

No, no, no
They'd never take that advice

They only say, "You first!"
To which I respond, "Now that's absurd!"
"If I was in the back of a hearse
Then there'd be no one left to spread the word."

(11) TIRED

We sat out in the rain because
We were just so tired of screwing up
A clap of thunder and she didn't blink
She's been hit with everything but the kitchen sink

Standing tall when you should have ducked
It's quickest way to get fucked up
As you're the one left out in the rain
You think it's time that maybe you changed

Got caught in the river and its turbulent flow
Got used to things that no woman should know
Got a decision that's only yours to make
Got a way out... yeah you got an escape

You can go live with your brother
He ain't been right since mother
Caught her sister in bed with father
Yeah, they were all over each other

They ended up having a daughter
My family tree's now is a jungle
Rather than face the hot water
They pretended her dad was her uncle

Your brother has a farm in Topeka
And you know he would sure love to see ya
You could stay there and pick up the pieces
Spent some time with the nephews and nieces

(12) ACTRESS

It's time to write you out of the story
Since most of the lines no longer include me
I don't want you to be the star of my movie
I'm the wrong writer so why did you choose me?
When you knew you were just gonna use me

I thought I knew which way I was facing
But I was the producer that you were directing
Yet again casting made the wrong selection

But I must say that you were cast
Because your talents were vast
You were the head of your class
It sure helps to look like that:
And oh boy... could you act

You smiled porcelain glass
Leaving an impression that lasts
I find my mind awaken from its nap
Blinking and thinking:
Oh what a fine piece of a\$\$

It's time to write you out of the story
Since most of the lines no longer include me
I don't want you to be the star of my movie
I'm the wrong writer so why did you choose me?
When you knew you were just gonna use me

I thought I knew which way I was facing
But I was the producer that you were directing
Yet again casting made the wrong selection

(13) EMPTY ROOM

You live in a box
You build your walls
And when you stand up
You seem so tall

That's just because
You're in an empty room
But it's not your fault
So, I don't blame you

When you philosophize
amongst the dead
I could imagine the conversations
Going on in your head

Of course they're mostly
centered around either him or her
Or you and me...
Never talk about Bolivia,
East Timor or the Middle East

Can't sing about the hypocritical
Some listeners might get pissed
Better to deal in the trivial,
agreeable and bliss...

Stick to matters of the heart
Tell them what they want to hear
Lull them to sleep with art
The best paid musicians are magicians
That can make the bad things disappear

ZIONATION

SET LIST 23

- (1) KAYFABE
- (2) NOBLE PLACE HATE
- (3) BRIBE THE POOR BLACKMAIL THE RICH
- (4) BEFORE NOAH
- (5) STRAWMAN
- (6) SUN, MOON AND TRUTH
- (7) KEEPING COOL
- (8) UNBENDABLE SOLDIERS
- (9) DON'T SHOOT
- (10) CATCH A STRAY
- (11) ONE STEP HIGHER
- (12) CONTACTS
- (13) FIND THE
- (14) SOME WILL SAY
- (15) POINT MY FINGER

CONTENT ADVISORY – TRIGGER WARNING SET LIST 23

This album contains politically charged, emotionally provocative, and culturally transgressive material. The lyrics make frequent use of satire, shock value, and dark irony to critique institutions, power structures, and societal contradictions. Listener discretion is strongly advised.

Please be advised that this album includes explicit references to:
Government corruption, surveillance, and political conspiracy
Zionism, antisemitism, and the Israeli-Palestinian conflict
Racism, class warfare, and police brutality
War profiteering, military propaganda, and genocide
False flags, mass deception, and historical revisionism
Gender politics, media manipulation, and identity crises
Drug use, suicide ideation, religious satire, and state violence
Historical and contemporary references to JFK, CIA, Mossad, 9/11, and Epstein
Oblique and direct criticism of both liberal and conservative political figures
Global elitism, corporatocracy, and alleged foreign interference in domestic policy
Apocalyptic metaphors and intense expressions of existential despair

This album is an artistic work of social commentary, employing exaggerated rhetoric and controversial imagery to interrogate the present-day geopolitical landscape. Some tracks may be interpreted as offensive, inflammatory, or triggering depending on personal beliefs and lived experience.

ZIONATION is not suitable for children, nor for those seeking sanitized or politically neutral content. By continuing, you affirm that you are of legal age and prepared to encounter material designed to disturb, confront, and provoke.

ONE LAST THOUGHT IN THE AUTHOR'S OWN WORDS... Tolerant people of the Jewish faith are not a problem to anybody. The state of Israel warmongering on the world stage with blatant disregard for the lives of babies, children, animals, civilians and even friggin' houseplants is a serious fucking problem. A president who has been infiltrated by foreign agents is not serving the will of the citizens of the United States of America and needs to be removed IMMEDIATELY. Democrats, it's been 60 years since you put out somebody worth voting for, sad face emoji....

ZIONATION

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(1) KAYFABE

Well I don't have kids I have a cat
The world isn't round and it isn't flat
It's titled, it's warped and crooked as hell
Manufacturing isn't gone... It's you who they sell!

Politics is just kayfabe on T.V.
Where it's all one big show – a show for me!
They give me a vote
Choice A or choice B
But the difference 'tween 'em both
Can be hard to see

I asked for change
And what'd they say?
So didn't Charlie Kirk
And JFK....

i see cameras on the polls
i think donald trump knows
who's on the epstein files
all his friends are pedophiles

Slick Willy Bill the same
yeah, politics is just a game

Landmines and trampolines
and not much in between.

(2) NOBLE PLACE HATE
I pretend my hate comes from a noble place
I'll kill you in the name of YOUR religion!
I'm going to war?
What are we fighting for?
I'll pretend it was my own decision, Yeah!

I pay taxes for schools
and tolls for roads
They give my money to the Jews
For what? God knows

You got drafted by coach Zelensky
When you don't wanna play
For a QB who throws hospital passes
All your teammates get carried away!

Who else do we give money to
To fight foreign wars?
Whuddya think the book 'Blowback'
By Chalmers Johnson is for??? Yeah!

Gift it don't burn it
Or you will have to relearn it
History is calling
More buildings will be falling....

(3) BRIBE THE POOR BLACKMAIL THE RICH
Bribe the poor, blackmail the rich
Then the world is yours to do with it
As you wish...

The bravest are the first to die
That's why I'm standing here
And that's no lie

You don't have to procreate to save the race
Only kill at will to free up some space
Is your species driving you mad?
'Cause chillun' having chillun' is the latest fad

A view of heaven
from a seat in hell...

Fuck the chip I got a boulder on my shoulder!
I got tossed in this melting pot
And placed under a slow boil

Hands up don't shoot
Hands up, don't shoot!
I can't breathe
When the blacks can't breathe
There can be no peace
We've got to plant the seed of equality

When being black's a crime
There can be no more denying
Out in the street
Police gotta face the heat
If you're silent
That's compliance
And just as bad as violence, yeah!

