

Legacy of Skubalon

Showbread

The black balloons line the graveyard fences
where the party is in swing
and they've got a baton and a banner to wave
but they don't know what it means
and the women are in ski masks
because the burkas are dry cleaned
the men point guns to the heavens baby
it's the death of a great dream
I used to hum with all the resonance
I use to whistle when i skipped
but it's just cotton candy under water
it's a mask that's starting to slip
I used to coddle the lame brains and hierophants
all the supplicants undone
lilting out along the skyline
no longer heard by anyone
who shut up the sea behind doors when it burst forth from the womb?
who made its garments from the dark and sealed them up in doom?
who fixed limits for it and set barricades at the door?
and said, "sure, you've made it this far. but you won't make it anymore."
and there's a snake pit at the finish line
entitlement, remorse
a for the unfaithful
are we all gone? of course
there's no silver lining
there's no clouds at all
just an endless sea of gone
that echoes on and on
spent 18 years pushing a rock up a hill
trail of devastation. blood of insects, monumental will
and i split the crocodile's tooth, blood suction, pop, hiss
i wear the skulls of all my victims like a talisman of meaninglessness
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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