

No For An Answer, Rusty Pipes

Blood runs red on the perfect face,
Drips from the chin and stains the lace,
There's rusty pipes behind classic grace,
Cast out of heaven to a party in hell,
You're losing your vision and your sense of smell,
A sickening habit your peers condone,
Ignored by your parents due to promise you've shown,
Develop your body, imprison your mind,
With bars in the form of thin white lines
First on parade and then on your back,
You're cracked!

Blood runs red on the perfect face,
Drips from the chin and stains the lace,
There's rusty pipes behind classic grace,
A sickened young body, a dying young mind,
The popular culture is living a lie,
The scourge of the ghetto, the toy of the rich,
Though all look the same as they shake and they twitch,
Bleeding and brainless what have you got?
A slave to substance and the future is shot,
Do I misinterpret or misunderstand,
The pitiful sight of your trembling young hands?