Virginia Woolf

Sadistik

Sadistik-Virginia Woolf

(Verse 1)

I let the light sink inside my skin just so I can breathe again
Balancing the weight between creepy and obsessive
The world of the weight's on my back, backwards, wait
Words back me in a way, I need to be accepted
Everything is relative, the world is full of skeletons
Dancing to the rhythm to pretend that theyâ€™re alive
But I donâ€™t got a bone to pick especially when theyâ€™re broke and hit
The funny one, itâ€™s cumbersome to wonder why they try
A fifth in my right hand, quarters in my left
Until my half-life is a hole inside my chest
If I sit and listen with this individual diction
Is it indiscriminant or just a symptom of the sickness?
Or a metaphor of change?
To break a dollar, people write their letters for a chain
Iâ€™d rather write a chain letter, itâ€™s better for the pain
And the people in my life that always said I was insane
Iâ€™ll throw a noose around the sun and be the pendulum
Tick-tock, tick-tock, Iâ€™ll wait until the medics come
Iâ€™ll be so high and so bright that if you want me back
Youâ€™ll have to sit and watch the setting sun
Bring my body to the ground
Before they catch a breath theyâ€™ll be calling it profound
Martyrdom for beautyâ€™s sake, decorates the landscape
As everybodyâ€™s hands shake from quality they found
This is what itâ€™s like to taste the Heavens and dismiss the grace
Another year, another fake expression in a picture frame
Another birthday wish and still it didnâ€™t change
A lap around the sun never took me to a different place
But I have to keep floating
Until I meet Virginia Woolf trapped in sheepâ€™s clothing
I could be the stones in her pockets when we walk into
the ocean and marvel at the coast until we sink
(Verse 2)

And as her lungs filled with water

She watched the sun spill across her
Until the mud filled her armor
Sea shells spelled â€œOur love still will conquerâ€•
Nope, bubbles rose to the surface
Anchored down where the stones and the dirt live
Taste the ground that she chose to submerge in
â€œOh, Vir-gin-ia Woolf, donâ€™t be ner-vousâ€•
(No) With all the medicine, your head you said has driven you to go
And follow sadness, left for dead instead Iâ€™m digginâ€™ up your bones
Theyâ€™re all intact and set up when I get to give â€˜em all a home
An artifact thatâ€™s Heaven-sent, I get to visit on my own
Iâ€™m alone now on the go-round
That broke down slow when I pulled my soul out
For sold-out shows full of ghosts of old doubts
And profound hopes that I donâ€™t control now
I know, somebody come and set me free
From the sea of an undetected grief
Some things that you love arenâ€™t meant to be
Bleeding hearts run out of blood eventually
So we can call her my atonement
A message in a bottle that I wanted you to open
Itâ€™s a poem, a sorrowful devotion
That I left for you at the bottom of the ocean
Virginia

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