sanssouci palace

Milo

I have been alone for several months on a verge of a level up
Caught in a shifting paradigm
I've known the strangest pains
Played the language games
And won a couple of pissing matches in my time
Exchanging love tokens
Redefining success to include what's broken in my mind
I've read the Wittgenstein
And sat staring at the ceiling
Wondering when I'm going to die
I don't need to be comforted
I don't need to be comforted

I don't need comforts in the form of Avril Lavigne singles
You're the dude in Clerks getting his hand caught in a canister of Pringles
Imma Squidbillies animator
Rap messiah agitator
Chronic bathroom masturbater
I wrote it so you could in fact predict it
And later tell your friends you contributed to this picnic
Then I dramatically took my mask off to reveal myself for what I am
A confluence of cheap thrills
An impersonator of Will.I.am
With a mountain of messy used napkins by my desktop
Inventor of a genre like Dubstep, but with less drop
For breakfast a can of buttermilk biscuits
A viscous nitwit
Who picks at shit until he's surrounded by broken idols
In the twilight barricaded with bottles of open Midol
Rider of waves tidal
Writer of imaginary titles
Like the Strider
But with pants that I actually fit my thighs though

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