

I Am Am

Milo

"We used to laugh, we used to cry
We used to bow our heads then, wonder why
And now you're gone, I guess I'll carry on
And make the best of what you've left to me
Left to me, left to me

I need you like the flower needs the rain
You know I need you, guess I'll start it all again
You know I need you..."

And I'm left holding the spilled milk carton
Will bargain for Chrysler car plants and filth spartans
Proficient nausesous summons and saw shirt buttons on wrinkled
lapels
Tumblr photo credit to David LaChapelle
I'm in hell
I got nervous and traced my palm veins
I wanna dedicate my life to building small trains
Too much dust in the basement and I am there with a conductor's
hat
Visualize a lead brick to realize I'm living under that
I saw Snoop Lion crip walk down the hall of nightmares
The talisman was right there
I never learned to fight fair
Blinded by a bright glare, I feasted on some white pears
Bumping uglies, now I've got these dusty knuckles trite wears
Only pilgrims with their rusty buckles might care
I saw Snoop Lion crip walk down the hall of nightmares

"I think, you know, the great rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel used to say indifference to evil is more insidious than evil itself. George Bernard Shaw says it in The Devil's Discipline, the early play: indifference is the essence of inhumanity. And my - one of my heroes, the greatest man of letters in America ever, William James, said indifference is the one trait to make the very angels weep. The expansion of indifference to other people's suffering is the most dangerous phenomenon..."

"If I wrote the greatest rap song, I wouldn't let you hear it
If this was the greatest rap song, you wouldn't have heard it,
what? "