

Guided By Voices, Asphyxiated Circle

These thoughts replace me when I'm on the floor
I cannot taste the sweetness anymore
You bipolarize me with each test
Contaminate the faintest breath
For speaking well of in the name
Of where to watch and who to blame
All of us there
What should I wear?

For human frailty on parade
To entertain you may invade
A silent party, secret wish
At best an unconvincing kiss
Expand
Explode
Wrinkle up
Or blow away

I took you up to let me down
I take the time to track you
Through chosen smokescreen silhouettes
Who've earned the right to back you
This for so long
Perfect and wrong

You write me out, I reappear
To criticize you interfere
But I will say what I want to
And there is nothing you can do
Expand
Explode
Wrinkle up
Or blow away