Bite the Wax Tadpole

Tub Ring

Last night i awoke with all the answers and quickly I grabbed hold of pen and paper
to write down, so in the morning I wouldn't forget.
Next day I looked over what was written and oddly it was only ones and zeroes,
but perfect in the fact that it completed my set.
Product of life I've been told, theories are stagnant and old
time to demystify something new
necessity leads us to change, what we discover is strange
solely depending on point of view
tonight, tonight I turn out my light and dream of carbon and protein which increase my might
(tonight, tonight I turn out my light and dream of hygiene and posture which make me seem right)
research avoids some regret, predicting what we will get
error accept and therefore gone.
physics just hinder the dream, bite the wax tadpole it seems
progress continues and marches on
tonight, tonight i turn out my light and dream of vitamins and haircuts and genetic delight
last week I was working in my kitchen when oddly I discovered cold fusion,
so I wrote down the process on the back of my hand.
next time when the recipe repeated I still thought that something else was needed
cause texture and flavor were still quite bland.
I dreamt I was swimming in the ocean and came face to face with a blue whale.
It frightened me the size that it would grow.
I found my purpose, I must prevent this, before he hurts us.
bite the wax tadpole.

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