

Lit, I am not sick but I am not well

I had visions, I was in them
I was looking into the mirror
To see a little bit clearer
The rottenness and evil in me
Fingertips have memories
Mine can't forget the curves of your body
And when I feel a bit naughty
I run it up the flagpole and see who salutes
(but no one ever does)
I'm not sick but I'm not well
And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell
Been around the world and found
That only stupid people are breeding
The cretons cloning and feeding
And I don't even own a tv
Put me in the hospital for nerves
And then they had to commit me
You told them all I was crazy
They cut off my legs now I'm an amputee, goddamn you
I'm not sick but I'm not well
And I'm so hot cause i'm in hell
I'm not sick but I'm not well
And it's a sin to live so well
I wanna publish zines
And rage against machines
I wanna pierce my tongue
It doesn't hurt, it feels fine
The trivial sublime
I'd like to turn off time
And kill my mind
You kill my mind
Paranoia paranoia
Everybody's coming to get me
Just say you never met me
I'm running under ground with the moles
(Diggin big holes)
Hear the voices in my head
I swear to God it sounds like they're snoring
But if you're bored then you're boring
The agony and the irony, they're killing me
I'm not sick but I'm not well
And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell
I'm not sick but I'm not well
And it's a sin to live so well