Mama, I'm Swollen

Cursive

I was alone, I was at home
'Til the fabric was torn
The cord was cut
My orbit had begun
I was a simple being
I was simply being
Until I caught my own reflection
In a spoon
I am the egg, I am the spark
The fire in the dark
I am fertilized, fully actualized
A loaded gun
Born 'neath the blood red sun
Born 'neath the blood red sun
I am not ignorant, I am intelligent
I'm not an ape, I am the way, I am the truth

I am religion, I am politics, I am a psychoanalyst
I'm an inkblot shaped like Zeus
I'm not an egg, I'm a runny yolk
Got no faith, I got no hope
I'm the joke of all existence
I am no one
Burning beneath the blood red sun
Just a burning beneath the blood red sun
I am the body and the blood
The earthquake and the flood
I am the cancer born
And growing in each and everyone
To the beat of a blood red sun
To the beat of a blood red sun

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