

# Ecce Homo

## Andrei Machado

Okay, I think by now we've established  
    Everything is inherently worthless  
    And there's nothing in the Universe  
    With any kind of objective purpose.  
And you can scream for a hundred years;  
    Split the sky with a thousand curses  
        To tell the evil that man do  
And you wouldn't even scratch the surface.  
    Too many implications  
    Not enough time to make them explicit.  
    Too many generalizations  
    Not enough time to make them specific.  
        And I spread my vile seed  
        From the Atlantic to the Pacific.  
        Now I'm begging you on my knees  
        Please don't make me get down and sniff it  
        Cause if I got more comfortable  
Surely, I'm more complicit.??? the luxury of ignorance  
    I was born into this now I'm dying because of it  
        Yes, it's us against them again  
        Smashing the system into the dirt now  
        We gobble brown M&M's  
        Put the whole thing onto a t-shirt  
    I heard about Audre and the master's tools  
    Something about Joe chasing a storm in a mud  
        I could of sworn I saw ???  
        Standing on a latter ??? with the slugs  
        And it's such a weird world  
        It feels real wrong smiling  
        I see the shining sea ???  
I prefer to make a living, boy, on ???I heard them say the white man gets existential angst  
    When he ran out of other problems  
    Cause the thing about those problems was  
    Typically, more money would solve them  
        We're braking out of our bodies now  
        Time to see what's underneath them  
        And about my ??? self  
    What would I say would I ever meet him  
        I guess your guilty of a terrible crime

And I know. It was my birth.  
Doing twenty-six to life now on planet earth  
I was taken in to custody by a janitor  
You know our life is laborious  
But admit it's predictable  
When all the figures are findable  
All feelings are malleable  
I'm desperately ?addicted?, but functional.  
Don't want to be evicted from the wonderful underworldLook at this youngish man  
Already half way off with his pants  
He's doing something weird with his hand  
He's got a multitude of outrageous plans  
And he's still trying to cough up  
That which he choked on in the churches  
Look at him now loitering in front of a vacant store front  
Bearded and bedecked in army surplus  
No whites are giving a shit  
When everybody's telling him he's full of it  
He forgets if he felt oppressed or depressed  
Or which one came first in this crazy mess  
Is he taking too much, or not enough  
or which one was the worst wrong with this sort of stuff  
And he was so unsure if being ignored  
Was half the ?pain? of being absurd  
And that's a lot to say without a wordBut I know it's a lot more than just being bored.  
I know it's nothing more than just being born.  
I know it's a lot more than just being bored.  
I know it's nothing more than just being born.

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