

creature of the sky dies by something on the ground.

have you taken the time to linger amongst

the crevices of thought?

you disfigure existence when you sign by the •

on the day you are born the burning starts

take the time to figure out

the hard parts of easy livin'

and the ins and outs

pout & pout to the lords of the land

shout your stance: predictable

brain bounces-

you ask it for a dance

dead end, no friends

sent a message that can't get

through

left in a cell to play the blues

set aside fear to see the truth

an end comes but it's never too

soon

pages.

pages from the book of the brain melting
crown of thorns placed around
the cerebral cortex

and all your misplaced characteristics

what's it take to calculate-
to arrange thoughts into manifestation?

cover my feet with dirt
cause i want to be useful
if i enter heaven's gates filthy,
god's grace will still produce a
fruitful
eternity
only one real life we live
and we do it in such a
hurry

what would you do?

undecided! a realm divided, by what-
extra feelings aside from the senses
that come with us at birth
chant the curse along the line
sometime
but aren't aware
how's it fair?

how to get past it?
asks the real one to the counterfeit
the answer is implied
yet someone still needs to say it

lay in the waste
that mankind has become
figure hieroglyphic equations
manufactured with thumbs
god's dream
what has god become

17.

seventeen again never left
left my mind on the side of the
street

little men with large egos
numbered days
misleading teasing pyros
set flame to the branches of

growth

in tune

stuck
like a stick in the mud
end of the rope- last straw
final round

lost & found

in the same sentence

how can you register

what is pretend?

pretense signals

aligned with the rest of the fate's
strings

sing and sing

and lose your voice