

I Am a Rockstar Who Is Really Cool and Sexy

Crywank

The game goose gaggles geese in 3s
Whilst Wearing the fleece of the lone wolf sheep
Fed mostly on feasts of wild bewilderbeasts
In the shadow of 'c' where our moons may meet
I am slaying with desperation
For someone else to force me and of course me into what I say is
Necessity... When I would happily wait whilst all depreciates bear a sweltering ego
Feigning some gallant know-how of the inner workings of the cash cow. Ego ergo sum...
Until momentous pretension
Spans past the scope of a self aware joke
And into the frying pan
Now the braggadocio of one-person show
Manifest ever increasing aspect ratio
Feeling better than an aspic glory hole
Half hiding all the sentiments in faux-poetic code
Now whose gonna save my sock with the hole
When the gelatin encases immature turns of phrases
And what I wish to call folk art equivalence
Is really just me speaking of laziness

I won't be pure
I know I'm contrived
I'll make bad art
The rest of my life
I'll take what I can
And Claim it as mine
Recycled intent
In a lazy design

Lay around lazy with enough expectation
That I can somehow do more than Superfluous creations
Say some strangers with their polite congratulations
Lately gravy's been tasting different
I've got Disparate desires that won't intertwine
So a belligerent nature soon comes to define
It felt significant, but only for a short amount of time
For now I only want the softest licorice
Snake in my boot when the pull string worked
Now it's a flickering gibberish that only just hurts
Slowly find the teenage songs I needed all sounding worse
There was never a performance but all the time to rehearse