We got blacks who can't breathe
And we got whites in the streets
Yelling "Fuck the Police!"

The police chief perspires
As his precinct's on fire

The line's been drawn in the sand
Here we stand against the man
I look at you...
You look at me...
This is twenty-first century slavery!

(4) BEFORE NOAH

We've got a runner!
In a land full of hidiers
Who have yet to discover
They're cannon fodder for the insiders

Uh Oh! The last guy who said that got shot
But the guy before him became a movie star

Few know it was Moses who built the arc
Before Noah came and stole it and rode it
And then stripped it for parts...

(5) STRAWMAN

Well the left wants to keep you from saying things
While the right wants to keep you from thinking things
But this state of hopeless doom keeps me from doing things...

I just stay in my room with no sense of being
Blinded through my own lack of seeing
Encased in a tomb with no chance of freeing
Myself from myself
So I fill up with hate...

Pick a straw man to hang
And go about my day

(6) SUN, MOON AND TRUTH

The sun, the moon and the truth...
Everything else is up for sale
You want further proof...
United States and Israel, yeah
The United States and Israel, yeah
The United States of Israel, no!

Bunch of Zionist Jews
Keep on buying my news
Tic Toc, too
Because you gotta buy your views

When everyone under twenty-five
Knows they've seen a genocide

You pay seven grand a pop
To get influencers to stop
The tidal wave of truth
That's been rolling in

Put Bari Weiss in charge
Bring the new regime in...

(7) KEEPING COOL

How much longer until the button is pressed
Lately leaders have been losing trust
Days, months, or years — it's anyone's guess
How long we got left until before a cloud of dust?

We all shake our heads and we disagree
Is there such a thing as honor among thieves?

Or are they all just biding their time?
'Til they get us all up on the firing line

You know I've been growing mighty tired
Saying, "I voted for the guy who lied"

Wishing to return to the days of yore
When liars' heads rolled on the courtyard floor

And revolution ran red with rivers of blood
Repercussions were faced for dragging
someone's name through the mud
Yeah, back when someone talked smack
You weren't getting up!

(8) UNBENDABLE SOLDIERS

Unbendable soldiers never
look over their shoulders
For no one ever told them
that the goddamn war was over

Their ankles still shackled
to the same old giant boulder
The earth is only considered
to be just a temporary holder

People just dangle as
they're being carried away
Men in nice suits place
another name inside a heavy folder

So sorry Mrs. Bojangles... just be glad
you're not the one who told her
You could try and you could try
but you could never console her

As the wind blowing in your face
just became a little more colder
And you would mold her and him again
if they were both made of clay

(9) DON'T SHOOT
A Muslim and a Jew
alone in a room,
Don't shoot.

Dude, a Muslim and a Jew
are alone in a room,
Don't shoot.

Yeah, Moscow or Ukraine,
you're pretty much the same.
99% the same,
Don't shoot! Yeah.

Moscow or Ukraine,
you're 99% the same,
Don't shoot!

(10) CATCH A STRAY
Don't tell me to stay.
You see me leaving.
You have a good day.
We're fucking even.

Don't tell me to stay.
You see me leaving.
You have a good day.
We're fucking even.

These games I don't play.
All this deceiving.
You have a good day.
You see me leaving.

It's just me and the cat.
I don't trust anyone else.
Yeah, you drove me to that.
That would be an improvement.
Hating myself...

NOT hanging myself!
(These pictures of Jeffery -
They didn't hang themselves!)

It's just me and the cat,
everyone else chose the gun.
And learning Hebrew,
I admit it's not that fun.

With a lak shak lak hum, haiyam,
and shit like that.
And I can hide my bald spot
with that little hat, yeah.

Better not tell
might catch a stray.
Oh, you might get Charlie Kirk'ed
Or you might get JFK'ed....

I'm gonna be like Obama,
and there won't be no cause for a llama.
I'm gonna be like Donald J
and do everything that the Adelsons say.

Hey.
Hey.
Hey.
Do everything that the Adelson say!
Hey.
Hey.
Yeah.

I turned on CBS
and then I turned it off.
I turned on MSNBC
Grabbed my balls and coughed.

Oh, shit.
They just bought TikTok.
You might catch stray.
Better not talk.

We have more in common
Than complicity in bombing
All the starving unpeople
Suffering in the desert sand, yeah!

It's gone too far south
To vote our way out
Don't have to be
A Kennedy to understand....

My inner dialogue is trapped in a box
like a fucking mime, yeah.
They keep telling me to believe
But all I see is them robbing me
Fucking blind, yeah!

It's not by accident
the North hates the South, yeah.
Slay the whip master, no matter
This engine runs by itself!

Democrats love all strangers,
just not uncle or brother.
Republicans only love God,
No, they don't like each other!

The last president who told the truth,
his initials are now a verb.
Killed by his own CIA and probably the Jews,

Yeah. Israel first, America second,
But it could be worse.
Fake views, no, fake news.
Fake views, yeah, fake fucking everything.
Something, something, something,
so they can take everything, yeah.

All our leaders are bought and paid for
by the state of Israel.
They said if you want a record deal,
then you better not tell.

Better not tell
might catch a stray.
Better not tell
might catch a stray.

You wanna put a man on the moon...
I wanna put a man in a room!

Everybody's throwing money up in the ai-air....
No need to wonder why it's such a mess down here!

It's a river of shit at the top and
and can't see any other options
How can anyone stop it?
Making Israel Great Again...
Then everyone can go fucking move there...

Isn't that the fucking plan?
Kill any everything that ends in -stan!
Yeah Bibi, when he sees me
He calls ME the fucking man!

Now I'm off to bomb Iran....
Iranians, Gazans, Palestinians and the Lebanese,
Getting Nagasakied like they're
God-damned Japanese!

Yemenis, Syrians, Iraqis, Pakistanis, Algerians,
Libyans, and don't forget the Sudanese
The latest American weapons
will help to bring you to your knees!

Tunisians, Qataris, Kuwaitis, Saudis,
Jordanians, Egyptians and the Turks,
Gonna bomb you too, you bunch of jerks!

Malaysians, Indonesians, Somalis, Mauritians,
Comorians, Djiboutians, Bahrainis, Emiratis,
Moroccans, Afghans, and whatever you call
the vermin from the Bangladesh...
You will all die too if we have any bombs left!!!!

(11) ONE STEP HIGHER
The mask they wear is falling
Can you hear them calling?
Mother, I am dying
I pay this price for lying

The man building the bombs
His time it has come!
Those who just turned away
Await the very same fate

Two-hundred-and-fifty-years
That's how long it took for us to get here
That's a long time to rust and erode
Grow weeds around the seeds we once sewed, yeah

The identity we used to be
I see falling down all around me
For today I can't really say if I'm sure
If we're really the good guys anymore...

