

White Zombie, Skin

Have no eyes, I must see, you walk out,
a violent burst of some kind kind kind kind,
mindstate a dirty little drunk and cluttered.
Shinning a problem of pictorial illusion,
dump the trunk and tear the little freak out out out.
An unparallelleled account of collapse appearing like yourself
liberation appearing like myself mutilation.
Hold still now, nobody turns, said yeah!
Thier back on me. Silence is deafening desperate waking up.
Motive spasm my back aches.
Termination detentation, da-la-sco..
now this room don't seem so small sitting here in a cage
of some kind kind kind kind miracle and some hallucination,
dropped excitement from my last words shut the door
and turn the T.V. on on now that I've done all that I can.