

Holy Book of Dilemma

Every Time I Die

Insect lust or insect love, there's no telling them apart if you're not a bug.

But from down here I can see the gears
the guts of the watches, molecular tiers.

Now, if you're a bug in insect love then you only do things with other bugs.

But if it's lust (and survival is a must) than the things that you do are to other bugs.

There are laws built into the nest and this is the crux of it.
But how do you apply this to the world?
We are given too much room to be expected to do only good.
We are more curious than bold and we were quiet before we went cold.

Animal art or animal shit?
Boot legged thoughts or collegiate wit?
It all looks the same if it ain't holy writ.

But from up here I can see the gears,
where the guts of the clocks mimic the heavenly spheres.
Our mathematics and faiths are just ways of devouring space while we continue to devolve.
Separate hearts are the whole of the law.