

# 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  
Triggering 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 daemon  
Pushing the line forward all the time  
A deep-space satellite on light-speed depressed  
Torn and obsessed by a lifetime of jests