

Superjoint Ritual, The Alcoholik

Pick up and shake in the wind
Shed your resource and keep it down
Trashed
Trashed
Trashed
Trashed
Don't make it right
Don't move it in
Put in the mouth
And swallowed whole
Smashed
Smashed
Smashed
Smashed
(It makes all the fuckin' sense to me; And
could it make any sense to you?
Let it ride)
Because there ain't no winning
this one right
Try to facilitate
Whine in restoration blewn

Blow through the prime of life
Numb all the senses down
Project your fear of heights
Onto untraveled ground
Fry and hallucinate
Pry and investigate
Blow through the prime of life
Numb all the senses down
Project your fear of heights
Onto untraveled ground
Pitfalls of grief
On all that displayed for the "ground out";
Prophetically speaking
The wilted unformulated