

Pain, Kokamantratrius

Blank walls in a restaurant bathroom.
Black marker though just a pen would do
Small words and simple poetry.
Say what you want to say
In just the perfect way
And all the people say:

Kokamantratrius
Hero for the average Joe.
It makes him feel like
POW! BLAM! YEAH!
Fire in the hole!
Kokamantratrius above the toilet bowl.

Cracked tiles and cold white cinder blocks
Soon wear his words.
It's like a diarrhea diary for men.
He's like a Robert Frost if Robert Frost had been
Strange and nefarious and ungregarious.
The road less traveled is for Kokamantratrius.

Kokamantratrius
Hero for the average Joe.
It makes him feel like
POW! BLAM! YEAH!
Fire in the hole!
Kokamantratrius above the toilet bowl.

Here I stand with pete in hand
I'm hoping that you'll understand
That all my life I've been a freak,
Afraid to laugh, afraid to speak.
But now you'll have to listen to me.
Now you'll have to listen to me,
Now you'll have to listen now
But I don't have a thing to say.

Average Joe, hero for the average Joe.
It makes him feel like shit.