Seems like ever since the end of World War Two
Most of what our leaders do leaves me confused
At the candidate's debate I wait — "Oh, please do tell!"
How'd we become the United States of Israel?

Who's got the dirt on who?
Why they lie about what I know to be true?
AIPAC of lies, Senate and Congress says
Sure, Donald Trump turned his head...
But Charlie Kirk got shot dead!

Zionist Jews bought the news
Since the times of our Lord
They'll label you an anti-Semite
So nobody says a word!

From a Holocaust victim...
To Gaza Strip genocide
Eighty years is all it takes
To go over to the other side

When you live-stream death twenty-four hours a day
You'll watch a world of color quickly fade to gray
What? We pay 'em four billion dollars a year?
Just think what that money could do around here

I'm stuck, running in place
To get unfucked... gotta at least start the race
But that's hard — no, not the easiest choice

When they shame your name,
they hate your face
And despise your voice

When they shame my name,
they hate my face
And despise my voice

When they shame their name,
they create their fate
Leaving us no choice...

The last leader who had our back
We all watched his skull crack
On a Texas day in Dealey Plaza

From Vietnam to Lebanon to Iraq
to Grenada to the Gulf now modern-day Gaza

Sure, any country can have a good century
But the last eleven presidents
should all be in the penitentiary
Countries now hardly have borders
Just the so-called "elite"
and those who follow orders

Sure, the Sicilian mob is gone
But the CIA's five hundred times as strong
The sale of secrets, of souls,
of weapons and tech
Blackmail Rolodexed and videotapes
full of underaged sex

You think you're playing Monopoly
when you're playing Risk
You say you'll take your shot —
but the game's already been fixed...

Money talks...
Money walks...
Sticks and stones beat stocks and bonds
Tell me — what the fuck planet do you live on?

Raise the alarm, raise the gate
They're finally here to do harm — it's too late!

The last leader who had our back
You all watched his skull crack
On a Texas day in Dealey Plaza

From Vietnam to Lebanon to Iraq
to Grenada to the Gulf now modern-day Gaza

Sure, any country can have a good century
But the last eleven presidents
should all be in the penitentiary

Mmmmmm... you use fire as the cleanser
When you're not an owner, only a renter
Don't criticize the "Is" or you'll get censored
These days your pay raise looks like Gaza's center

These days are gray, sore on the eyes
All the president's men even got the women telling lies
The old are taking our world to their grave
While we turn our cheeks and say "Hey Zeus saves"

Now go in peace, while the good people sleep
There's an evil released — buried barely skin deep

That's the number one reason why
We don't have good things anymore
There are slaves who climb one step higher
Doing the bidding of their lords

(12) CONTACTS

Talking straight to crooked people...

Spend less on war
Make fewer enemies...

Instead of more, more, more!
War, war, war!

Either/or...
Buy, lend or lease

When the war came I was drafted number one
They didn't teach me how to fight
Or even give me a gun...

On my second day I dropped behind enemy lines
Somehow I made friends within a short amount of time

"I could either get 150 million people to like me
and I could be president —
or I could get 10 people to love me
and I could be happy.
I'm not sure I'm capable of doing both."

There's three briefcases full of cash
For a kidnapper and a politician!

If any questions get asked
You were just out there fishing...

Big game...
I like persons but not the masses
I got contacts, though I prefer glasses

(13) FIND THE

Find the beauty...It's past the hatred,
Past the fear and the scorn

Find the beauty...You've come early,
Never too late to be reborn

Find the wisdom...Gained from elders
Of countless centuries past

Find the wisdom...
In the knowledge time is wasting
And time is fading fast

Find the truth...Stripped of comfort,
Unmasked and unadorned

Find the truth...
That survives when ideologies collapse
And manufactured illusions are torn

(14) SOME WILL SAY

Some will say I wanna be a porno star
Some will say you'll be breaking the law
Some will say, some will say, some will say...

Some will say homicide
Some will say suicide
Some will say murder suicide, yeah....
Some will say, some will say, some will say...

Some will say that's fucking gay!
Some will say you made my fucking day!
Hooray hooray
Some will say, some will say, some will say...

Some will say you broke the mold
Some will say now give me back control
Some will say, some will say, some will say...

Some will say contain that rage
Some will say let it out of the cage
Some will say, some will say, some will say...

Some will say now let's celebrate!
Some will say best mind your fate
Some will say, some will say, some will say...

(15) POINT MY FINGER

Fatalistic fairytales
Never make the children smile
Little lads long to cling to hanging chads
and happy history teacher's made up facts
That make great heroes of mom and dads
Grandpa and grandmoms after-the-fact

Though they know war sucks when people die
Take a rake from a peasant from the countryside
Replace it with a bullet encased in metal homicide

No it's not nice... Crushing dreams
Run up behind a Frenchman... And yell "Guillotine!"
But watch out!
For he's bound to dish, dash, dart, and then scream
And that's when things will get REAL mean!

Humanity lacks sympathy
And we can never agree harmoniously
I point my finger violently at you
as you point back at me

I shake the sheeple
And unite the people
Who see the world like me
We don't like what we see
But we're divided there's no hiding
They constantly keep us fighting

Humanity lacks sympathy
And we can never agree harmoniously
I point my finger violently at you
as you point back at me

It's getting too easy to get distracted
Once upon a time
I might have over reacted
But today I take it as the truth
So I'm taking some time
To retreat and regroup

Knowing I'm in this
For the Huey Long haul
Sure I'll stand 'til I can't
But bend before I fall

For there is so much work
Ahead for me to do
I've learned how and when to say when
Because when you're me
You gotta do what you have to do
Just to be you

Class war ain't a battle
That is won in a day
It took thousands of years
For things to get to here
Millions of deaths
And billions of words
To brainwash the people
And hide and silence their hurt

I got a little work left on myself
To be the best I can be
But when I come back
I expect a hug when you see me walking the streets...

Humanity lacks sympathy
And we can never agree harmoniously
I point my finger violently at you
as you point back at me

It's not just the freaks
That sleep down at the beach
Lately I see
Lots of people like you and me

These are crazy times
If you read between the lines
You can find lots of uncovered crimes
Under your blanket in
What we call the New York Times

TRAIN OFF THE TRACKS

SET LIST SEVEN (7)

- 1 Corey Story
- 2 Daddy Taught Me
- 3 Shadow Of Smoke
- 4 Wheat and Chaff
- 5 Midas Touch
- 6 Sniper's Song
- 7 Quest For Immortality
- 8 Innocence Lost
- 9 Betrayal
- 10 A Cop Asked the Witnesses
- 11 Dirt
- 12 Either Way (first Part)



EXTREME CONTENT WARNING – SET LIST SEVEN (7)

Set List Seven represents the most severe, confrontational, and psychologically destabilizing body of work in the catalog. These compositions do not imply, suggest, or allegorize harm — they depict it directly. The material engages with violence, abuse, coercion, and moral collapse without mitigation, moral instruction, or emotional resolution.

