

Bombs Over Providence, The Starving Artist Weighs In

Where there's no smoke,
We've been burned alive, hearing two-cent mind cut us down to size.
Dancing with the spectre of unsolicited conjecture.
While the emperor, he sold his clothes for opening slots on local shows.
But these comment of ennui aside,
this boy paid to enjoy the ride
with kids who fight their battles
not with cannons, but with rattles.
It was an eye for an eye about a year ago, now it's all "I told you so."
Always had the guts somehow, so nothing's gonna stop me now.
But when I hear it from old allies, boy, well, I get sidetracked.
You can have it, kid, it's yours
And you'll find me face-down, bloated blue on the banks of the Trash-Talk River.
So press my shirt and fetch me a tie. Set to work on my obituary-ai.
With great foresight, just a laugh, it's the same as my epitaph.
Here lies a mouthy kid,
Raised by a picket fence
To mean what he says
When he screams.
Always had the guts somehow, so nothing's gonna stop me now.
I've been swingin' for the fences since you thought to build them.
I always liked 'em low.
Nevermind the hits I take. It's all about the punches I throw.
You're picking bones at the wrong damn table, boy.
Swallow hard, I'm going to serve it to you now.
How could one slip from a grace so small as to be dismissed by a single-file style,
obscure hardcore archivists?
Well I'm still reeling from that fall.