

Red Oleanders

Milo

"... To live in Hiroshima
I left Japan because of the war
War was wrong
I came here to start over
Begin a new family, with a son
Another chance to pass down the teachings
For 2, 000 years knowledge passed from father to son, father to son
When Shingo died, it stopped"

"Teach me. I can do it"

"You are not Japanese! You are not a Tanaka!"

"You taught me to use any tactic that works, never to limit myself to one style, to keep an open mind!"

"Why?"

"To honor you, shidoshi"

My sadness crept up on an escalator
Looked in my granddad's eyes and saw the life leave him
I have the super power to summon pipe dreams when I might need 'em
There's no point to fight the four seasons
I would've raised my hand but I'd make a poor deacon
I'd make a better Batman draped in black skin
I used to pour my guts out, but now I push 'em back in
And that's when I built a tabernacle out of wood pulp
Ramshackled but I celebrated with a big gulp
Things are hella great within my little cult
Yo, what's the coding for a matrix fart?
Can you believe
I had to crown myself the new patriarch among the leaves
I found myself reviewing safety charts and faculties
Face of stone like they had baffled me

When we met
Sadness wasn't my favorite sport just as of yet
Exiting all of your dreams soaking wet
Until you told me to flee under the pretense
That I was a threat

Cause when you stretch our love across all time
Time becomes a construct of the mind
It's a practice of the mad

So when I spill my guts, just push them back in

My sadness crept up on an elevator
I walked to the post office with a fistful of red oleanders
On an alabaster throne, I made it known from my smartphone
Essence precedes existence
And that's why I can write Rob so many fucking songs
I felt it in my bones, yo
I crossed the threshold
That's why I rep Hellfyre Club like a filthy vassal
Why does every DJ have a haircut like Zorg
I'm sorta bored with these flaccid talks about mortar boards
The mark of childhood's end like overlords
I found zen like a member of the Tanaka clan
Fuck it, I guess I'm way more awkward than

Slamming Dr. Octagonecologist
A wiry, Platonic apologist

"I think it would have been better if the pragmatists had said, 'we can tell you about justification but we can't tell you about truth'. There's nothing to be said about it. That is we know how we justify beliefs, we know that the adjective 'true' is the word we apply to the beliefs that we've justified. We know that a belief can be true without being justified. That's about all we know about truth. And justification is relative to an audience and to a range of truth candidates; truth isn't relative to anything. Just because it isn't relevant to anything there's nothing to be said of it. Truth with a capital T is sort of like God, you know there's not much you can say about God"

Cause when you stretch our love across all time
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