This set deliberately rejects comfort, recovery narratives, or redemptive framing. It exists as documentation — sometimes clinical, sometimes poetic, sometimes brutally interior — of human damage as it occurs.

Many pieces are written from inside disturbing psychological states or viewpoints. Perspective shifts may include perpetrators, victims, bystanders, or fractured internal narrators. These voices are presented without reassurance, justification, or corrective commentary.

This collection is not symbolic therapy, not advocacy, and not a cautionary tale. It is an unfiltered confrontation with traumatic realities.



MAJOR AND SEVERE TRIGGERS PRESENT:

Explicit and graphic depictions of sexual assault and rape
Child abuse, grooming behaviors, exploitation, and ideological indoctrination
Suicide, self-annihilation ideation, and fixation on death
Mass violence fantasies, gun violence, sniper imagery, and premeditated harm
Domestic violence, coercive control, and emotional imprisonment
Religious extremism, spiritual abuse, and authoritarian belief systems
Dissociation, psychological fragmentation, psychosis, and identity collapse
Moral nihilism, dehumanization, and ethical disintegration



ADDITIONAL DISTRESS FACTORS:

Prolonged exposure to threatening or violent inner monologues
Lack of narrative closure or moral positioning
Repetition of harmful imagery without relief
Emotional detachment that may feel cold, clinical, or invasive
Language that may feel accusatory, voyeuristic, or invasive by design
Some works may appear to normalize, inhabit, or withhold judgment on destructive behavior.

This is intentional and integral to the structure of the set.

! IMPORTANT CONTEXT FOR LISTENERS:

Set List Seven does not offer healing, insight, or reconciliation. It does not guide the listener toward understanding or recovery.

The experience may feel unresolved, disturbing, or psychologically invasive even after completion.

For some listeners, exposure may trigger:

Panic responses

Dissociative episodes

Intrusive thoughts

Emotional destabilization

Re-traumatization

This material should be avoided by individuals with trauma sensitivities related to violence, abuse, or self-harm, or by anyone seeking emotional safety, solace, or clarity.

⊘ LISTENER ADVISORY:

Listener discretion is not optional — it is mandatory. Engagement with this set requires informed consent. Proceed only if you are prepared to encounter material that refuses comfort, resolution, or moral framing.

TRAIN OF THE TRACKS

SET LIST SEVEN (7)

1 Corey Story

2 Daddy Taught Me

3 Shadow Of Smoke

4 Wheat and Chaff

5 Midas Touch

6 Sniper's Song

7 Quest For Immortality

8 Innocence Lost

9 Betrayal

10 A Cop Asked the Witnesses

11 Dirt

12 Either Way (first Part)

(1) COREY STORY

His mama was a nurse

and his daddy sold jewels

A couple hard working stiffs

But both were fools

If the boys got outta line

parents kept their cool

They'd never make a fuss

just leave 'em to the school

Too busy working
to have to raise kids
Right there ya find out
where the problem is

When little boys break the rules
daddy's too drunk to yell
He tried to chase 'em
up the stairs
but down he fell

When you make your own rules
how hard can life be?
Mom's sitting on the couch
just watching TV

Yet it takes more to be a mom
than just making dinner
Gotta teach your kids to play
the game of life to be a winner

All you need's a @#\$% to be a father
but it takes balls to be a dad
I wish they read this story
I really wish they had

I always tried to use my brain
while my friend he used his brawn
Now I got it made
While my friend barely gets along

His daddy read him beer bottles
while my daddy read me books
When life gets ugly
you can't get by on looks

Me and my daddy
played throw and catch
Him and his daddy
played throw and duck

When life gets ugly
you can't get by on looks
When you got no smarts
you get by on luck
And when that runs out
it really sucks

(2) DADDY TAUGHT ME

When I was little
My daddy dressed me in white
He said so he could lead me
Through the darkness
and into the light

Mama washed my clothes
Nearly every day
For I'd get them dirty
Whenever I'd play

She told me that if it wasn't white
Then it wasn't good
If the weather got chilly
She'd pull up my hood

Mama told me of Jesus and God
And of Heaven divine
I asked if I'd go there
And she said I'd be fine

She said I was pure
And God made me snow
And that angels would follow me
Wherever I'd go

I couldn't wait to see God
And tell him what was on my mind
I even tried praying a couple of times
But church was much different
Than what I ever thought it would be
We'd have mass outside
And we'd light a big "T"

I had so much fun
When we'd march in parades
Then we'd set fire
To the crosses we made

And I love the holidays
They fill me with cheer
We loved Halloween so much
We had it twenty times a year

For some reason I was always a ghost
Must be the costume my mama liked most
Funny how no one ever got scared
Even when I was trying

Oh, there was that one....
The little girl who was crying

I'm not even sure why
She had tears in her eyes
I really scared her good
I must have caught her by surprise

I can't wait to get older
And be a daddy some day
I'll teach these games to my kids
And the whole family will play

When I get older...
I'll be the best daddy I can be
I just hope I can teach my kids as good
As my daddy taught me

(3) SHADOW OF SMOKE

Just a shadow of smoke
That's how I appear
Try to reach out and touch me
What you see disappears

No living soul can reach me
First you see my face
Vanish into thin air
And then gone without a trace

Just another mystery
A puzzle no one can solve
First I am there
And then I dissolve

Just a castle of sand
Before the tide comes to me
And after a warm embrace
Carries me out to the sea

So back into the fog I fade
My own little solitary parade
Back into the waters I wade
Unable to undo all I have made

I've lost my soul
Through the horrors I've seen
Along with my past desires
Of all I could have been

To the days of old
I can never return
Time passes slowly
When the memories still burn

As I see children laugh
And young mothers dance
I know I've lived my life
There is no second chance

Just a shadow of smoke
That's how I appear
Try to reach out and touch me
What you see disappears

(4) WHEAT AND CHAFF

Your suicide was glorified
Like a police chase on the news
Neither your vanity or your family
Was enough to pull you through

When you crashed in the past
You walked away unscathed
This time you felt it didn't go so well
The saviour was not saved

The memories are overwhelming
As they all come flooding back
You feel yourself being swept away
The dam burst where it was cracked

Such an explosion of emotion
Leaving everyone taking flak
"His war is over" the priest spoke sober
Then a scream, a yell, a gasp

So for the cries and for the laughs
Let us raise our glass up to the past
To both the wheat and the chaff
For all that was left undone
And for what can't be taken back

(5) MIDAS TOUCH

What has once been bought
has now been sold
Your Midas touch
turned me into gold

Never to grow young
never to grow old
Death does part
forget to have and hold
Sickness is health
as warmth becomes cold

A face once beautiful
is now pale and blue
Crumbling down
what was once brand new

The question is not how or why
or when but who?
The lesson is be careful
of what you wish for
Because it just might come true...

