The Explorer

Essential Elements

Day after day I comb my brain
Searching for words which sound the same
Choosing these words and making them fit
Hoping, somehow, they'll all make sense
If they don't, don't blame me
I'm exploring my identity
I set the stage for the anonymous play
Composing good and evil in an offhand sort of way
So, if you should turn on me
It's because you don't understand
And won't until you assemble the fragmented picture
Of a shattered man
I'm searching
And my own mind
Is my latest, greatest
Most fabulous find
I had to explore everything
All the drugs and drink
Cut my dick off with a butterknife in the sink
Lived in jail for a thousand or more years
Got lost for fifteen million more at sears
Never know what I might do next
Destroy myself
Discover death

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