

The Penultimate Year

Hellions

For the pipe dreams of the luminous and eloquent
Shunned to elucidate ostentatious temperament
We've got to draw the line
To ostracize the talented from the contrived

For a gentlemen, soaked to bone in gin
Doing anything to leave that void he's in
While the born writers craft with pen and a page
The charlatans preach behind a mic on a stage

I won't pick to pieces what I don't understand
But I know that no power nor pride makes a man
Forfeit conjecture, relinquish your fear
Stand alone in the penultimate year

Fear draws near, always weighing us down
To a family underground, an airloom stands proud
'Cause he's not so much his fathers son
More a product of his fathers battles won
Of the blood, sweat, tears, tried and true all these years
Through a bloodline ripe with musical pioneers
Unsung

My heart is heavy, burdened with the weight
Of good men and women who could've been great
A moment in it's radiance will change your mind
And an hour will change your life

Wake up take a chance
Take step out your door
Fuck the money, fuck the fame
Know we can still change this world
Fuck the cardinal charlatans
Pull on that thread
Until the bigotry unravels and reveals amends

Fuck it

Wake up, now, take a step out your door