

Michale Graves, Ophellia

a garbage can
acid trip
i am
living in a world of feeling
food and trash
i'm caught beneath the nails
of a cold corpses' hand
haunted memories of who i am
dear ophelia
i'm trying
to tell them I have scared the world
the voices tell me i am dieing
but i tell them i feel fine
i feel fine
i feel fine
i feel fine
i feel fine
a garbage can
acid trip
i am
staring at you all
through closed casket walls
maggots crawl inside
a hole beside the wall
i will lay here in this coffin
'til i figure out my feelings, yeah
dear Ophelia
im trying
to tell them i have scared the world
the voices tell me i am dying
but i tell them i feel fine
i feel fine
i feel fine
i feel fine
i feel fine
i feel fine
i tried (nearly inaudible)
i feel fine
i feel fine
I scared the world (nearly inaudible)
i feel fine
i feel fine