Winter Life

Listener

God Blessed America with a money making scheme.
Let's all prostitute a tragedy, give it a universal theme.
Your as evil as maleficent, smiling at the feeling you get,
when the ice-cycles pierce through your chest and arteries.
But it's the moment of revelation that I revel in.
When the heat of understanding melts your oppressors,
and leaves holes for windows for all to gawk at your discarded dreams.
Rapid eye moving far away from your aggressors and foes.
On stage your life is a mellow dramatic kabuki,
and in my opinion you've dressed yourself in the most attractiv e kimono.
Acting out the part of an MC saying poetry so meaningful.
And when you're not around yourself you've managed to erase sel f without help.
I see thousands of sponges emaciated into piles of gun powder.
Threatening suicide which in turn would kill this guy.
Dried up from a drought of rain to fill insides.
Can you see them searching on hands and knees.
Looking for the first thing to pour into their chapped parched brains.
Washed into the shallows, content with just being knee deep.
What am I trying to say? what are you trying to listen to?
It's not my fault this media has made it to your home,
and is now permeating through your living room.
Maybe I'm just a poser and everyone else is for real,
or maybe I really do measure up short, and all this time I thou ght I had to kneel.
This frostbite is starting to cause permanent damage.

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