The wink of the eye
of your future wife
The turn of a corner
and the stab of a knife
Just a second could change your life

So beware of what's around you
Be aware of where you go
Because you never really know...

After your next step
After your next breath
There could be one life and one death
Forget all the rest

(6) SNIPER'S SONG

Who am I?
And what are my reasons?
I've got my rifle by my side
And it's hunting season

I'm just another face in the crowd
Waiting to make my next move
Eight A.M. and I'm already
out on the prowl
I wonder just how long
I can keep my cool

Random is the way it has to be
Can't have any motive or connection
Following after me

One bullet at a time
I write the headlines
of the front page
I am God,
I am death,
I am your old age

At random
Or in seclusion
I am reality
This is no illusion

Who am I?
And what are my reasons?
I've got my rifle by my side
And it's hunting season

I'm just another face in the crowd
Waiting to make my next move
Nine A.M. and I'm already
out on the prowl
I wonder just how long
I can keep my cool

Go about your business
This sniper will find you
Look over your left shoulder
I am right behind you

You cannot see me
I am in seclusion
Death is reality
I am no illusion

Who am I?
And what are my reasons?
I've got my rifle by my side
And it's hunting season

I'm just another face in the crowd
Waiting to make my next move
Ten A.M. and I'm already
out on the prowl
I wonder just how long
I can keep my cool

Some may call me crazy
But I don't see it that way
I am just another hunter
And you are all my prey

I could be your neighbor
I could be your best friend
I could be a terrorist
But only when you catch me...
Will you be safe again

(7) QUEST FOR IMMORTALITY

I have finally found
a reason for waking up
It is my job to unite the legions
Who just don't give a fu\$%

When you're laying foundations of concrete
You had better stand clear
For in the name of progress
Sometimes a few people disappear

One more voice left unheard
Amidst the deepest of frustrations
Only one man could kill
with complete racial equality
I would drop the bomb
without any hesitation

Just waiting for the man
to come calling on me
I would drop the bomb
without any reservations

Nah, I told myself
I've got to give in
And live on the same grid
as the competition

No more applying my time
to going fishing inside of my mind
But please just one more time
for the sake of mankind
If I could just find
the perfect poetic lines
Maybe then my hatred would mend

So I'll keep on searching
for another solution
Or else I'll plot out my own demise...
the final end

My presence is important
Just the fact that I roam the earth
Makes it all but certain

That I could be the one
who lifts the curtain
Or perhaps be the person
Who pushes the button
Snaps, cracks and attacks
All of a sudden
I start putting people in the oven
Dozen by dozen by dozen

The time has come
Face it... it's done
I will never be the chosen one
Better go and grab the gun
And see how fast
these clowns can run

No, not everybody's presence
is a gift
Yet still you've got to learn
to live with it

(8) INNOCENCE LOST
I've sat at every bench in this park
Both before and after dark
Looking out at an ocean oh so deep
When everyone else is asleep

I see the sailboats stopped
Lookin' just like upside down lollipops
I see the seagulls pecking
Down by the beach
But it all seems out of reach

Take off my shirt to get a tan
Wondering about life's master plan
Just when my troubles
start to fade away
I have to go to work soon
so I cannot stay
But oh what a price I pay...

As soon as you're high
Something brings you down
As soon as you smile
Something makes you frown
As soon as you blink
The second has passed
As soon as you're first
You wind up last

This world can be such a tease
As soon as I feel
That my mind's at ease
Just when I think I have it made
Rain falls down on my parade

I've had my shares
Of ups and downs
Cried like mimes
And laughed like clowns

I've been dwarfed by guilt
And knocked off of my stilts
I've seen the flowers bloom
And I have watched the pedals wilt

Here at the park
I collect my thoughts
Try to find a pair of scissors
When I'm tied up in knots
Then these words
Became my thoughts...

As soon as you're high
Something brings you down
As soon as you smile
Something makes you frown
As soon as you blink
The second has passed
As soon as you're close
You run out of gas

I watch the children
I've seen so many times before
And their innocent eyes
Not yet knowing what's in store

With every game
comes a new surprise
Every truth told contains
At least a part of a lie
Under a parent's eye
they run so free
Not a worry in the world
The way life should be

And yet as they grow a little older
The winds blow a little colder
But we all know it is calm
Before the storm
Mommy still has a blanket
To keep them warm

She protects them
for as long as she can
There are some things children
Should never have to understand
Don't tell them the secret...

As soon as you're high
Something brings you down
As soon as you smile
Something makes you frown

As soon as you blink
The second has passed
As soon as the sun rises
The shadow's been cast

Yes I was once a child
many years ago
And I learned the hard way
The things I didn't know

Life was once so simple
But like a gunshot to the temple
I was told I couldn't go any higher
And then was thrown into the fire

Now all I can do is dream
Back to the days
When my own eyes did gleam

Someday when everyone is asleep
That same child
will come here to weep
And they too
will write their song
About how the innocence
They once knew is gone
And they'll say...

As soon as I'm high
Something brings me down
As soon as I smile
Something makes me frown
As soon as I blinked
My childhood passed
What I loved so much...
I want it back

(9) BETRAYAL

What will her friends say?
What wild rumors will be spread?

Where lies her escape?
These thoughts run 'round in her head
She had been bruised inside
Blood trickled down the side of her face
He was twice her size

She was just half his age
She fought so hard
but she was unable to resist
That's okay,
I like it better this way, he hissed

When she tried to say no with her knee
He said yes with his fist

But luckily, when he swung he had missed...
At least the first time

He pinned her down
Leaving red welts on her wrists?

To mom and dad she cried:
I'm sorry to have to tell you this:

But Jesus wasn't the only one
Who was betrayed by a kiss

Yet never in Sunday school
did they ever cover this...
And this was her first time

What will her friends say?
What wild rumors will be spread?
Where lies her escape?
So many thoughts run round in her head

Once it was known
That his seed had been sewn
She carried the child like a disease

For when the baby came
How could she explain
That a rapist's eyes
were all that she sees

What will her friends say?
What wild rumors will be spread?

Where lies her escape?
So many thoughts run
round in her head

Conflicting voices
whisper in her ear
She tries to drown them out
but they won't disappear

Her pastor's sermons
and a voice
that she hadn't heard before

Every day that voice
Speaks louder...
She knows soon
It will speak no more...

