

Of Nothing

Tallah

The carpet stinks
For the filth you vomit up seeps in
It seeps—seeps—seeps into the fibers
While you cough up more pollen and poison

I peered within
And what I saw was a sticky hive of untapped potential
It wants to form this
It wants to form that
But you can't keep it down as it pelts
Pelts on your inner-frame
"Let me in," it screams!
But you'll have no such pain
You'll have no such pain!
O' you'll form no such things!
Feed the mighty mandibles of the insect queen!
She could fly sky-high—the tallest peaks!
Remember when I swore I'd make something of nothing?
Well, for what it's worth
I think I've succeeded...

Toss this ball in your conscience
Throw it up, catch it on the way down
Who are we to suppress our dreams?
I set them free
I make them be!
I'll make you bleed
Whether through death or a fine-toothed comb
Brush it back
Brush it through the thoughts you've chosen
Trillions of people chucked their brain in a casket
Call it a tragedy!
And then ask the question you fear
What the fuck are you doing here?
But it's too late to answer with a decree
Melted in the mouth of the insect queen
Of nothing
Of nothing

Brush it through the thoughts you're holding back
Brush it through the thoughts you're holding back
And then ask the question you fear
What the fuck are you doing here?
But it's too late to answer with a decree
Melted in the mouth of the insect queen Of nothing
Of nothing
Of nothing
Of nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
Of nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing
Of nothing
Of nothing

The carpet still stinks