

## I Won't Come Back

Grief

I can't socialize, puzzle with no nitch  
Feelings obsolete, art a dying trade  
No brass rings, no shooting stars to wish upon  
Wishes, dreams and hopes have all been shit upon  
No one wants to be with me 'cause I'm not really here  
I'm just a fading picture man, image thinned by tears  
I'd like to think I'm recognized but I'm not really here  
The mind that was sculpted of has dried and cracked with  
years  
Enigmatic, schizophrenic, mad drug addict  
There is no map, I'm lost inside my own mind  
T.H.C. comforts me, sets me free  
I won't come back...I won't come back...I won't come back