

Overneath the Path of Misery

BV' 2012

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing
Stare into my Kodak Rome
Jack-hammer ice eyes
I never thought you'd see
the asphalt crack, crack, crack
like black eggshell
Don't ever say I never warned
you from the start
Don't ever say I never warned
you from the start
You're not a shovel
and I'm not your dirt
Is there any way to unswallow
my pride
Can I fuck myself down
Why die,
when you can kill the father
Dad is missing an 'e'
No Macbeth
confessed Oedipus,
no longer present tense
No Macbeth
confessed Oedipus,
no longer present tense
No no no no no reason
No no no no no reason
No no no no no reason
High and overneath
High and overneath
I won't regret
letting you live
even if you forgot
what you never

saved me from

So I say ?whatever?

or fornever

for for for for for fornever

for for for for for fornever

or for for for for fornever

?whatever?

The Rape of Persephone

was choreographed by all the wrong Greeks

The Rape of Persephone

was a marketing scheme

rape rape rape per so phony

High and overneath

High and overneath

overneath

overneath

overblown

unbeloved

cannot be low

overneath

overneath

overblown

unbeloved

cannot be low

from the top of my lungs

to the bottom of my heart

i scream

at the chasm in between

and the path of misery

from the top of my lungs

to the bottom of my heart

i scream

at the chasm in between

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High and overneath

High and overneath

No no no no no reason

No no no no no reason

No no no no no reason

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