

Funeral for Art

Steel Prophet

Shame and secrecy
Have come to die
Along with art
That passes
The emperor has no clothes
And we masses
Have been taken again
For asses

In an effort
To connect
To something outside of ourself
We seek meaning
In things
That often have none
Except what we ourselves imbue

Blind spots dictate
I think not me
You think not you
But it must be true

Shame and secrecy
Have come to die
Along with art
That passes
The emperor has no clothes
And we masses
Have been taken again
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7/11 time
And gregarious grunts
Pentamic meter
And current shunts
Truss rods of crooked necks
Clever inventions
Or flyshit specks
Where there's nothing of the sort
Redundant formulas
A void to report

I'll retire from believing
I just don't get it
Pirata's de underground
Please just forget it
Friends that really aren't
Art devoid of emotions
Our own emotions
Bottled and sold back to us
In watered down libations of our sights
Sounds, feeling and thoughts
We are unable to convert
To art ourselves
Wise man bestowed proverbs
With sage season
Seemingly, when tried for treason

Of art with no reason