

Fatso Jetson, Pressure For Posture

Thistle twisted and tired inside
Burned out but trying to make up my mind
Pushing your buttons and pulling my strings
Threading my ego and stitching your wings
Now the monster keeps changing
Yellow big eyes
Just doesn't scare me
I'm used to the stench
I remind you of something you're after before
I remind you of someone you lied to anymore

Armchair adventures and passing through time
Changing the channels
Avoiding the slime
I'm dreading the sunrise of the heroic hand dryer
Monster keeps changing
Yellow big eyes
Pressure for posture
King of the lies
Not scared of dying
but you're scared of real life
Choices are praying or mowing the lawn
Dyslexic sentences sounding all wrong