

# Tool, Rosetta Stoned

Alrighty, then... picture this if you will.  
10 to 2 AM, X, Yogi DMT, and a box of Krispy Kremes,  
in my "need to know" pose, just outside of Area 51  
Contemplating the whole "chosen people" thingy  
when a flaming stealth banana split the sky  
like one would hope but never really expect  
to see in a place like this.  
Cutting right angle donuts on a dime  
and stopping right at my Birkenstocks,  
and me yelping...  
Holy fucking shit!  
Then the X-Files being,  
Looking like some kind of blue-green Jackie Chan  
with Isabella Rossellini lips, and breath that reeked of  
vanilla Chig Champa  
Did a slow-mo Matrix descent  
Outta the butt end of the banana vessel  
And hovered above my bug-eyes, my gaping jaw,  
and my sweaty L. Ron Hubbard upper lip,  
and all I could think was:  
"I hope Uncle Martin here doesn't notice  
that I pissed my fuckin' pants."  
So light in his way,  
Like an apparition, [that]  
He had me crying out,  
"Fuck me  
It's gotta be  
the Deadhead Chemistry  
The blotter got [right] on top of me  
Got me seein' E-motherfuckin'-T!"  
And after calming me down  
with some orange slices  
and some fetal spooning,  
E.T. revealed to me his singular purpose.  
He said, "You are the Chosen One,  
the One who will deliver the message.  
A message of hope for those who choose to hear it  
and a warning for those who do not."  
Me. The Chosen One?  
They chose me!!!  
And I didn't even graduate from fuckin' high school.  
You'd better...  
You'd better...  
You'd better...  
You'd better listen.  
Then he looked right through me  
With somniferous almond eyes  
Don't even know what that means  
Must remember to write it down  
This is so real  
Like the time Dave floated away  
See, my heart is pounding  
'Cause this shit never happens to me  
I can't breathe right now!  
It was so real,  
Like I woke up in Wonderland.  
All sorta terrifying  
I don't wanna be all alone  
While I tell this story.  
And can anyone tell me why  
Y'all sound like Peanuts parents?  
Will I ever be coming down?  
This is so real  
Finally, it's my lucky day

See, my heart is racing  
'Cause this shit never happens to me  
I can't breathe right now!  
You believe me, don't you?  
Please believe what I've just said!  
See the Dead ain't touring  
And this wasn't all in my head.  
See, they took me by the hand  
And invited me right in.  
Then they showed me something  
I don't even know where to begin.  
Strapped down [to] my bed  
Feet cold [and] eyes red  
I'm out of my head  
Am I alive? Am I dead?  
Can't remember what they said  
God damn, shit the bed.  
Hey ...  
Overwhelmed as one would be, placed in my position.  
Such a heavy burden now to be the One  
Born to bear and bring to all the details of our ending,  
To write it down for all the world to see.  
But I forgot my pen  
Shit the bed again ...  
Typical.  
Strapped down [to] my bed  
Feet cold and eyes red  
I'm out of my head  
Am I alive? Am I dead?  
Sunkist and Sudafed \*  
Gyroscopes and infrared  
Won't help, I'm brain dead  
Can't remember what they said  
God damn, shit the bed  
I can't remember what they said to me  
Can't remember what they said to make me out to be the hero  
Can't remember what they said  
Bob help me!  
Can't remember what they said  
[We] don't know, [and we] won't know (x12)  
God damn, shit the bed!