

Bad Entropy

WHY?

In la'kesh, I'll hold my breath 'til I'm blue
Until the next time I see you

I'm recording the vocals in my underwear
Your shit sounds like you recorded in a hoodie on a hot day
With a fuckin' ball cap, tilted to cover your right eye
Your shit is fake, you're play acting
This ain't drama class
It's unhealthy, it's only boosting your bipolarity

Until the handkerchief of history
Covers us with its Times New Roman black-and-white postscript
I will wear lavender shirts in yellow painted public restrooms
Looking like Art Deco in my September complexion and
Red against blue skies and have those pictures taken
To be proof against the dull mood of your high school history teacher
That we wore color
That we distributed the seeds of dead dandelions
In cement-surrounded city parks
That we let our skin soak up the sun
Despite the advice of modern science
That we sometimes wore our hair long
And let it curl and never combed it or put it in braids
That we taught ourselves to play the pots and pans
So that we would have something honest to dance to
Something soulful to sing to
And sometimes we had trouble seeing past our own reflections in the bedroom
window
Because it was dark outside
And the fluorescents inside left shadows under our chests
And sculpted the torso to look its Friday night fittest
Yeah, I'm vain
There was life here before there wasn't
And before that there wasn't
But seagulls still ate shallow water fish
Morning boys still cast tall shadows
And all the while the stars are slowly separating

Elizabeth, I don't know what you expect
I just wanna hide my face
In the space between your breasts

In la'kesh, I've got no heart pumpin' my chest
I'll have to leave me praying
In the cradle of your flesh

Elizabeth, I don't know what you expect
I just want to leave my breath
And get between your legs

In la'kesh try and leave me again
I'll say "Hello"
You'll say...

And end will be end

Okay

These are songs to be listened to after I'm dead (dead dead dead)
When old women start wearing their hair grey
These are songs to help an ant find its shadow
Songs to bump in your Beam Cruiser 2060
Top down, hair blowing in the absence of air
Whooming to the shhhhhh