

Fuchsia & Green

Billy Woods

I walked on water today, I wore fuchsia and green
Before sun called day, a single bird, quiet wing
The question isn't if there's a heaven to see, I maintain
All inna space to make it be, see how them pieces can change
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Many names to be repeated, but he needed not a reason
Making meaning in my shadow, three headed demon
Fire blaze, tail of arrow, I'm en route
No stops and layovers, spin out
I walk a thin mile
Heels drawing blood off the friction
Growing up and over fences
I knew the start before the ending
My regards, if I splash harder than my heart intentioned
Spilling out my hands and fingers
I been around, sounding distant
Shoes off at the temple entrance
Resin wood burn like Solomon
She fancies collars when swallowing
Capsizing silences, whore of Babylon
All-city, metropolitan
Lift me just a couple inches offa terra firma
Carry me, carry me

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Shiva under Kali feet, hand-rolled Bengali
Blue-black pantones, you can holler at my colleague
Prophet and the Mahdi
She call him habibi, but son will still catch a body
Fumble the gun mid-robbery
Dark skinned svengali
Consommé so clear the shark fin might swim
At them we send volleys
The rules bend for me
I'm sorry, I'm sorry (I'm sorry)
Plot the coup while I cop the P
Guinea-Conakry, spot a listening device in the suite
Left a card for incidentals
Seen dentures in a jar, knew the night would be special
I'm a vessel
Run down like Grendel
Vengeful God, Ouija board
The devil move my pencil
Me and my girlfriend ride to the bloody end like the Ceaușescus
Qu'est-ce que c'est when you see the new chess moves

Webbed feet, I came up in the cesspool
Mariel boatlift, I need the whole shit when they text you

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And watch it shuffle to my will
And watch it shuffle to my will
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