Silent Type

Stone Sour

I'm alive and stark, raving free with only a handful of
gravel to suck on for the entire duration of this
commercial - free interruption.
We ran and ran until there was nothing left in our legs
but sand and bourbon whiskey.
Fuel the ancients,
God of nothing.
Drizzle down the legs of this woman we call America
with the glistening scent of her still on our bodies,
telling us to rally over her heathen,
jester,
poet,
rogue,
transient,
draft dodger,
misanthrope,
killjoy,
heat seeker,
mofo,
abscessed,
lawless son of a bitch.
We can drag out of whatever hobble they had declared
their domain and stand on her teeth
- America's teeth and make the loudest goddamn noise we
can before last call because that's considered the
hottest band.
The tyranny,
the absolute tyranny,
of being righteous.

I told that son of a bitch twice.
I asked for the Jack and Coke,
not rum and Coke,
not Coke on ice.
Jack and fucking Coke!
And he looks at me all high and proper and says,
"God man, what's the difference?".
I look him square in his ricochet grin and say,
"the hell with you because if you don't know what
flavour's your flavour,
then we're not really having this conversation."
And with that, I upended my giant spooling surface,
table and ashtray and flew into a legend to have this
asshole fucking bartender describing me as,
quote unquote,
'a mad psycho who's really drunk and threw that table
at me for no fucking reason babbling about flavours'.
Immortalizing a bar myth for wanting a Jack and Coke
and proving a point by punctuating with flying
furniture.
To each his own, I guess. Go figure.

Is it just me or is irony with its pants up around its
ankles throbbing for a break,
a better way,
a reach around,
anything?

We turn and face the bullshit like waves of concrete.
That sacrilegious moment before the mindset kicks in
and you can't take it anymore and your mouth is the
trigger and your brain is loaded and the monster wants
to take apart every motherfucker on this planet because
they deserve to feel this free.
They don't get it and never will.
So come on you bastards.
I've got the mountains in my bag and a face full of
lines,
lies,
and tributes.
Do you want me?
I'm right fucking here.
Away forever if I actually can see a thousand miles.
Save your breath because I'm waiting.
Going nowhere but up.
Now back to your life - already in progress.

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