

# Ecclesiastes

Milo

I am no longer afraid of the darkness  
I can walk straight into apartments

My girlfriend drinks too many Bloody Marys and I'm a bloody mess  
This is how people find marriage  
And I have found the light at the end of the tunnel  
I will yell Hellfyre Club through seventeen muzzles  
If you wanna fight me you'll need seventy muscled men  
Clad in the finest chainmail  
Chain links click spam filter  
My how time makes man shrink  
Ego, id, FLAC, lossless files  
The demands of this modern life  
My boss is the arbiter of strife  
But I am my own employer so that can't be right  
Too scared to ask Kone for what beats are left  
I should have gone to school to become a pizza chef  
Whoa  
I slung a bandolier of granola bars  
And drank a basin of frozen stars

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I screamed out Ishmael, right before my visions failed  
I've forgotten how I read in Braille  
This bread is stale  
This bread is stale  
And you will hide your face when I've decided it is my turn

Panic attack rap for my weirdness  
Fit nerd urchins third person narrative structure  
The fairy tale's ruptured like veins on fat people  
I'm no royalty, I just act regal  
Daydreams of bald eagles  
A Wittgensteinian analysis of Busdriver's pulmonary palimpsest  
I'm just another member of the choir singing too loud  
Singing out of key, singing 'til his vocal chords threaten to burst  
Never wanted the lesson to hurt  
I busted the urn with the ashes of my ancestors  
My friend is deader than a doorknob, poor slob  
I would have prayed but I didn't want to force God, to pick sides  
What a sick ride when I roll up on my  
When I roll up on my  
When I roll up on my  
When I roll up on my zephyr  
Like I was son of Goku, Gohan  
I swear my frame has too many photons  
Sacrilegious throwing empty chip bags at pigeons  
Mig Welder, felt my insides turn quicksilver  
My with's been pilfered  
I don't give nil, sir  
Let me sell snack foods on train rides  
I will give pep talks to black dudes and scared brides  
These are my people, singing out of key hymnals

You can kill each one of my best friends

And I will write them songs on my palms like I didn't fucking notice