(10) COP ASKED THE WITNESSES

A cop asked the witnesses
Did you see the driver of the car?
The witnesses responded
She couldn't have gone that far

It's amazing where fate'll bring you
All the way to a cell
It's amazing where fate'll bring you
Down to the depths of hell

The night was dark and dreary
The rain was pouring down
The faces of the happy
Were quickly turned to frowns

November twenty-sixth
And there's not much thanks to give
It's hard to be rejoiceful
When daddy didn't live

A cop asked the witnesses
Did you see the driver of the car?
The witnesses responded
She couldn't have gone that far

Mommy ran into a restaurant
Screaming someone hurt my love
Mommy showed the owner
The broken wings of her dove

Two lives were almost taken
As soon as they begun
A two year-old child
And the young driver on the run

People dressed in black
Now put flowers on his grave
Daddy died a great hero
And his little girl he did save

A father's life is over
And a family torn apart
A mother's constant weeping
And a child's bleeding heart

A cop asked the witnesses
Did you see the driver of the car?
The witnesses responded
She couldn't have gone that far

There's fresh blood on the sidewalk
And tears fallen to the ground
Flowers on a gravestone
And a deeply saddened town

About the girl on the run
Are you sorry for your sin?
Your only chance at Heaven
Is turning yourself in

(11) DIRT

Who's got the dirt on you?
Or maybe you've been
keeping secrets from yourself

Do you know who
I've been talking to?
No it wasn't her
it was somebody else...

Ooh, I see someone's
afraid of sunlight
Stays lurking in the shadowy realm

To only be happy when it's cloudy
Would seem to me
to be trapped in a living hell

Who's got the dirt on you?
Won't you whisper just what
your little secret is worth

Certainly no one
could have deserved this
Never seen you look so nervous...
your eyes darting back and forth

Well sure we all make mistakes
Yet this one was so easy to trace

You didn't look guilty
just heavily disgraced
That would best describe
the look on your face

Who's got the dirt on you?
Has anyone offered
to cut you a deal?

Or are they just
letting out the line?
Let you run a little
knowing they hold the reel

(12) EITHER WAY
I'm a vessel of violence
Live alone on an island
I can never keep silent
They keep playing violins
To cover everybody's crying

I got no one to hear me
No family lives near me
No friends close by
No friends at all
- that was a lie
No one to call or stop by
That's why sometimes I cry

You would to
When I got nothing to do
It gives me something to do

Many say medicate don't educate
Become an arsonist to your history
Self-knowledge just drags in complication
When some things are best left a mystery

The agony of meeting expectations
Has led to the cancelling
of many celebrations
In both your honor and your name
Yeah, it was all for you
but you never came

If you only die when you're forgotten
Anonymity must sure be rotten

The value of reality
lies in immateriality
For everything that lives
externally dies

Though the worth of life
is measured by the soul
Which we all know
can be compromised

The choice could be fame or integrity
Will you have riches or character?
That is what she said to me
Now you know why everybody's after her

She gives like its charity
With instant familiarity
A true gem that's a rarity
Indeed she's looking so lovely
Those brown eyes gazing back at me
Feeling like there's no one above me
As she stares right through me
It's like she's always knew me

Let us hope she never forgets
Remember...
you can't give somebody everything
Because then you'd have nothing left!

CORRUGATION ROW
SET LIST EIGHTEEN (18)

- 1 Gauging Time
- 2 War Leonard 19 (first two)
- 3 Battle Cry
- 4 Free Speech
- 5 Beast
- 6 Flicker
- 7 Hidden Evils
- 8 Patching the Hole
- 9 Enemy of This State
- 10 Building a Castle
- 11 Cliffhanger
- 12 Happy Birthday to Me
- 13 Apocalypse Now, See Ya Later
- 14 Wave My Hands

⚠ TRIGGER WARNING – SET LIST EIGHTEEN (18)

Set List 18 contains extreme and graphic themes involving suicidal ideation, self-harm, violence, psychological breakdown, political rage, dehumanization, mass trauma, and nihilism. This collection is not metaphor-only — several tracks contain direct, explicit statements that may be deeply disturbing or retraumatizing.

Listener discretion is strongly advised.

HIGH-RISK CONTENT – READ BEFORE LISTENING

This set may be harmful or unsafe for listeners who are sensitive to:

Suicide and self-harm ideation

Graphic descriptions of violence

Serial-killer language and fantasies

Political extremism, state paranoia, and dehumanization

Psychological dissociation and identity collapse

Hopelessness, nihilism, and apocalyptic thinking

Incarceration imagery and loss of freedom

Grief compounded into rage

Explicit threats of harm toward others

SEVERE TRIGGERS PRESENT

SUICIDE & SELF-HARM (EXPLICIT) - "Building a Castle" contains direct suicidal ideation, including graphic imagery involving an oven, windows, and desire for isolation to avoid pain.

"Cliffhanger" centers on falling, responsibility, and fatalistic self-blame.

"Happy Birthday to Me" presents severe loneliness and depressive ideation tied to aging and isolation. These are not coded metaphors — they are plainly stated.

VIOLENCE & MURDER (GRAPHIC LANGUAGE) - "Wave My Hands" contains explicit violent fantasy, including references to killing, serial murder, lack of remorse, and escalation. Language mirrors real-world criminal profiling and may be deeply disturbing.

WAR, STATE VIOLENCE & DEHUMANIZATION - "War Leonard 19," "Battle Cry," "Free Speech," "Enemy of This State" engage heavily with: Political radicalization, Media manipulation, Loss of civil liberties, National sacrifice narratives, Citizens framed as expendable. These songs may trigger listeners affected by authoritarian trauma, surveillance fears, or political violence.

PSYCHOLOGICAL BREAKDOWN & NIHILISM - "Apocalypse Now, See Ya Later" expresses: Desire for societal collapse, Emotional detachment from mass death, Relief at the idea of annihilation

"Hidden Evils" presents relentless imagery of generational suffering, poverty, racism, neglect, and despair with no resolution.

"Patching the Hole" emphasizes futility, emotional numbness, and loss of purpose.

MENTAL HEALTH WARNING - This set explores untreated grief mutating into rage, isolation hardening into misanthropy, and hopelessness transforming into violent ideation. Several tracks cross the line from observation into embodiment of destructive thought patterns. This is not a recovery arc. This is a collapse arc.

WHO SHOULD AVOID THIS SET

Anyone currently struggling with suicidal thoughts
Survivors of violent crime
Listeners sensitive to graphic or explicit content
Those in grief recovery or early trauma processing
Anyone seeking comfort, hope, or resolution

SUMMARY

Set List 18 is raw, confrontational, and dangerous by design.
It documents a mind under siege — politically, emotionally, and existentially — without filtering, redemption, or safety rails.
This is art as exposure, not art as refuge.
Proceed only if you are emotionally prepared.

