

words Fail Me (remix)

[rachel kann](#)

Is it any wonder when words fail me?
I'm just trying to say something
Undeniable.

They've been coming at me
Talking about counting coins
And marketing strategies
And packaging and I'm like
"Alright" (alright),
But in the meantime,
I've been packing spiritual heat-smuggling
Secrets under my coat, in the trenches
Infiltrating halls of so-called knowledge,
Attempting to eradicate the societally imposed
Literary laryngitis.

To give voice to the voiceless,
Presenting choices to exploited underage angels,
Begging them to break their own chains because
Only they can do it.

To make joyous rage and committed to the page,
And I pray, a lot... And I get angry sometimes,
Knowing full well they could get expelled or even arrested
For said expression in this powder-keg,
Post-columbine, 9/11 life they lead.
Literally (literally).
Don't believe me?

Check the LA Times front page.
Check the LA Times front page, June 18th, 2003.
So... While they're quoting scriptures from the good books of
Touring and distribution, I'm like,
Cool, but in the meantime
(Ummmmmmmm...)

I'm trying to figure out if there's anything I can do for these
sacrificial lambs being lead to the slaughter,
The sons and daughters of this land of exhaustion.
Is it any wonder when words fail me?

Ya know what?
My masters must have been earned in the art of subversion.

I slipped my contraband passion in the subtext of my own lines
Subliminal messages like
"You are beautiful" and "You have been imprisoned"
Fuck the silencer they fastened on your mind,
Saw that intellectual shotgun and set it off.
See, this is more than a novelty for me;
It's more than a vehicle for my personality;
This is my life preserver and I gladly toss it out to
Any sweet soul that's drowning.
Repression is unacceptable.
Expression is the release on the pressure-bound hearts of these
Precious jars of innocence, fear, and panicking anticipation, and
I'm not trying to canonize myself, or
Make a martyr out of a molehill,
I do this because it saves me.

I have a hard time getting from A to B, let alone C
In this world of hippocracy than you can imagine.
Afraid, simultaneously, to, and to not
Place my soul on the chopping block
To hack off my slice of the pie while
Trying to get by financially and still maintain some shred of integrity.
But I'm not gonna eat my own heart out,
Just to get left empty handed.

Is it any wonder when words fail me?
Is it any wonder when words fail me?
This is more than a hobby for me
And it's more than a way for me to get my face on TV.
This is my everything.
My roots go deeper.
I am of a different breed.
This is how I breathe.

I open my mouth and out pour suicide notes in four-part harmonies
With Sylvia, Sexton, and RAC,
And this is not a joke for me, and I take it personally,
And I take it seriously.
Is it any wonder when words fail me?
I just so badly want to say it, right?
That sometimes,
I fall silent (I fall silent)

I'm just trying to say something
Undeniable.

Lyrics submitted by Karkat Vantas.

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