Ecce Homo

Titus Andronicus

Okay, I think by now we've established
Everything is inherently worthless
And there's nothing in the Universe
With any kind of objective purpose.
And you can scream for a hundred years;
Split the sky with a thousand curses
To tell the evil that man do
And you wouldn't even scratch the surface.
Too many implications
Not enough time to make them explicit.
Too many generalizations
Not enough time to make them specific.
And I spread my vile seed
From the Atlantic to the Pacific.
Now I'm begging you on my knees
Please don't make me get down and sniff it
Cause if I got more comfortable
Surely, I'm more complicit.??? the luxury of ignorance
I was born into this now I'm dying because of it
Yes, it's us against them again
Smashing the system into the dirt now
We gobble brown M&M's
Put the whole thing onto a t-shirt
I heard about Audre and the master's tools
Something about Joe chasing a storm in a mud
I could of sworn I saw ???
Standing on a latter ??? with the slugs
And it's such a weird world
It feels real wrong smiling
I see the shining sea ???
I prefer to make a living, boy, on ???I heard them say the white man gets existential angst
When he ran out of other problems
Cause the thing about those problems was
Typically, more money would solve them
We're braking out of our bodies now
Time to see what's underneath them
And about my ??? self
What would I say would I ever meet him
I guess your guilty of a terrible crime

And I know. It was my birth.
Doing twenty-six to life now on planet earth
I was taken in to custody by a janitor
You know our life is laborious
But admit it's predictable
When all the figures are findable
All feelings are malleable
I'm desperately ?addicted?, but functional.
Don't want to be evicted from the wonderful underworldLook at this youngish man
Already half way off with his pants
He's doing something weird with his hand
He's got a multitude of outrageous plans
And he's still trying to cough up
That which he choked on in the churches
Look at him now loitering in front of a vacant store front
Bearded and bedecked in army surplus
No whites are giving a shit
When everybody's telling him he's full of it
He forgets if he felt oppressed or depressed
Or which one came first in this crazy mess
Is he taking too much, or not enough
or which one was the worst wrong with this sort of stuff
And he was so unsure if being ignored
Was half the ?pain? of being absurd
And that's a lot to say without a wordBut I know it's a lot more than just being bored.
I know it's nothing more than just being born.
I know it's a lot more than just being bored.
I know it's nothing more than just being born.

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