sect
And I am priest of loons and carrier of wounds a battle fatigued
Random seed
Placed on this earth and fucked up from birth
Who gives a flying shit anyway
In a room without view I cold-sweat and drew
My theories of everything and anything would do
Reading the mind of mankind's deamon
Pushing the line forward all the time
A deep-space satellite on light-speed depressed
Torn and obsessed by a lifetime of jests