

### Echoes From Within

Between never and eternity is me.  
Lost in an oblivion of nowhere I am,  
Trapped forever in the chasm of the unborn.  
Is there light?  
The only light comes from the inferno  
That blazes in my mind,  
Forever.

Elsewhere there is darkness,  
An absence of all that reveals the splendor.  
Alas, I continue on the way to the abyss.  
You will taste the poison of the mushroom,  
But I will not, for only the hidden Joe that makes one  
Immortal can save you.

The scythe will come to gore the soul  
From all that is you; then you truly live.  
Below is my home, for me  
There is no earth, no soil,  
Nothing to touch or feel.

The fetuses of the earth  
Will never be born.  
Burning. Burning.  
The heat of a thousand ages  
Burns all around me;  
But not me.

Only Joe will decide.  
I, but you, will see the end of time,  
For you, but me, it is 11:59.  
I smell bread.

Mark Beasy

### Headache

Every time I think of you  
You know what I get?  
I get a headache  
I get a migraine  
I get a brain hemorrhage  
I get a brain hemorrhage

My heart is on fire  
With burning desire  
And I've got third degree burns

You say you'll love me forever  
Then you can make love to a corpse

Andrew Duke

### "How I Felt One Day"

Everyday under this sky  
Is wearing thin on me  
I'm tired of all these people  
Shuffling around, too blind to see  
Like the guy who threw his quarter  
His high and mighty quarter  
On the bum below him

It's getting to the days  
When I'll have to take my leave  
From the grey roads and walls  
That lead to nothing  
The time has come to hit the greens  
Under a smokeless sky  
Of a new world for me

I'm tired of screaming above screams  
Just to hear myself think  
Tired of boots and shades  
That have to change with each new day  
Tired of being blinded by the black and neon  
And you can't tell them apart anyway  
Tired of the bullshit lies of the boy/girl game  
Wandering fighting eyes in the streets everyday  
I'm tired of looking at the walking dead  
Freezing further in their veins with each step.

It's getting to the days  
When I'll have to take my leave  
From the dead roads and walls  
That lead to nowhere  
It's time to find some green  
To plant my world in  
So I can live.

I'm not here to rock n' roll  
TEARING INTO MY SOUL  
There's your rock n' roll  
Falling on deaf ears  
Of people who don't seem to care  
anyway

I'm tired of stale opinions  
Of everything I say and do  
From everybody afraid of something new  
I'm tired of the right t-i-o-n words  
And freedom as a fashion  
I'm tired of the right ripped jeans  
And worshipping the sixties  
I'm tired of assholes and their quarters  
And asshole social crusades  
To churn out gray  
And I'm tired of songs like these  
So after the snow I'm going away.

I'm tired of lapel revolutions  
And the tie-dyed t-shirt cause  
Fuck me hair and fuck me  
Fuck me eyes in fuck me bars  
Fuck off!

Bob Keeler