My War

Joseph Kerschbaum

I declare war.

On the asshole in front of me in traffic.
He's holding me back and he's the reason I am late.
He's the reason my life is moving at this ice glacier pace.

And I declare war.

On my toast.
Because this morning it wasn't hot enough to melt the butter I was trying to spread on it.

And I declare war.

On the butter.
Because it did not have the fortitude to say, 'Damn the bread, I'll spread anyway'.

And I declare war.

On the idiot who called me last night with the wrong number.
It's people like that asshole who are disturbing me and pushing me to razor's edge.
And I couldn't sleep after they called because I was wondering what happened to them.
Did they eventually get the right number?

And I declare war.

On all of you, right now.
As you sit there, you are passing judgments on me and I may not care for the judgments you are passing down.
Just to be safe, I'll destroy all of you.
And assume you love me.

And I declare war.

On those fuckers who declare war on me.
You have no idea what you've gotten yourselves into.
Because my war is so much bigger, angrier, and uglier than yours, my war will eat you alive!

My war is a holy war.
Whoever your God is, He is on my side because I am so right, I render your religion useless.
But I'll display the courtesy of letting you pray before I cast a shadow over your faith and turn your God into

the wooden idol He is.

In fact, everyone I see on the street look like they are harboring plans for a secret attack.
So the best interest of my security,

I declare war.

On everyone.

Even that little puppy I saw outside,
Because that little puppy may grow into a dog that wants to bite me.
I'll use his little rib cage as toothpicks.

After I'm safe and snug in my newly found solitude,
Then I'll let my wars settle,
Into nostalgia documentaries of how right I was,
And how wrong you all were.

Lyrics submitted by Sarah K.

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