

# Dear Sirs

Elâ€•P

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If the pavement comes alive on Flatbush Ave with toothy smiles

Comprised of traffic cones and manholes become eyes

And birds burst into flames while singing Satan's praises

And fold into the sky and rain down ashy dangerIf every office empties and all slaves walk in dazes

To a pool of liquid money where they bathe blissfully naked

And drugs no longer taunt me and flooze around my conscience

And every woman beating rapist is securely in their coffinsIf every open hydrant in a Brooklyn time summer  
moment

Is opened up by cops and folds out into an ocean

And rent is paid by bread literally and parking isn't paid for

And food stamps can be planted and childhoods can't be damagedIf fire could power space ships that safely  
ship the creators

Of dynamite and gun powder to the graves of all who faced it

And the slurping nerf of bureaucrat life and bean counting slave owners

Is twisted in on itself 'til they shave off their own facesIf all the coke and crack in the nation is collected in a top  
hat

And force fed to the children of every CIA agent

And dust heads get an angel and an acres worth of rainbow

And the projects turn to clouds and the stupid aren't so proudAnd the snivelling grimace mongrels of infected  
money

Slobbing pesticrats ignite into a brilliant beam of light

And mercy is the rule and the exception's mercy too

And the desert comes in Brooklyn and the president goes to schoolTime flows in reverse, death becomes my  
birth

Me fighting in your war is still, by a large margin

The least likely thing that will ever fucking happen, ever

Songwriters

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