

# Headstones, Cubically Contained

Good for me for a time  
All hell's cubically contained  
Starched 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