

Memento, Below

In this gray harbour of tears we are capsizing
Still waters belie the current that drags us down
Without a sun shallow waters can only be black
As cold and as weathered as the leaves
That clog your dead mouth
What the fuck is wrong with us people?
What the fuck is wrong with you people?
Looking down your nose judging me fucker
Looking down your nose from the same mother
Looking down your nose, judge, judge fucker
As we sink below
Could you have walked on water with two led feet?
This epiphany reached whilst breathing through a straw
Conscience is the only weak link in my ball and chain
I've been making excuses for things I've done to myself
What the fuck is wrong with us people?
What the fuck is wrong with you people?
Down, down, down down down
Can I be?
Can I be all of these people at once? can I please all of you parasites at once?
Can I be all of these people at once?
Can I be?
I cannot be.