

Micheal

Sadistik

[Verse 1]

Teeth marks on the skin

The greatest trick the devil ever played was to take
away my friend

I got your face engraved into my flesh

So I can try to make amends with that day I won't
forget

In Minnesota I flew in so that we could both record

Me and Kristoff Krane were supposed to go on tour

Nobody answered, we were knocking on your door

And when they carried out your body, I was staring at
your shoes on the floor

Still the answers never come

Your funeral was beautiful, it captured what you loved

I sat there in a stupor, fractured by the hugs

That I gave your family members, growing sadder by the
months

But I won't dwell inside the ends

And that's not what you would want, you would tell me
find connections

To the world and to tell it my confessions
The hell that I invest in is a part of something bigger
Words that you would write, they would carve into the
center

Right on target 'til they start to fill my heart up
with the letters
Shadows have shadows and it's darker than remembered
When this story has an ending to the part I had
together with my friend

[Verse 2]

Absence makes the heart grow fonder of the time before
the absence

And the nights spent trying to imagine
When you played I was blinded by the magic you
displayed

I tried to reenact it in a way
I need the dark today to see the stars decay
Cause if I can fall asleep, then I can dream we are
awake

Another shot of Jameson and PBR to chase
Another conversation in a seedy bar to play, right?

Man, this side of me's the worst
When I'm terrified that all I'll leave's a dynasty of

dirt

But you believed in me and I believed your words

So in turn, I believed in things when I would need the

courage

To move on, on and on and on and on it goes

When I'm nodding off an awful lot to songs that you had

wrote

I want to honor all the art and progress that you

showed

I miss my confidant and honest talks allotted on the

phone

With you Mike -- I wish that I could hug you again

It's getting harder to pretend and I can't undo what's

been

Thanks for being someone I could come to, a friend

I hope I make you proud -- I love you, the end

[Snippet of Micheal "Eyedea" Larsen, spoken]

Isn't a person just a collection of their mistakes, and
also their, kind of, undoing of their mistakes? I mean,
what else are you? You know, you're always...you're
always just the reaction to the bad parts of yourself,

I think. And I think that's what is kind of like, a
driving motivation behind any human being that's...who

wants to continue to grow and live life. 'Cause they're looking at their flaws and trying to, go beyond it. And I think that a person, you know, essentially dies when they think that they found themselves, ya know? Unless you want to admit that you, yourself, are not an individual, and are just part of a whole...movement of ideas, and thought, and culture, and humanity and, furthermore, the universe, and everything -- unless you really feel like that, and you're walking through walls, you know, you are always trying to find yourself. And it's usually a person who believes that they've found "the answer" -- found "the end" -- that there actually is a psychological end. And then what's the point of, you know, doing anything after that?

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