

Human Resources

Billy Woods

Through the door, there came familiar laughter
I saw your face and heard you call my name
Oh my friend, we're older, but no wiser
For in our hearts the dreams are still the same

Grave is the fertile womb
Born again through empty tomb
One prophet twelve goons
Worship suns, crescent moons
The Creator at his loom
Air shimmers in sand dunes
Sunstruck
Dead dinosaurs dissolve, gassed up
The muezzin calls
1000 Israeli gunbutts arrayed on Solomon's walls
The curved blade cuts
The lamb thrashes
Steel sharpens steel, a thrown stone bashes
Bloody hands thrust skyward
The mob heaves
For debts older than fire
Niggas bleed just like us
Tremble in the shadow of volcanoes that might bust
Everyday struggle ten absolutes
Got A Story To Tell
The most perfect truth; Death is eternal life
Hell is to exist without his light
Eternal night cold to the bone
Copper on eyelids I'm coming home

Cruel deities, fashioned from circuits and wire
Nimrod's shimmering tower reaching higher and higher
We bent lightning and strode through the fire
Cracked the Earth, conquered the skies
Captured space and time
We headed thataway, as the crow flies
As the pilotless drone glides
Only problem with being your own God is you still gotta die
Cast spells as you might
Late nights in labs practicing animal sacrifice
All under the watchful gaze of intelligent satellites
Pull fact from fiction like light separated by a prism
Surrounded by telescreens, advanced surveillance systems
Kaczynski's in prison
Danse Macabre, entranced by Mars. Heaven, Earth, then light!
Watch nuclear fission through black goggle
Lead bunker
The King approves
Magicians peddle baubles
The High Priests deal in absolutes
Exotic theorems, equations and infinite loops