

Smoking

Kae Tempest

When I smoke I remember my mother smoking
There can't be healing until it's all broken
Break me
The windows are open
The beast has awoken
Break me
Remind me of my devotion

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Find me apart from the world
In an ocean that dances and curls its foul tides around focus
Aren't these the words that I hoped for?
Me and the notepad
Like all is right with the world
What's the world for?
Give me a space to be void
Give me the memories back I destroyed
That girl from the past
That laid the foundation stones
Let her come take me home now
I need her

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Find me involved in the world
All these fast talkers are trying to take hold of the world
Thoughtless remarks and bold suppositions
I'm sick of their mission
Stop solving the world and start listening
The world in the palms of your children
No progeny needed for needless misogyny needling my gentle demeanor
I'm neither your wife nor your sister
I'm deeper, I'm here
I'm a spear I'm a shield
I'm the light in the field
I'm the vast promise revealed to be falsehood
The whole nation attacked by a notion
That all we were built for is no good
Devotion when nothing's secure
Is devotion worth more
I'm the boat on the shore
I'm the notepad that nobody noticed before
I'm the back of your neck in the moment the whole world attacks
You want facts
I want things I can't have

Like I want to go back
Take the child who destroyed
Every inch of herself to be one of the boys
Give her bits of myself
Give her strength, give her poise
My mother within me making nothing but noise

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When I smoke I remember
My mother smoking
No healing 'til it's all broken
Break me down to stardust
Let the night air take me
Stop the clocks
Let the nightmare wake me
Floating islands set behind closed eyelids
Drones and sirens
Everything at home's wireless
Coded silence, pictures always so vibrant
You feel the rush and then it goes silent
We made plans to rule the world
But we fooled ourselves
True test was learning how to rule ourselves
Trapped in a smartphone with all our cells
Feasting off the data from all our cells
Stop believing in all our spells
Became patterns in the sequence
They taught us well
Hidden under all our shells
Gave away our secrets
And built all our hells
I see my son's eyes
Same force that makes the sun rise
Free reigns can become ties
Free voice becomes tongue tied
Seeking free space of some kind
Where free plains, don't become minds
We barter for a fraction of our worth
Scared to live our life with the passion it deserves
Trying to focus but distraction every turn
Can only hope that the passenger returns
From the journey
Sucking the fear we are worry
Trying not to be the only thing that we can be
Scroll the timeline trying to feel something roughly
All became still I stared at the screen blankly
It's all so complex, and yet
The simplest of times are the ones you recollect
Like those were the days before tinged with regret
The sad song plays to a dim silhouette
Hard to check for a symbol of respect
In a land where a man can buy a kingdom with a cheque
Salesmen selling you some wisdom in a set
It's always the wisdom you forget

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