

# Guided By Voices, Asphyxiated Circle

These thoughts replace me when I'm on the floor  
I cannot taste the sweetness anymore  
You bipolarize me with each test  
Contaminate the faintest breath  
For speaking well of in the name  
Of where to watch and who to blame  
All of us there  
What should I wear?

For human frailty on parade  
To entertain you may invade  
A silent party, secret wish  
At best an unconvincing kiss  
Expand  
Explode  
Wrinkle up  
Or blow away

I took you up to let me down  
I take the time to track you  
Through chosen smokescreen silhouettes  
Who've earned the right to back you  
This for so long  
Perfect and wrong

You write me out, I reappear  
To criticize you interfere  
But I will say what I want to  
And there is nothing you can do  
Expand  
Explode  
Wrinkle up  
Or blow away