

Mp3 Lockbody - You've Had It



[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Righteous home-grown BOOGIECORE 13 MP3 Songs ROCK: Progressive Rock, ROCK: Punk Details:
PP Dance Sinking too fast... in a river of doubt. each time I try to... figure it out. The people want money,
Uncle Sam wants blood. We drink more toxic... And he drinks bud Life in a barrel, sight that's true All it
takes is one turn of the screw There ain't make left else I can do I say fuck this, fuck them and FUCK
YOU! Fucked up now... Outta my head. Want to drink whisky, but I snort it instead. blow a pig's doors...
right off the hingge. Drive my new pickup off a bridge. Now I'm in trouble under his gun You call it crazy I
call it fun He finds his handcuffs round his cop-neck they'll pull his body from a charred wreck WRITER'S
BLOCK Blank before my eyes blind accusation Blank behind my eyes dumb infiltration Brain slumps,
paralyzed Ruminaton stalls -- I can't WRITE -- it won't READ -- unplanned BLIGHT -- I don't BLEED -- I
feel tired... so unin- spired... as if con- spired against by my own word endeavors. Under- mined -- this
wicked bind; how it con- fines! The lines are blurred forever --- I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY I CAN'T TELL
YOU WHY I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY I CAN'T writer's block writer's block writer's block writer's block
That's where I- That's where I- That's where I- That's where I live Let me go Let me out Let me down
every time (I'VE) LOST MY MUSE (NO) LOVE TO WIN INK BLACK BRUISE STAINS BLUE VEINED
SKIN Days go by no chance of recompense Thought escape requires violence ON MY KNEES THE
AXE'S BREEZE COMPEL ME, PLEASE Forced to bear frustration tacitly I won't succumb to numbness
placidly Smash the lock without the blasted key LEXICON? DEAD AND GONE Concepts lead me on a
paper chase My mind is crippled up w/lame clichs Caught in conflict against the commonplace Erato, I
may never see thy face AGAIN fANE to BlaCkNE A swirly brown hell awaits (beneath the cold floor tile)
for victims of the master; bait which lines up single file. Demonic faces, locked in stasis, lick the soles of
crime. The oath is sworn -- now the case is in the hands of time Echoes of the flaming chicken's mad

laugh taunt from farthes cells... The green death sees the beast defeated. The lights bear down . The pulse rate quickens. Hear the loud alarum sirens as useless limits are exceeded The oppressive ceiling crushes meat of its will to fight the Man, as him before we stand and face the threat of his black sight The system hungers -- meant to feed it -- swift sure punishment is meted. How we have sinned! How have we pleaded? Thus drained of sense, then sent away on impotent incline Yes, still alive to rue the day. When driven to reply, we say: "Just fine...." NAPALM Bob Stare at me all the fucking time like my lifestyle's some kinda pervert crime Why don't you try to free your mind? Why must you be so horrendously blind? "Is there a problem?" "This won't do...." That's all I ever get out of you "Is there a problem?" "This won't do...." Piss off -- go and get screwed Stick your nose into all my make condemn whatever you don't deem fit You're such a fucking stupid twit Get out of my face or yours'll get hit Don't wanna be an asshole, man I'm trying as hard as I fucking can But all you give me is reprimand I've had about as much as I can stand LOOKING FOR ME (NOW) (mus: Compound Fracture / wds: Hendrix original wds: DAZ) I slew a little pretty thing Victoria Graves has felt Death's sting now the cops are after me Guilty On Delivery I don't know where I'm gonna go the only thing I truly know now I gotta hit the road Got to run Got to split Cut her hide Ain't no make I didn't mean to make her dead I only wanted her in bed I shouldn't have listened to what you said never should've killed the bitch left her body in a ditch now I've gotta leave this town it's certain death to hang around Got to run Made her split Cut her hide Ain't no make I gotta make it somewhere safe somewhere I won't be bullet-strafed The law'll try to make me fry but she, not I, deserved to die I don't know where I'm gonna go the only thing I truly know is now I've gotta leave this town it's certain death to hang around Got to run Made her split Got to hide Ain't no make WAIT Why is the weight so oppressive when there's such an empty space in me, which once upon a time you occupied? What a paradox, and how amusing it would be if I could find a way to keep myself from crying. I tried to write you love songs. They never came out right. The sentiments were beautiful but the words were so damn trite. If I could take a photograph of the love I have for you it'd be worth a thousand stupid songs. I am completely devastated by the nearness of your leaving. With you or without you I'm in pain. I understand your reasons but it's no easier for that as we physicaly and emotionally abstain. No on elese but you for either one of us Your cigarettes leave ashes and my life is dust I cannot rest in peace although I'm halfway gone These dreams I have of you are all that help me to go on. DOWN IN THE MOUTH Hi, Come on in. Just go ahead and have I seat while I get ready. I love my life. I love my career. The fit of my

tidy white smock. Bloody saliva, as it swirls down the spit sink! Have some gasssssss. Please, don't try to talk. But is it safe? No need for Novacain, it only dulls the pain. Although you don't need fillings I must continue drilling. You shouldn't smoke those camels, they yellow tooth enamel. Never fear, I am your pall! But this may mean a root canal. You writhe and moan with so much verve, I must have struck a healthy nerve! The wisdom of Christ is truly incisive. Here are some pamphlets to read. I show the same copies to all of my patients, so hold them arm's length as you bleed. Cause I know you're gonna bleed! Yes, I love my life! I love my career! The song of the suctioning hose... Each good girl, or boy, gets a treasure chest toy. Take one, you've earned it. Now go. PIG IRONY His culinary powers are known of praised both near far. These he employs -- it's what he most enjoys... ..then stuffs his puffy face with food through yawning mouth; his guts imbued with pre-fab flab: "There's more of me to grab." In vain to whet such ample appetite he gobbles down everything in sight -- all food, all drink, all the empties clog his sink. He squints from out of swinish eyes at an appliance his same size -- aside from chins, the fridge and he are twins! No furniture can bear his bulk. His kitchen sees him rage and sulk from in the hall -- the doorway's grown too small. ***** The restaurants and grocery stores fear his awesome hunger sprees! All the buffets in town turn him away! His shriveled dick knows no-one's touch, but sex does not concern him much. "Masticating means more than common dating." Televised aerobic shows and thigh reducing videos break him a sweat -- though he's not tried one yet. Buckling knees rest flattened feet. Sagging around the toilet seat he sits. It cracks! Overtaxed heart near attacks!! ***** One morning comes. He lifts his head, it's all that comes up off the bed. "I can't arise inflated so in size -- " Distended life comes to an end. To reach his toes he could not bend -- he'd hired you -- someone had to remove his shoes.... They buried him in a piano crate; naught else withstood the ponderous weight he'd had to lug... and now he's food for bugs. WHORE GIGS Audience gathers in its masses. Some are armed with backstage passes. Teenage kids in metal tee shirts Bang your head until your brain hurts. In the crowd the joints are burning For a flashback fix they're yearning. But back when Sabbath first was formed Most of them weren't even born, oh lord no. Ozzy Osbourne hides his tracks away Tony Iommi's e-string's flat. Geezer Butler is on Thorazine Bill Ward wears glasses, and he's fat, yeah. Twenty-two fifty for the balcony! As ageing limies take the stage. Can't see a thing without binoculars. Reunion shows are all the rage, yeah. Now in darkness concert's ended. Lights and sound and all were splendid. No more chords of awesome power, band has gone to take a shower. Backstage wives and kids are waiting but the noise is

not abating. Begging fans want autographs! Ozzy counts his bread and laughs Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals: