

Purgatory

The Tossers

Where do children go when they're not crying childish tears
They go to paradise up above and live throughout the years
But then where do they go when they do cause their parents grief
They spend all long years in a firey hell where there is no relief

In Purgatory, oh all the day
Purgatory is where the dead roll ever on

What's a poor kid going to do but go and shave their head
A life of crime is what they lead or wander the streets instead
Because anything must be better than already what they've had
And if you want any class of affirmation not preoccupation you must do something bad

Pray every bead on your rosary, be thankful and be true
For lies make baby Christus cry and the horsemen come for you
A ghost white horse with snapping jowls and firey smokey eyes
And never can you run fast enough as you trip and fall aside

One morning when this life is over I will fly away
No more shackles on my feet and no more tears I will display
I won't need a sense of accomplishment no nothing I ever got
And if I can hold it out I'm sure I can forgo the lot

I'm closing doors and torturing those nearest me like a moth unto a flame
I don't know how this will end or how to deal with this pain
I need to find some sense of direction here past anything I've tried
And by God of all this bullshit does it never not subside

They say psychology starts when you're younger but that I cannot see
I've no idea what ever happened to me nor can I explain this anxiety
I kept hearing I was idle but I can prosper just in spite
I'd be the working class hero of my ideals and family and I make it right

But you can't meet the match to your state of being 'cause everyone's changes hourly
And you can't expect only one person to satisfy you eternally
To satisfy you emotionally, psychologically, sexually and intellectually for life
You must love more than one person and pursue more than one thing boys and girls that is my advice

And now we've took to pining caoining for our spacious loss
I'd like to think my friend's not wandering for once he isn't lost
And not bound and chained to tread throughout all eternity
Anxious for dreams that we're back together, by dreams of what could be

Well it's been a messed up life and now you're gone and who knows where

Every corner that I turn around I swear I see you there
And you asked my God of all this pain, does it never ever end
Well no not for your family or those who cannot comprehend