

Monologion

Milo

I'm gonna learn to write raps in a whisper
And dream of a world with a black Bobby Fischer
They say he rages against the cataclysm
Hiding out in my room reading Essays and Aphorisms
Showcase the rhymes he had wrote by the hour
Folks said when he spoke you would think he was Arthur Schopenhauer
Fitful rests nothing but odd sleep
Swear to gonads I'm the third member of mob deep
Can't hallucinate if I'm a solipsist
That's the kind of philosophy he kept bottled in this chest
Which keeps my skin mottled to the breast
Full of false courage shouting out the motto with some zest
Tell em to tie my binds a little looser
Fellas over here try to chat with Zarathurstra
Modified my minds eye with Spinoza's lens
How come I can conjure all my oldest friends
Living hand-to-mouth, no doubt I will damn you
When I stamp through Whole Foods with Camus
These fools adopted the Dao to add a Jones
Same asshole who laughed at my poems
Every action is predetermined
From Eugene Mirman to a clumsy weed merchant
I'm a smart dude who is not willing to hold back
You don't have to be Baron d'Holbach to know that
A handsome lad with a credit score that's hideous
I'm leading a legion of book-smart idiots

More and more becomes possible
Because nothing becomes actual
The vanity of existence
Why is space time infinite?
My dreams have jaundiced
A liar who is uncomfortably honest

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This will make them hate you more so
I'll keep the memories dorsal

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