

Skyclad, Another Fine Mess

A girl read my runes in the warm dressing room,
It was then that I started to think
There has to be something really worth hunting -
I reach for another strong drink.
For ten lonely years - that's my reward.

My ego and I we have faced many dangers.
Fear and self loathing have never been strangers.
Nobody knows of the depths we have been to -
Or all the fine messes we've got ourselves into.
For ten lonely years - that's my reward.

In my world far removed from the actual -
Safe in my small amorality capsule.
I cruise far aloof from the other world's laws-
Hiding behind tinted windows and doors.

I'm so tired of living -
Too weary to cry,
Too stubborn to give in -
Curl up and die.
This whole situation has I must confess,
All the tell-tale signs of another fine mess.

I've been run aground - a ship in a bottle,
Caught in the eye of the storm.
Deep in my strife found the meaning of life -
You're dying the moment you're born.

My heart bears the scars even time can't disguise,
If you only knew what I've seen through these eyes.
Oftimes overwhelmed by the feelings of doubt,
I have crawled in a bottle to shut them all out.

Will I drown in the sweat of this chemical dream,
With far too much blood in my alcohol stream?
When Mr. Jack Daniels has read my last rights -
His friend 'Billy Whizz' comes to turn on the lights.

First we were plastered in Paris,
Then we were frying in Greece.
Caught between heaven and hellfire,
Send for an ambulance - fetch me a priest.

I've been run aground - a ship in a bottle,
Caught in the eye of a storm.
Deep in my strife found the meaning of life -
You're dying the moment you're born.

"A band on ship" the captain cried,
We bought damnation duty-free.
Now we're floating with the tide -
"The silent whales of lunar sea."

I've been run aground - a ship in a bottle,
Caught in the eye of the storm.
Deep in my strife found the meaning of life -
You're dying the moment you're born.