

A Disruption in the Normal Swing of Things

Cursive

The days are spent
Chatting amongst the workers
Of how cold it is outside
Not to mention their greatest fears
Like finding their children neglected and naked
In bed with some crack fiends, like a substitute for love

And no one notices,
Something disrupting the normal swing of things.
These hands are shaking
They've lost all trust in me
Regrets regrets
This memory has weakened
Now I recall everything
What's with all the commotion?
I swear there's nothing to see here.
You didn't see it coming,
Already

This is the part where the ambulance comes.
There's a dead man in the street;
We gotta take him to the morgue.
He can't be here;
He's been blocking traffic for hours.
We can't find him help, his will.
Something's disrupting the normal swing of things.
This institution will run efficiently.

Standard regrets
Send the misses our regards.
Sign it "deepest sympathies"
Sympathies: some patronage for the weak.

I swallowed some musk
And now I'm choking it up.
I refuse to say they won;
I win, the poisons in this drum,
In my head, On my head
All those phonies at heart
I've wrote this down a thousand times,
I think it's really dark
I don't need this
This just walked in
Break it down I don't need this sympathy.
I don't need this.