

~~of life most have elements, you~~  
~~have completely lost sight.~~

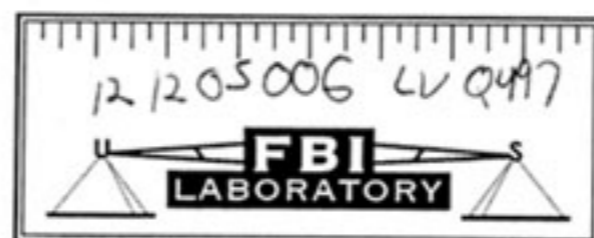
Global overuse, as you over colonize,  
~~you are~~ where will you go, "Clever  
little worm, if you bleed your host  
dry?"

Back on your ride, the night is still  
young, streetlights push back the black  
in neat rows, off to the right a  
graveyard appears, lines of stones, holes  
molder below, ~~Turn your~~ head turn away  
quick, bob your head to the beat, as  
straight that stop sign you roll,  
loaded truck with lights off slams  
into you ~~on~~ broadside, your flesh smacked  
as metal explodes.

You may have been free, you loved living  
your lie, fate had its own scheme,  
Crushed like a bug you still die.

Soon now you'll join those ranks of dead,  
or ~~you're~~ ~~after~~ the wind will  
soon "blow". Family and friends will  
shed a few tears, pretend its off  
to heaven you go. But the reality  
is you were just bones and meat,  
and with your brain died also, your soul,

colored you. despised  
the future. dry  
American dead  
a dream which  
we were for it  
on you  
you called  
another  
your only  
punchline  
a nightmare  
country  
your  
the  
attached  
money was  
Now you are

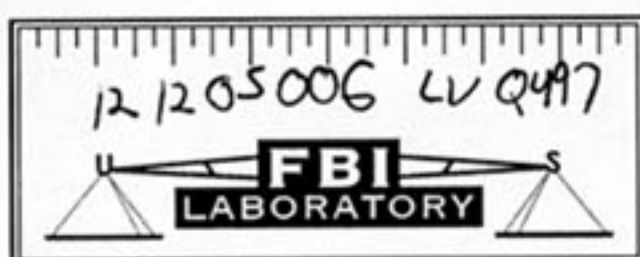


end the dying to wait for their death  
in the comfort of retirement homes. Justifying  
"say" it is for best, its best for you  
so their fate you'll not know. Turn a  
blind eye back to the screen, soak in  
your reality shows. Stand in front  
of your mirror and you preen, in  
a plastic castle you call home

Land of the free, land of the lie, land of  
scheme, Americanize! Consume what  
you don't need, stars you idolize, pursue  
what you admit is a dream, then its  
american die

Get in your big car, so you can get  
to work fast, on roads made of dinosaur  
bones. Punch in on the clock and sit  
on your ass, playing stupid ass games  
on your phone. Paper on your wall,  
~~the~~ says you got smarts, ~~that~~ that  
computer lets see what you know  
took said so, but you would still crawl like the  
vermin you are, once your precious  
power birds blown.

land of the free, land of the lie,  
land of the scheme, Americanize



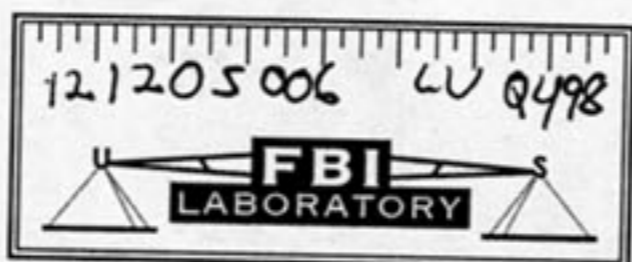
Now that I have you held tight  
I will tell you a story, speak soft  
in your ear so you know that  
it's true, you are my love at first  
sight, and though you're scared to be near  
me, my words penetrate your thoughts  
now in an intimate prelude.

I looked in your eyes, they were so dark  
warm and trusting, as though you had  
not a worry or care. The more quivers  
the game & the better potential to fill  
up those pools with you for me.

Your face framed in dark curls like  
a portrait, the sun shone through  
highlights of red, what color  
I wonder, and how straight will  
it turn plastered back with the  
sweat of your bread.

Your wet lips were a promise of  
a secret unspoke, nervous laugh  
as it burst like a pulse of blood  
from your throat. There will  
be no more laughter here.

I feel your body tense up, my hand  
now on your shoulder, your eyes



...a way out of this small  
dark room, forget the lady called  
luck, she does not abide near me  
for her powers don't extend to  
those who are damned.

...set, would that I could keep you,  
let you be the master of your own fate, what  
did I wonder, would you willingly stop  
knowing full well what's at  
me? My pretty captive butterfly,  
colorful wings, my hand smears  
and I somehow repaint them with  
punishment and tears.

Violent metamorphosis, emerald  
my dark <sup>mult</sup> rain, I would come  
often and worship on the altar of your  
flesh... You shudder grow with re-  
vulsion and try to shrink far from  
me. I'll have you tied down and  
begging to become my stockholm  
sweetie.

Okay, talk is over, words are placid and  
weak. Back it with action or it all comes off  
cheap. Watch close while I work now, <sup>pull</sup> the  
electric shock of my touch, open my  
trembling flower, or your petals will crush.

