

## IV: DEATH OF A DREAMCATCHER

Set to Stun

Thus when I speak, my world it trembles!  
Let the rebels run from all they've done as cowards do  
But to the frightened and the few  
My precious bride, my chosen true:  
"Hold fast! Fear not!  
For I am with you!"

This isn't how I thought it'd pan out  
Thought I had it planned out  
Only then to find out now how  
Confidence in hypocritical lyrical authorship was subject to the consequences of a compliment that fed the narcissist's rage  
That I was never the author, I was only the page  
In a letter to the hearts of men  
I pleaded with the writer and he made me a pen  
And yet again and again  
I offend the penman pretending that my pretentious amendments would lead to anything less than repeated pain!

Far beyond my fantasies in the graveyard of my broken dreams  
I buried you forever, but I can put you back together again  
What's the difference anyway?  
All the choices that I made have brought me to this tragic fate and a nameless grave to lie

But before we reach the end let me take you back to where we first began, here comes the story of a boy who took the journey of a man  
And he fought so hard and he got so far but he just couldn't see through the night

So sad that it's come to this  
I didn't want to be the one to misinterpret the gift I was given with a reason for living in the shadow of the shit I hate

It's a game of "give and take", "hurry up and wait", build it up to break under the weight of everyday spent in vain  
My inspirations paid in patience and pain

And who knew I'd have a voice like this to sing?  
And who knew people would give a shit about the things that I have to say, because I speak in a peculiar way, but the only thing strange to me is how evidently negligent the ethic of our etiquette is subject to the predicate of pretense

It's not the poetry it pretends to be  
When these makeshift wordsmiths wield such words irresponsibly  
They want "something for nothing"  
They want "blood out" but no "blood in"  
In love with the dream and what it means  
But not the coffin that it comes in

Going to show the world what it takes  
Even if it takes me to the grave  
A heart that sows the seeds of hope  
Even though its own has gone astray

I can carry this because I've been through that

Goes without saying that I'm never looking back  
I'm not a righteous man, but I know where I've come from  
And more importantly where I long to be!

Coming to me

I haven't always been the man that you needed me to be; and maybe my iniquities imprisoned me initially but I could see that I was free the moment you believed in me and

Oh! What would they do if they knew the truth?

I'd still be nothing if I didn't have you

There can be purpose in hurt

But the hurt isn't worth all the world

If I can have you

Though none go with me, still I will follow

No turning back, no turning back...

Though none go with me, still I will follow

No turning back, no turning back...

"Shalalala..."

Just shut the fuck up!

Now let me show you where the fuck I'm coming from...

You're a fake!

And your words don't mean shit!

Running your mouth around in circles

Like a walking talking hypocrite

I'm sick of this heretic

Steady flexing arrogance

Can't hearken to the "calling"

Because your argument's embarrassing

To put your "strength in numbers" is to put your faith in others  
And that ain't nothing but a cover for chain gang brother!

So let the strong man glory in his might

And let the rich man's hands pray to nickels and dimes

And let the wiseman tell himself he's leading the blind

Such hope ain't but a hangman's rope in the gallows of pride

You front "punk" but slang "panic"

Keep talking static cause I need your opinion

Like a motherfucking hole in the head!

Nothing you can say that ain't already been said

I'm a "fools fool", I guess that's true but

Mr. Harakiri tell me whose fucking fool are you?

"Sadly, the formula for family which fostered such wonderful years of television and literature just doesn't adhere to the same dynamic principles they were founded on, and, somewhere along the line it's been distorted and likely laid to rest. Still there does exist the select few, present company included, who will forever hold in the highest regard that which "was" over that which "is"

For such decorum in the forum of our fathers was written forever on the tablet of their hearts, where they shined like stars amidst the backdrop and blackness of this crooked and perverse generation, where through trials and tribulations let patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect, in wanting nothing in the affirmations of men."

Would you still have the courage to say

All of the bullshit that you take for granted every day

When the King is calling you out?  
No second chances, no doubts  
Would you put your life on the line  
For the words you put in your mouth?

You see I saw you standing there across the room  
And I knew I had to do my best to get the best of you  
But the truth is it was only an excuse enough to ask you to dance

She said "I saw you rockin' on the main stage and boy you're fucking crazy!"  
And I said "Baby, I'm a million ways, but crazy is what I'm not. Don't you know passion with a purpose can be red hot?  
And with your body banging louder than a gunshot, tell you what, 'heads' I walk away but 'tails' you give me everything that you got!"

"To dance with these ideas is to enter into a sort of courtship with them, and make no mistake, here we dance with death daily."

"You can change the world  
But you can't change me  
You can kill all the fish in the sea  
But you can't stop the ocean  
Overflowing up and crashing down on the beach  
Your day will come."

True history, like religion  
Isn't written by precursor politicians with a poets pen  
But on the backs of men who went against the trend  
And paid the ferryman's toll in blood

So if you won't stand with me  
Baby be prepared to go against me  
I'm a patient man, but listen bitch, don't test me  
You can front all you want like you got nothing to lose  
On a mission with your bitchin' you got something to prove

But baby I know you know you're gonna lose  
Because I know that you know you can't do what I do  
Speak the truth in the spirit, preach it and teach them to fear it  
You can't just dance to the music without the ears to hear it

So take your best shot baby, what are you waiting for?  
Your mouth is cashing checks that your body can't afford  
Now if you don't mind, I'm barely hanging on to my life  
I'm barely hanging on to the light!

So let 'em keeping singing peace when there ain't none  
And let them feast of the flesh of their daughters and sons  
Set your words in my mouth like fire  
And let it consume this feeble people like wood!

"The fires of justice can be neither tempered, nor controlled, a million bridges will burn in pursuit of finding the truth  
Bring me those fucking pigs and kill 'em all! "