

No Use For A Name, Pre-Medicated Murder

More times than five
I've been right here by your side
Still Wondering....Where did you go?
Walk down the hall in a mental menacle
Don't want to be 'round
When you take yourself out

But I have more vigor than this
Step to the plate to swing and miss
And it's a complicated life
When "how you live, is how you die"

Looks like your soul is connected to the wall
A photograph stands by the bed
Of better times, when we crumbled with our spine
But lived the next day...and put the Malice away

That's when I noticed the drip
Ignored the line that didn't skip
It seemed the blue suburban sky
turned to gray, polluted night

So now you sleep inside the space.
A bed of roses, the thorns are placed
No more sleepless nights just for me
But as for you, a memory.