

Mothlight

Sadistik

I learned to die in a slight inertia
Verse a vice never vica-versa
Serpentine when I write in cursive
Curse inside me I'm dybbuk box-like
We're still hiding within the moth-light
Ursa Minor or just the frostbite?
Compliment yet they clench their jaws tight
All their limbs get imprints of dog bites
Steal like Chris Paul get steel like Paul Pierce
You're disciples a flock like Paul's peers
Longinus all your ribs get hog-speared
Psalms and hymns make 'em lift like God's spirit
They talk of the fodder they heard through the vine
I walked on the water and turned it to wine
I'm rock of Gibraltar the words are divine
My hearts only darkness I learned to define
One hit blood-let em
Frank Booth in the booth come get love letters
Velvet tipped-tongue gun gripped in confession
But I be too lifted there's trees in my chest
Ivy grew in him there's keef on my breath
While they spewed venom I'd reach in the depths
Life is too pretty to keep me depressed
Wifey too gifted I keep her undressed
Disaster artist gets catatonic
Cats get skinned for acting brolic
Turn a hallway to a Jackson Pollock
Always choose my own lane
Turn your high horse to glue that's low grade
I grew from propane, ablaze in tar-patch
Sank like Artax then bloomed a bouquet

I remain with my head in the clouds
Heart in the crowd
Shoot my remains in your veins
You're a part of me now
Open third iris, shut your arteries down
Touched by angel, got some head in the clouds
Dope, in the hood like white power
In the night hours, crown me king me
While the knights cower, throwing bright flowers in a light shower
As we parade across razor blades
On pins & needles and the beds we made
While Lady Luck plucks the heads she braids
For the dues we paid, debts we saved
Although prey became predatory
Too much truth nigga, dead the story
Too much proof killa, there's ya Vorhees
Get up through Jenner, where's your car keys?
You ain't seen shit & you don't know jack
Got no LoJack, can't track no way back
Hands too dirty start to feel like paws
Nails so strong they became like claws
Now you're only down for ya bitch and your dogs
Even bit the damn hand that was pitchin you raw
Under stench of the law, one phone call Man bites yall
Didn't leave the whole clip in your jaw

Asphalt don't talk, streets do whisper
Same bad hand with some brand new blisters
Toucan Sam with some brand new pistols
Block alarm clock sound a lot like missiles
We've got issues to rip through tissue
When death kiss you, she don't miss you
And she's unlisted, ain't no chances
You just missed it, ain't no dances
Forget that