

# Galactic Cowboys, The Buzz

Closed society the avant guarded name the password  
Tight lips  
Broken spirit locked behind a painful stone cold chest  
Reach into the valley of the shadow of success  
Over the cold shoulder I can't breathe deep or roll away the stone  
Sweet Jesus my relief  
From tongues lashing, blind eyes flashing, trash can smiles  
Limited words of infinite smallness  
Peering back from the unknown  
Mindless mayhem  
To the victor go the spoils  
As long as that can stand on dead man's bones  
Screaming from the devil's pulpit  
Intellectual incest, incestual intellect  
Open minds, open mines  
Like a lump in the throat...incomplete.

I'm coughing up my youth  
I've got the buzz on you.