

Belief

Agent 23

My existence is the persistence of my belief in its rhythms
My molecular geometry is sustained by the gravity of my personality
 What you actually see is only part of what I be
 Reflections and connections extend in all directions
It's kind of like this world was made of mirrors, surfaces that become clearer upon observation
 Orbiting the nucleus of my inner sanctum
 All surrounding matter is affected by my vibration
 The true fugue of all that is as huge
My life is an eighth note spiraling out of a trumpet in Baton Rouge
 But when broken down like a drop of water, it includes
 countless phrases, sonatas, and moods
What's been taught to me, is that everything is fractal geometry
 Mathematically opulent magnificent possibility
 You never really see the smallest or the largest
 never get to the nearest or the farthest
 because God is a jazz musician, and an abstract artist
 The odyssey is endless with tremendous aspects,
 past lives of Sumerians, Egyptians, and Aztecs
When I last checked, those with no opinions were the target
and they were still jonesing the Dow, up in the stock market
And the two top products competing for credit card charges
 were the fashionable, invisible harness
 and the hollow, plastic harvest
And the government had tried so hard to make this world freeze,
 that it had come down with Parkinson's disease
 They gave their best try
 with blind ears and deaf eyes
 but some things defy ever becoming petrified
And although the question "why?" is a runner-up to "how much?",
 I got a hunch that something's shifting
 if you listen close, you can hear the clutch
 'Cause when people lose touch, they lose much
and end up feeling fucked, like leaning on a crutch in a game of double dutch
 Imagine a million young minds born with infinite luck
 but locked and stuck in a melting pot of such-and-such,
 searching for short cuts through the muck
 that are cut short, abrupt
 by the feeling in their gut that erupts and busts
 'til they cry "it doesn't fucking matter if I voted,

it's all too encoded,
someone please show it,
there's nothing left to do in this whole world that's heroic•
But in these years, there's one final frontier
and only the poets know it
The foliage of the mind
where trees climb and stars shine
and rivers wind
and guitar players are still feeling fine
there's paths to find banquets at which to dine
and the doorway is any piece of paper with lines
or any word that rhymes
or any image to design
or any thought of any kind to try and define,
painting road signs along the highway of time,
bringing life from the lifeless,
like Doctor Frankenstein
Now some say "I have no artistic ability, it's not in my family,
I have no sense of fantasy, I was never taught to dance, you see?
If I was a TV show, they'd cancel me•"
But those asleep don't understand how deep the dream creeps
'cause even with no technique,
they create their entire existence
just by belief

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