

Fighting Fish

Dessa

Swimming in a snifter
Pretty as a picture
Don't get it twisted man, her bite is a bitch
You can name, you can keep her
But take care when you feed her
You never can take the fight out the fish
Chomping at the drill bit
Never one to still sit
You can test my metal with a magnet and some tin snips
Ink test all I see is canines and some wing tips
Pilot pen in pocket I'm riding instinct and Ink jets
Around here we don't like talk of big dreams
To stand out is a pride, a conceit
To aim high is to make waves to split seams
But that's not what it seems like to me
Cause I wanna try I wanna risk
And I don't wanna walk, rather swing and miss
I'm not above apologies but I don't ask permission
Got a lot of imperfections but I don't count my ambition in em

Zeno's Arrow never hits the mark
It's always hanging there over its shadow
Safe from battle, waste of arch-
Er's time and trouble
Waste of effort, waste of parts
If you don't aim for the center it's a waste of the art

I didn't come looking for love
I didn't come to pick a fight
I didn't come to wave or take pictures
Pander to some benefactor, ring on every broken finger
Won't extend my wings to be clipped
I know the culture here is to stay humble but shit
If we all go round bowed heads, button-lipped
If none of us go for the bell, then who is?
My mother says I've loved too many men
But I took and left something in every single bed
The rook can look left, right-just turns his head
But the knight might rise up, investigate the grid
Gender, genre, guess I'm on one
Bent both
Just the constructs of the old world
Gone broke
Women, children let me tell you
I've been both
And it's a myth we all swim for the life boats
I didn't come looking for love
I didn't come looking for a fight
I come here every night to work
And you can grab an axe, man
Or you can step aside

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Self taught, self made, bet, self styled
Self saw, self came, self took island of converts
To conquer is old school
We marching in Converse
Just armed with our own tools
While my knees still flex
While my joints hold steady
Mind sharp, spine straight
Chucks laced ready
I travel by kite, travel light
At touchdown
I swallowed the dice
I make my own luck now

Zeno's Arrow never hits the mark
It's always hanging there over its own shadow in the dark
Its own shadow in the dark