

Cupcake Wednesday

None More Black

I've tasted what it's like. I don't dig it.
I could heal the lesser bites, so they won't scar, but why bother.
Like to feel the bumps and bruises, so I can analyze their worth.
Been the winner. Been the loser.
I just bite the swollen tongue.
I walk the tight rope home.
And hold out and hold on 'til I'm over it for sure.

We live in a cruel cruel world and absorb it.
Watched a scene destroy its self and somehow that's okay?
Once we screamed for revolution. Now we whisper, leak and bitch
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Swallowed whole, with no solution.
Did we give it all away?
What will come of the new wave?
We must hold out and hold on 'til we're over it.

This ain't no bullshit reaction to growing old in common place.
If I'm gonna work for satisfaction, I don't wanna feel so negative.
That's why I claim that I'm over it.