

# Mourning Glory

Sadistik

All these animals and peasants chase their capital investments  
Vested interests, I'm disinterested, my patterns show obsession  
An attic full of questions with no answers for the standards  
Just synapses lapses, passages, suggestions, past is present  
Man, I hate the summer, so I stay inside; days are numbered  
They only trace the lines, my sky's rain and thunder  
Deface each other, rape and plunder, bases covered  
On the basis that I'm basic, based in basins I'm too drained to slumber  
I save the numbers of my dead friends, it makes me wonder  
Why it strangely comforts, my brain's asunder  
Under suns I've been taken under, made a hunter  
Undertaken where the bugs and aphids clutter  
Handshakes feel like cable jumpers  
I taste the sunburns but the tongue is rarely accurate  
Compare their avarice to mine and I can't bear the wrath of it  
I'm out of it but passionate, past the fist is a pacifist  
A satirist like Jonathan Swift's mental paralysis  
I'm harlequin, walking dead, coughing phlegm no oxygen  
Generation Y am I supposed to do it? Talk to them  
I lost my innocence, drifted into the distance  
Went from different to indifferent, get sickened by this existence  
Mourning Glory

I feel strangled by the chain that my father used to wear  
It dangles by my heart, it was the cross that he would bear  
Every time I think of him, I always go to reach for it  
'Cause it reminds me of the sacred bond that we would share  
Before the costs I'd inherit, the talks that I'd cherish  
The loss of a parent made the loss more apparent  
I'm lost in apparent paradox, I can't escape or see  
Between faith and grief, pain and ease, they made me pray and  
Place my knees on cinder blocks, break my teeth, and lick the scars  
Make me eat this bitter heart 'til the taste gets sweet  
I don't chase my drinks these days  
I hate to sound cliché, but it's cliché to say I hate to sound cliché  
I may be breaking out these chains today  
I'm finally free, amiss in this abyss, I guess I'm spiralling  
It's standard stuff, flashing floods, that's my blood you're siphoning  
A side of me's beside itself for anchoring in Hell  
But I can't see the light I need to save me from myself  
It's Mourning Glory

I got these bars in my head like I'm Phineas Gage  
This gauge is on empty so give me some space  
Spaced out from the memories I didn't erase  
Rays pound all around me, kissing my face  
Face down, down on my luck, lust for the crown  
Crown in my cup, coupled amounts, mountains erupt  
Ruptures I count, count-downs downtrodden  
Trot around downtowns 'til I drown in a bottle, like  
And now I'm reading Walden  
Walled-in like I'm sleeping in a coffin  
Coughin' while I'm breathing in the toxins  
Talk sins when I'm needing to absolve them  
Themselves, set sail, sail set  
Hellbent, inhale, tell sins  
Send tales of the tailspins

Tip scales, scale-skinned when the trail ends

She called me blue flower, more like Morning Glory  
My port is storming every time she tries to ford it for me  
They're always warring on the inside  
There's Morning Glory on the inside

Can't hurry the morning light  
I tried with all my might  
I'm hanging upside-down  
Facing to the ground  
'Til I bring back the fire