The Frequency

Jets to Brazil

The terror of the view, the emptiness of this room, always writing against this truth in the way that a painter must have a surface to hit. The paint is flying now, breaking the silence at the speed of sound. Hitting the frequency. She's reaching back at me warm and loud. Beautiful daemons fly out. And we're fighting for our lives to fill the corners up with light. Black spell casting against them now in the way that a bullet will go until it is stopped. And all the medicine went to my head again late last night. My bed of saccharine, my bad amphetamine. I was lit from within, burning with means and ends. And the city life is like a sugar high, knocking me out.. Keeping me wired. It's incredible. Unsteady chemicals come and go, the ebb and flow. When the measure of your work is the measure of your worth, then you better make it work. There's some people I could name, but it's not the time or place to split hairs with the guys downstairs. They'll get their fare share, I'm sure. The frequency is gonna take us there. And the city kids, the angry with-it kids, hate everything the first time. It's incredible the kind of chemicals knocking around in my mind. In the winter of my night, I found a desperate kind of light, and nothing comes without a fight. You want to know where the good thoughts grow but you ought to know where all the good thoughts go. You can't afford to miss a day. Call in sick. You better stay that way. And the city life is just some other guy knocking me out, wasting my time. Upper middle class. Infomanic. You will get yours. I will get mine. So get in line, the frequency is fine.

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