

It wouldn't work, it's getting stronger  
can't be controlled any longer  
theres only guilt, there is no feeling of beauty left  
what was so free is getting locked up  
emotion-motion is dead stopped  
there's just remorse, there is no hunger, no craving left  
but I see what you mean-I wish I was 16

I'm not there , only choking  
it shuts down when I'm toking  
on the air, the musky odors of yesterday  
only numb, growing colder  
don't need heat to make this solder  
feels like I'm rustin g from this apathic decay  
but I know how it feels to be underneath those heels..

now I've got nothing more to say  
and I got burned on the way  
you drugged me , fed me ,  
took me with you to wherever you'd go;  
you swallowed me whole