

# 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