

# Panacea For The Poison

Flobots

In my mind I hold the passion panacea for the poison  
My bruised and battered body washes up upon the shore sin  
Flees from leaking wounds like rats from sinking ships  
As I float off to forever with these words upon my lips  
No I never asked for nothing and that's just what I got  
As my pride dies before I do as I fall I'm also caught  
I wasted many days chasing brightly gleaming streams  
As I fold into your presence do I now know what it means

We could get old and talk at the same time when we tell stories  
If we let go impossible names rhyme in elegant poetry  
But I dabble in everything  
It inundates my small town  
I refuse the offers extended waiting for God now  
I never asked for nothing audible  
So when the walls fall down and spin like waterwheels  
I'll pray for something logical  
So when we all drown  
I can cover bald spots with yarmulkes  
Drawn from extradimensional sources like in comic books  
Chose your own adventure  
I'm obsessing like a drug fiend  
Fantasies of actors clandestinely having sex in love scenes  
But why not amateurs openly sharing love in sex scenes?  
Stand clear while I soak in this treasure trove of a wet dream  
I can't tell what my problem is or even if there is one  
Sail the celibacies much sooner than commitment  
Escaping minor shake-ups but keep bracing for the big one  
To make the choices obvious and save us from decisions

I juggled whimsy in a fire fight  
With the inner light of fire flies  
Watched dusk go indigo  
And blush into a silent night  
Birthed an immaculate concept  
From a pregnant pause  
In the august of my righteousness  
Just waiting for the fall  
The greater and the small  
All for one and one for all  
For all those s.o.s'ing we will rise to the call  
I've bitten the hand that feeds and found myself bleeding  
Hereby I'll only need what I need  
But need'll get me out of my groove  
So I move to different tunes  
Sunning in warm weather by the light of blistered moons  
Thirst statement inundation  
Bring the monsoon  
Seasoned with the spectacle of people finding tools  
Appetite has grown fools  
Empire has sown rules  
Let's throw out craving and things with no use  
People dropping jewels  
Gems can't shine like our light  
To air is human  
So the sky is our birthright