

I Who Have Nothing

Mary Byrne

I, I who have nothing...

Verse I: Ikon

Intersections in real time

The unbroken circle and dimensions of the mind

The tie that binds

The eternal tie that defines

The vanity of my insanity in due time

Will shine

Like the night seas under the moon

The haunted corners of familiar rooms

Yet i'm consumed

With vanishing into thin air

The realization that this shit is my cross to bear

So where

Did I think I could run away to see

The people that decided to leave without asking me

But we

Decide to wait for happier tomorrows

And find someone so they can be distractions from our sorrow

But my distraction's the books and paper that I scrawl in

I'm eloquent as summer breeze and leaves that have just fallen

I've crawled in a corner hoping all of this will end

With the knowledge that love is just another word for revenge

I who have nothing but the comfort of my sins

I who have nothing but the comfort of my friends

Chorus:

I, I who have nothing

I, I who have no one

I, I who have nothing

I, I who have no one

Verse II: Ikon

As I decay, demons prey above me like a vulture

Ability to endure contradiction is a high sign of culture

Verbal sculptures, self defacing

It is not God or lunacy that I am facing

But the erasing of the purity and passion of my words

The herds of cattle babble on with talk of the absurd

But I preferred

To walk away from all the feuds

To find my life is more confusing than a rubics cube

So I'm subdued

In all my words of verbal prods

To live alone one must be an animal or a God

But it's official

All of my pain is clear as crystal

The natural side of life has now been seeming artificial

But I can hit you

And rest assured that I'ma last words

I could give a fuck about ya secrets and ya passwords

I get past words and their ability to hurt you

Patience is a virtue and knowledge is a commercial

I who have nothing but the pain that I've referred to

I who have nothing but the pain that I've referred to

Chorus

Verse III: Ikon

Lost among the miracles, I stand alone

And have grown into a being that's sitting on top a throne

I've known

For many years that I would turn to rust

I find a reason for another breath

Before my return to dust

I become one with science and mathematics and the rising of the sun

I'm numb

To all of those who blind and cannot see

The chastiser of the enemy

Perception requires duality

Inspect your soul, the color of coal inside the body

I have hardly, come across them who's holy

Send them to the chairmen to control thee

Burning of the sun and frigidness of the cold

The battlefield is new but the war is now old

You can never see the merest shadow of a halo

Above the head of evil djin who's deadly like tornado

The world has become an aquarium

Full of gaping fish with murderous smiles

I on the other hand stand on the outside looking in

Writing down murderous vows

I who have nothing but the lack of variation

And I who have nothing but chains and suffocation

Chorus

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