CORRUGATION ROW

SET LIST EIGHTEEN (18)

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(1) GAUGING TIME

Cracks upon the walls
Pacing up and down the halls
When the walls start closing in
Then the end will now begin

Freedom is stripped away
As today mirrors every other day
When time starts growing old
Then what a price we pay

You don't gauge time by the clock
That's hanging on the wall
You tell time by the calendar
That's hanging in the hall

The time you got in
That's not what it's about
It's the days you got left
Before they let you out

(2) WAR LEONARD 19

They wanted war...
I didn't start it
The rich and the poor
Both broken-hearted

The haves kept wanting more
Have-nots got less and less
The battle in store
Anyone might have guessed...

(3) BATTLE CRY

When our battle cry is save our shanty town
Then your duty to your country is served
When their false flag comes crashing down
You'll finally get what you deserve

So before we pledge our allegiance again
Best to know which side we're really fighting for
For in this battle not everyone bleeds
No guns nor swords used in this kind of war

This is the fight for your soul
And it's a battle of wills
In which your only friend is yourself
because bad advice kills

You'll need the strongest of convictions
Because very few ever change sides
Needless to say you must
choose wisely if you want to stay alive

So many say but not many do
Deceive with bitter lies
Only speak in half-truths
For this war for information
Is plagued by veils and disguise
The media is a just puppet
That tells tall tales and lies

While the words of politicians ooze
Campaign speeches and promises so great
They'll say the choice now rests with you
You and your state control our nation's fate

Oh the false prophets are many
In a world full of masks
Some get paid to make up facts
When someone crooked gets attacked

Yet the game is fixed
And it's the board game RISK
And your country is the one that's sacrificed
Because it wasn't your hands that rolled the dice

When our battle cry is save our shanty town
Then our duty to our country is served
When their false flag comes crashing down
We'll finally get what we deserve

(4) FREE SPEECH

Well, the speech maybe free
But someone will have to pay for the lies...
For what's been done to you and me
Offered up to the Beast... sacrificed, yeah

Ain't no penance or priest
Giving relief to the sheep who have died, no no
So don't go claiming you're lost
Or you'll end up on a cross... crucified, yeah

You can go tell a friend
But they'll just do it again
No, the names never end
Who have died

Throughout history
That's how it seems to be
It's just more misery
Wrapped in lies

(5) BEAST

With just the act of waking up
Wanting to create
something beautiful
and magical...

It came as no coincidence
in this funny tragedy
That something bad
had to happen to me

But luckily it was
just a ha ha ha
Where everybody
laughed at me....

Everybody lived
to tell the story
And at worse a few
Thought it was boring

Of course, certainly....
My friends and I
Have never been to the Middle East
Where they are given guns not peace
As I sit here

and sigh for my side
Both enemies and allies
who die as they cry
Never getting to
Comprehend or realize
It's the war machine
that's the beast

And it's you who's become obsessed
With this thirst and this quest
for blood and for flesh
A newly felt passion for pain
that your eyes now reflect
Yet your mind fails to digest
On famine it feeds best off
Of indifference and neglect

With just the act of waking up
Wanting to create
something beautiful
and magical...

It came as no coincidence
in this funny tragedy
That something bad
had to happen to me

(6) FLICKER

I see light at the end of the tunnel
Yes, we can get there from here but there's gonna be trouble
I see light be it just a flicker
Yet to me it's bright
Because it's real dark down here motherf*cker
That's right

Sometimes you just need one single thing to believe in
To hold onto
To keep you standing
Opposed to horizontal
Which is right where they want you
That's right

I see light in the eyes of laughing children
That's why I fight
Because they're gonna face many problems during their lives
I believe it's best that we no try to solve 'em
That's right
I see light at the end of the tunnel

Yes we can get there from here

(7) HIDDEN EVILS

Tick tock,
back and forth
moves the clock
But time stands still
on this here block

All the people here are doing
the same thing as yesterday
Satisfied with repetition but
what a price they pay

Tick tock
Try to remember to think
of happy thoughts
When your hands are bleeding
from untying the knots

The knots that stake you
to your chain of being
While you try to make your eyes believe
That its not real what they are seeing

Tick tock
What are you thinking as
you're sitting at your table?
Are you still wondering
if you are able

To chase those dreams as fast
as you could so many years ago?
Have you misplaced the self
that you once used to know?

Tick tock
For just when thought you've figured
all the important things out
Some situation occurs and returns
your previous doubts

The doubts which we
all sometimes possess
The reason we lose hope
when the world is a mess

Tick tock
A crying teen wonders
how much more she can handle
As a mangy dog digs through trash
and howls at the wind

Meanwhile a priest in his church
lights a holy candle
For all of his lost children
who have suffered and sinned

Tick tock
Son lays awake all night
dreaming of tomorrow
Grandmother prays for her soul
to be saved

Father works his second job,
his eyes full of sorrow
Mother wonders how
the bills will get paid

Tick Tock
A child born of racists,
his heart fills with hate
Paint chips fall off the wall
of the liquor store

An abandoned building becomes
home to a family of eight
The donation bin stays empty
while collecting for the poor

Tick tock
A pigeon wanders aimlessly
unsure of where to look for food
A wrinkled and ripped newspaper
blows around in the park

A homeless man on a bench
awakes in a foul mood
As night falls all that's wrong
with the world is covered by dark

Tick tock
back and forth moves the clock
But time stands still
on this here block

All the people here are doing
the same thing as yesterday
Satisfied with repetition but
what a price they pay

Tick tock
Try to remember to think
of happy thoughts
When your hands are bleeding
from untying the knots

The knots that stake you
to your chain of being
While you try to make your eyes believe
That it's not real what they are seeing

Like the maid in the kitchen
Cleaning the same old drapes
And the man face down in the gutter
With seemingly no hope of escape
Tick tock

(8) PATCHING THE HOLE

It seems like there's
no parking spaces
Only unhappy faces
Untied shoelaces
Now you've covered
all the bases

Those with their thoughts
like feet buried in cement
With a sign on their mind
that reads space for rent
If only could a
conscience be lent
Seems like just wasted space
and wasted time spent

Cannot fix the flaw
only patch the hole
The potential of diamonds
still stuck in the coal
Able to race the race
though blind to the goal
Only glimpses and pieces
never the whole

Never a reasonable thought
about why they're here
And soon indifference replaces fear
The voice of reason
they're unable to hear
Never aware of how
far away or near

For the truth of it all
some could never bear
Answer half-witted responses
of life's not fair
Entering every endeavor
without much care

Have somehow
lost the passion,
lost the flair
For the truth of it all
some could never bear

Answer half-witted responses
of life's not fair
Entering every endeavor
without much care

Rise above the filth...
If you dare?

