

Red Hot Chili Peppers, Melancholy Mechanics

Persistent mystic faults my vision
It's like always this point of collision

It's raining in my cranium
My head feels like a stadium

3 pounds of grain
About to burst
Inside my 3 pound universe

It's raining in my cranium
My head feels like a stadium

These are the melancholy mechanics of my mind

Symbols I've been given to express my goal
Always come up short
You know they just don't get that low

It's raining in my cranium
My head feels like a stadium

These are the melancholy mechanics of my mind

Quick release chemicals strike with incomprehensible precision
Biorganic electronics targeting microscopic destinations of devastation
Cleaner than light
Meaner than a laser fight in the night 2000
Billions of micro maniacs unknown to most as the uncontrollable soldiers
Of suffering succotash
Instantaneous infiltration leaves me with a case of bustation, frustration,
Alone in the constellation of alienation
Detached from empty conversation
I wait
I wait for the wave to break