

# 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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