(9) ENEMY OF THIS STATE

I share my darkness with the morning
It's about time to set back the clocks
I can see now that the world's been turning
Through this tiny hole inside my prison box

Yes, I'd rather sit here within my own seclusion
Then go chasing after some make believe dream
So many have become entrapped by the false illusion
That what we think we see is what it appears to be

For all of the freedoms
That we once held dear
With one lie and one swipe of the pen
I have watched them disappear

Life sure has changed
So much since yesteryear
I'll become an enemy of this state
When hope can no longer conquer our fear

Perhaps I'm being too critical
Of this society in which we live
But sometimes it becomes too hard to take
When those who have the least are the only ones who give

Yes, life sure has changed
So much since yesteryear
I'll become an enemy of this state
When hope can no longer conquer our fear

(10) BUILDING A CASTLE

I just placed my head inside an oven
It's just too bad that it's electric

Been having suicidal thoughts
by the dozen
But I think that just makes me
a little eccentric

Now I know there's been
worse cases than me
But how they found their way free
I still can't see

Some call it bad luck
while others mention fate
Here I stand by an open window
as it's getting late

And it's much too late
to simply turn the page
Become such a creature of habit
at such an early age

So many faces I've known
just seem to fade away
Over the past ten years
very few have stayed
At this moment
I can trace them all

I sigh to myself,
place another stone
upon the wall

Then my castle is finished
there'll be no more hurt and pain

The drawbridge raised,
the windows barred,
everything locked and chained

Maybe then I'll be able to sleep
in peace and quiet
I'll be all by myself
there's no reason to deny it

But I'll never have to worry about
who'll be the next to leave
At least I'll have my own garden
– to hell with Eve

Every day of my life
I've thought like this
Lying on the floor
and clenching my fists

All the time wondering
whether I exist
Pass the time trying
to find some way to resist
I can't take back
what I've seen

I can't take back
that I've been
where I've been

Figured that I can end my troubles
though I'm surrounded by sin
If I never come out
and don't ever let anybody in

I am not here
I am someplace else
In a room full of people
I am all by myself

(11) CLIFFHANGER

Alone again
I hold myself solely responsible
Inside my looking glass of soul

Peeking through the cracks
Falling, falling, falling...fell
Did I find the right way to go?
The answer is yes but not too well

A burning candle
Proves meager
In this world of electricity

Traveling great distances
Can be quite hard to handle
Even though I am eager
To build upon my legacy
And meet and greet my destiny

Yet I fear our meeting
May be a little premature
Slipping and sliding
On Mother Nature's
Curves and contours

Down the mountain
Off the cliff
Straight on towards
The black abyss

My fault
My path
I'm the one who chose it

My life
My clay
I'm the one who molds it

No standing and longing
No wondering, "What if?"
I climbed up the mountain
And then I fell off the cliff

Alone again
I hold myself solely responsible
Inside my looking glass of soul
Peeking through the cracks
Falling, falling...fell
Did I find the right way to go?
The answer is yes but not too well

(12) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME
Since it will never come true
I am going to tell you my wish
One year from now
I long to have a soul
With whom I can share this day with

Because today I'm feeling old
And kinda sad
Feeling all alone and a little mad

Today is my special day
But there are no party hats
My ears yearn for one single hooray!
For just one present that I can unwrap

I'm sitting here by myself at home
Never had a day like this before
No one called me on the phone
Nobody knocked on the door

Another candle
Another year
Three hundred and sixty-five
More days have disappeared

There's no surprise party
waiting for anywhere
At least as far as I can see...
Yet tradition is tradition
So I'll just sing:
Happy birthday to me

Just one more candle
Just another year
Three hundred and sixty-five more days
That have disappeared

There's no surprise party
waiting anywhere for me
At least as far as I can see
Yet tradition is tradition
So I'll just sing:
happy birthday to me

(13) APOCALYPSE NOW, SEE YA LATER
I spent last night alone looking up at the stars
Given up on seeing the sun
Feeling sorry for myself
Feeling sorry for what I have and haven't done

I am back at square one
Stranded on this giant sphere we all call the Earth
Still, I'm sitting here standing guard over this
My little pile of dirt

I know it sounds deranged
That the only time I can get relief
Is when people share my pain
And empathize with my grief

Apocalypse now, apocalypse later
It sure seems we've fallen out of favor
Someday our dreams, soul and memories
Will be all well have left to savor

Sitting here watching the sky
Wishing I was an astronaut
But unluckily for me I'm not
I'm just another guy who hurts

If these clouds don't pass by
Soon the flood'll come
Turning everything to mud
Ruin my last clean shirt

Apocalypse now, apocalypse later
It sure seems we've fallen out of favor

Yelling hip, hip, hooray to others or myself
It's probably not okay to think or say

That hopefully we'll all get washed away
When the end of our days begins...
Hey, today could be the day

It could happen right now and I wouldn't care
At least I chose the right shirt to wear

Apocalypse now, apocalypse later
It sure seems we've fallen out of favor

Someday our dreams, soul and memories
Will be all we'll have left to savor

I'll be here with my tears of joy
Sitting while watching everything get destroyed
Amidst this an ocean of sorrow

I won't feel disgraced
I'll be wearing a smile on my face
As everyone else runs away

Hey, I'll be here all day...
But I might not be tomorrow

(14) WAVE MY HANDS
I wish I could wave my hands
Wake up in LadyWeaver Land
All my past sins be damned
Look at me... here I am

Once I travelled thousands of miles
Just to gaze at your sweet, sweet smile

And then everything crashed and burned
And on a plane I had to return

It's been ten years since that day
Now you have died and I have strayed
I find it hard just keeping on
In this world where you are gone

I've decided to level the field
Share with all this hurt I feel
Soon you'll find my fate's been sealed
This monster inside I keep concealed

I don't gamble
I don't drink
But I got problems with other things

I had a wife
Then that wife died
And that unleashed a demon inside

No hesitation marks on my first kill
I ripped that shit like Buffalo Bill
And now I'm off for number two
Learned from John Douglas what not to do...

LIVING A LA MODE SET LIST FIVE (5)

- 1 Mic Drop
- 2 One Night Stan
- 3 Meet Michael Hawk
- 4 There It Goes
- 5 Living Large
- 6 No Thanks Babe
- 7 Look Her Up
- 8 Hideaway
- 9 In a Jiffy
- 10 Fifty Ways
- 11 She Don't Come Easy
- 12 Cinnabon Girl

TRIGGER WARNING – SET LIST FIVE (5)

Set List Five contains frequent explicit sexual themes, crude humor, and provocative language, with each track contributing its own variation of adult content and tone.

“Mic Drop” leans heavily into exaggerated, performance-driven sexuality with graphic imagery and shock-value delivery, setting an intentionally over-the-top tone.