

We'll kick you
and your devotion to sloth wonder
in caveman style
you are only crawling faster
your eyes indent your oblong head
canonized in REM rhythm

you're not standing upright yet

sitting guilty in the spirit
of a passive sinner
oh look
your head
it's like a hospital hosting hypochondriacs"
you got yourself uptight
are there anymore
facts or fiction fit for further alliteration
you seem so safely spoonfed
and we can't operate on
oblivious

we're not partners in
or paramedics for

this whole world's going to make you a part of it
this whole world is going to leave you out
call someone to alleviate the senses
never let
ever let your body feel
how your mind could leave it

you can see it in our faces
for we have travelled far
your mind is a long divide
a simple fraction of our time
deduct your logic
we'll lock up
or maybe just unlatch it
and throw yourself off
if you were meant for the wealth of applause
would a first floor window have a lock

there are no bleachers by bedsides
people build people in their (your) heads