

Headstones, Cubically Contained

Good for me for a time
All hell's cubically contained
Starved and bottled
Pressed and altered
And at the ready for the reins
The first tiny little shadows
Of my creepy little thoughts
Inhabit all that matters
And I lose by default

And I'll never promise anything again
I never promise anything again
I never promise anything again

I set a dozen 12-step traps
But they've slid by everyone
I never catch the little bastards
I really do wish that they'd own up

Those paranoid little fuckers
Take their paranoid little time
And when the moon rolls in
They're like a bank-robbin'
And I'm a hostage who will drive

And I never promise anything again
I never promise anything again
I never promise never promise never promise
Anything again anything again
Never promise never promise
Anything again anything again
Never promise anything again

Now I can only do so much
And I will never deviate
I hear myself take a deep breath
And think I musta wanted it this way

I remember all those little traps
I could not keep them in place
They were never stationed anywhere
They were terrorized and maimed

So tonight I set a vigil
And my shadow's all that's cast
And the iron that's encased it
Is doing all that one could ask

And I never promise anything again
I never promise anything again
I never promise anything again
Anything again
Never promise
Anything again
Never promise
Anything again
Anything again
Never promise
Anything again