

Porter

Dan Le Sac vs Scroobius Pip

Cause I'm the porter and these wards I walk from wall to wall are full of the types of minds that might sometimes fight the binds of thought paths we all default to, weird to think each one is someone's daughter.
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Cell one is a padded little palace, within which lives a little girl named Alice
For half her life in that room she has been banished,
She drinks from the wrong side of the chalice, the girl's damaged.
Each day when I arrive at the front gate, I hear her happy little voice say
"You're late, you're late, you're late"
Always talking to the friends in her head, running round her cell and playing under her bed.
At lunchtimes I go listen to her mad chatter,
Matter of fact, tea parties with a limited platter.
She won't touch her lunch unless it's labelled completely with little tags saying either 'drink me' or 'eat me'
She's never any hassle, bashful battles with validity
Always mad polite in spite of all the instability
Handles the containment and displacement just formidably
Hates the locking doors but by the morning she's forgiven me.

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Cell four'll be Dorothy, sweet little thing.
Always likes to chat and smile and dance and sing.
It's startling when you start to think of how you might react to this darker thing.
She believes that she travelled to a far away land and havoc was wreaked by her own fair hand
She killed a woman by mistake, straight away on arriving,
Then formed a gang to go and hunt and kill the victim's sibling.
It's kind of fucked up, they killed wolves and crows
As they trod a bloodstained path along a yellow brick road.
And once they'd killed their second victim, they still weren't done
This posse bounded on and hounded some old man for fun.
She tells her story with a smile, while not the slightest flicker of rigour lingers [?]
As this princess clicks the heels on her slippers.
Kinda hear a solemn mumble as I close the cell door
"Mr Porter we ain't in Kansas no more"

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One more door, let's jaw about Wendy.

Always looking forlorn sat by her window like a sentry, hope of entry is empty due to bars and grating
But she still sits staring at the stars just waiting
Carved in her heart an outline never, never fading.
A figure, hands on hips, feet never, never quaking.
Memories of a kiss, hands never, never shaking.
Her grasps on this dream of hers never, never breaking.
Years back you often hear her talking at night, about pirate's adventures and mind propelled flight.
I know what you're thinking, 'absolutely batshit, factually inaccurate, engaging the inanimate'
She's say "I believe in fairies" as she rang a little bell,
And yeah that's kinda crazy but it's harmless aswell.
She harnessed herself apart from this hell and started a well that through her dreams alone broke the fucking bars to this cell.

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