The Contortionist

Lagwagon

In a chalk dotted line
Draw a kid, left behind
Severed limbs in harmony
Strumming from a few good deedsCarry it to survive
To a bed half alive
Held before a dozen times
Deep inside a funeral for a friendRuns in portions like film clips
Run, run
Rundown the list
The memoirist
Like kindling
Burn, burn, burn, burn downI will stay inside
The saved
It's a good mourning
They will ignite you
The doomed
I will write for youOf a boy, damaged goods
Of a bench, understood
For a spell, the soul resides
In a yellow chalk outlineCarry on the camel's back
Have another heart attack
To the cure I would drive
Played that scene a hundred times to dateToday's ambition, to relate
In a sustaining saccharine state
Impart the burden and get well
It's what everyone's trying to sellAnything you want to be
Weigh the screenplay and revise
Warp, warp, warp with the contortionist
So hopelessly ill-fated everydayHe will stay inside
The doomed
It's a good mourning to loom
They will inspire him
The saved Innocently filling graves

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