

The Beggar

Swans

I'm sick of chewing at your heels
I'm sick of licking up your spit
What if I keep the power I give you?
Will I then decide to live?
The mud is sucking like a womb
To pull my naked body in
Without your eyes upon my weakness
Will I forget where I begin?
I am the stranger in your mirror
I am a glove without a hand
I am a body gently spinning
Now deliquescing in the wind
I am an empty vessel ringing
In a stone house in the woods
I am the poem that was written
On the backside of your lids
I am the shithead unforgiven
Now crawling up your inner leg
I am an insect on your bedclothes
Searching for a place to beg
Now every word's a new beginning
When there's nothing left to give
What if I steal the child inside you?
Will I remember how to live?
When will I finally learn to live?
When do I finally get to live?
When will I finally learn to live?

I stand before you polished, golden
I keep a globe of light within
My eyes eroded by derision
They know the purpose of the wind
In every soul there is a craven
Supplicating begging shit
But my objection leads to freedom
My seed is growing and will live
How many people were forgotten
Along this road of broken limbs?
Upon this hill I'll build my tower
To survey their plowing in
I hear the whispering of angels
I see the dust is made of jewels
I swallow liquid from a river
Fed by the sewage of the cruel
My love is purified but reeking
Of your calumny endured
My feet are bruised and torn and leaking
But lead me towards a silver shore
Before I go there sing a prayer
Into my palms beneath your chin
I am the slaughter at your altar
That's where my will to live begins
That's where my need for you begins
That's where my love for you begins
My love for you will never end
My love for you will never end