

The Lad Is a Reptile

Mortimer Nova

and then for no reason at all, there's the cocked head of confusion
vommiting a stream of consciousness, a conversation with your house pet
discernable only in a state of mind trailing your instinct
perpetuated by failure and sleep deprived insanitybut then is it something we tell, something we've written down
foreign screams too loud to silence, too hard to ignore
set the house on firethe understood "we" of it all, sharing his mind with satan
barking obscenities leading to desperate conclusions
don't stop at that light, those signs aren't meant for you
writing that list of regrets only leads to a single answerbut then is it something we tell, something we've written
down
foreign screams too loud to silence, too hard to ignore
set the house on firetonight, it's raining flames
no one lived and now i'm freethe neighborhood gathered around making forked tounge accusations
and those memories, so unsettling, pushed their way back into visionbut then is it something we tell, something
we've written down
foreign screams too loud to silence, too hard to ignore
set the house on fire

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