

Giant Sand, Remain Distorted

There are plenty here
that go unmentioned
there's still more
with ill intention
I remain
with my stale
ounce of prevention

the croner remains
only as dark as your own shadow
you fail to respond
and remember who it was who said to go
and you remain
with the usual strain of vertigo

uncontrollable urge
find me a blaring
out of my hypnosis
I find the whole street a staring
a staring, but not really caring

it's not my undoing
I remain distorted

soon enough I'm reported
they take me away police escorted
like a rhymeless poet
I retorted

ain't my undoing
I remain distorted

not my undoing
I remain distorted