

Saint Vitus, Bitter Truth

I knew a man, I 'm proud to say
But he couldn't live in a world he couldn't see
The laws of life, it 's ways are cold
Hidden patterns genetic mold

No one seemed to know for sure
A knowing look of falling to death 's door
Living unreal, time is to steal
Booking passage on a journey unknown

Blackened veins of nihilistic sadness
A painted mask substance induced gladness
With a spike or from a bottle
Tiny cartoon pictures on a square of paper blotter

He was a man, was fear's machine
Sickness don't fail, don't succumb to self-esteem
Unseen vessel, undreamed flight
No one knows if you were wrong or if you were right
R.I.P. H.B.

[Dedicated to Dough (H.B.) Caldwell - R.I.P.]