Page Me Wolverine

Deep Blue Something

another monday morning,
a pot of coffee.
(you never throw a change-up.)
God bless the good caffeine
as the one accepted demon
you're never letting go of...
a smile on your face befits your place
(MTV's the running joke that everybody knows)
we have our little ways to waste our days...
light, urban, terrorism.
we're burning the new gods.
page me wolverine. page me wolverine. page me wolverine. you're welcome to my machine.
page me wolverine. page me wolverine. page me wolverine. you're welcome to my machine.
take up all your free time

listening to b-sides
and find a new messiah.
we're mixing the solution,
calling it cold fusion.
tell me, can you dig that?
starting out ascent
we then begin
(we're only getting higher.)
tell someone to speak up
of what we're in need of.
"the warriors killed cyrus."
blaming it off on me
page me wolverine. page me wolverine. page me wolverine. you're welcome to my machine. x's 10

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