

Neurotica, Cornucopia

Sipping life down through a straw, like Mardi Gras held in tired hands

Seek my restitution while I'm carving in the sand

Gotta strap it down gotta gotta strap it down to the battery of control Never the less I've fallin' from

Yeah the chaos running wild All ingredients of denial

State of independence pushing way beyond the limits pushing pushing forward Still got me thinking

Cornucopia of all your angst and aggravation Beaming down upon the meaning

Grab a little life by the hand gotta understand keep my eyes ahead Checking in from a time to time