

# Mama, I'm Swollen

Cursive

I was alone  
I was at home  
Until the fabric was torn  
The cord was cut  
My orbit had begun

I was a simple being  
I was simply being  
Until I caught my own reflection  
In a spoon

I am the egg  
I am the spark  
The fire in the dark  
I am fertilized, fully actualized  
A loaded gun  
Born near the blood red sun  
Born near the blood red sun

I am not ignorant  
I am intelligent  
I'm not an ape  
I am the way  
I am the truth

I am religion  
I am politics  
I am a psychoanalyst  
I'm an inkblot shaped like Zeus

I'm not an egg  
I'm a runny yolk  
Got no faith, I got no hope  
I'm the joke of all existence  
I am no one  
Burning beneath the blood red sun  
Just a burning beneath the blood red sun

I am the body and the blood  
The earthquake and the flood  
I am the cancer born and growing in each and everyone  
To the beat of a blood red sun  
To the beat of a blood red sun