

# Lit, I am not sick but I am not well

I had visions, I was in them  
I was looking into the mirror  
To see a little bit clearer  
The rottenness and evil in me  
Fingertips have memories  
Mine can't forget the curves of your body  
And when I feel a bit naughty  
I run it up the flagpole and see who salutes  
(but no one ever does)  
I'm not sick but I'm not well  
And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell  
Been around the world and found  
That only stupid people are breeding  
The cretons cloning and feeding  
And I don't even own a tv  
Put me in the hospital for nerves  
And then they had to commit me  
You told them all I was crazy  
They cut off my legs now I'm an amputee, goddamn you  
I'm not sick but I'm not well  
And I'm so hot cause i'm in hell  
I'm not sick but I'm not well  
And it's a sin to live so well  
I wanna publish zines  
And rage against machines  
I wanna pierce my tongue  
It doesn't hurt, it feels fine  
The trivial sublime  
I'd like to turn off time  
And kill my mind  
You kill my mind  
Paranoia paranoia  
Everybody's coming to get me  
Just say you never met me  
I'm running under ground with the moles  
(Diggin big holes)  
Hear the voices in my head  
I swear to God it sounds like they're snoring  
But if you're bored then you're boring  
The agony and the irony, they're killing me  
I'm not sick but I'm not well  
And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell  
I'm not sick but I'm not well  
And it's a sin to live so well