

Buzz Killer

When everything is looking good
When all the world seems bright
When life should feel worth living
Then you snuff out the light

Your dark cloud hovers overhead
A haze of impending doom
Killing any sense of joy
With your overwhelming gloom

Buzzkiller

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You suck the air from every room
Making it feel just like a tomb
And leaving your calling card of gloom
An overwhelming sense of doom

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I wake up in the morning
Feeling life is great
Just to find you at my door
Like a soul crushing weight

Don't you ever tire of this? Can't you ever smile?
Life should be full of love, not this noxious bile
Won't you try to turn a leaf and relax just a while?
Your attitude really wears on me, you've become a trial

Like an angel of death or worse
You hover overhead
Spewing such foreboding words
That you wish the world were dead

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