Compass And Square

Crime In Stereo

What began as a poem is now just a burden,
a vicious song that's mine to keep.
What began as forgetting is now just a prototype of ways to fight off sleep
Arm the thieves with the wings and weights of soldiers to deepen the pockets of the meek
Make mixtapes of other peoples problems
and burn everyone CD's.
Cause they've built themselves some charade
where a saving grace is hard to find.
What began as a song ended up as a death threat
addressed to everyone's house but mine.
So far confined into dead ends
with greater love of consequence
and a quiver filled with bad intentions
to let them fall where they may.
So tell them for their own sake
Do your best to stay awake
The burden's are mine,
contently confined to carve the lines in acetate.
Get the syringe.
Let's see if ink to page brings the same fear as life, love and medicine.
It can break skin
Let's see who feels it.
Things have changed so little from the way I planned it
a ventricle scarred, lined with mathematics.
And an escape to my old best advantage
a savagely serrated pen.Get the syringe
Let's see if ink to page brings the same fear as life, love and medicine
It can break skin
it can't break me.
Here's your advantage
Things have changed so little from the way I planned it
a scab to heal hopeless semantics
It's all romantics
We're all romantics.
The math is coincidence.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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