

We'll kick you  
and your devotion to sloth wonder  
in caveman style  
you are only crawling faster  
your eyes indent your oblong head  
canonized in REM rhythm

you're not standing upright yet

sitting guilty in the spirit  
of a passive sinner  
oh look  
your head  
it's like a hospital hosting hypochondriacs"  
you got yourself uptight  
are there anymore  
facts or fiction fit for further alliteration  
you seem so safely spoonfed  
and we can't operate on  
oblivious

we're not partners in  
or paramedics for

this whole world's going to make you a part of it  
this whole world is going to leave you out  
call someone to alleviate the senses  
never let  
ever let your body feel  
how your mind could leave it

you can see it in our faces  
for we have travelled far  
your mind is a long divide  
a simple fraction of our time  
deduct your logic  
we'll lock up  
or maybe just unlatch it  
and throw yourself off  
if you were meant for the wealth of applause  
would a first floor window have a lock

there are no bleachers by bedsides  
people build people in their (your) heads