

Night In Gales, Doomdrugged

Back down for another electric funeral
On acidwords and neonbones I ride
A zeronaut without hand or heart
Yet I kept these words inside

Once in a while you'd better listen to the worn
And keep your laughteer torn

Down for more of those nothings
Neonecrononsense and unlight
Saw a skeleton eatin' its gravestone
But I keep these words inside
Down for some madmouthmurder
Though all my words already died
A somewhat doomdrugged inkjunkie indeed
Still I'll keep those words inside

Once in a while you'd better listen to the worn
And keep your laughter torn