

# Myths Made Plain

Bad Books

If you're wondering how we landed here  
You were watching the waves and drinking beer  
You don't even remember standing up  
Truly I don't either  
At some point you waded to your waist  
As you slipped further out the stakes were raised  
Finally you were surrounded and for what  
A water darker and deeper

In 1997 I became myself  
And 20 minutes later I began to melt  
The cycle leads to and the course of time  
The shifting definitions that comprise a life  
The people I become and the people I don't recognize

If you're wondering who arranged the mess  
Some exceptions were made I grant, I guess  
While we all let the peak of the parade  
The underbelly went lethal

In 2007 tried to build a bridge  
Between know how I was living and how I could live  
Tricked myself into thinking I'd done enough  
Once I got across I didn't blow it up  
Yeah I closed some lanes, all it really takes is one

Open name to tear apart all your works  
So fine you are, delicate unachieve all your half philosophy  
Style points, blind belief a whirling perpetuity  
The ocean warm that knows you did the same before

So in 2017 we did away with facts  
All negotiation with a battle axe  
The gruesome ideology is center shame  
American identity was laid to waste  
We're black lit and exposed  
Sugar stripped and it's made clean

The people I become  
The people I can't replicate