

22-1000
it's a good bitter

way deep down where the darkest secrets lie
the places where even the bravest dare not pry
lives the parasite that informs my grim disdain
for all of those whose existence is my bane

some might say that my anger is unjust
that i crave that acrid yearning like a player craves his lust
but upon careful reflection i don't think it's all that bad
my clandestine carbound diatribes leave me anything but sad

it's a good bitter
it's a jolly hate
when i lash out in my brain
and gesticulate
when i flip out at the radio
tell old Rush to fuck himself
it's such a very good bitter
why keep it on the shelf

way down deep where the truth remains intact
beyond all of the posturing contradicting fact
lives the purest essence of myself for all to see
my bitterness is joyous its expressions sets me free