

Chris Walla, Archer V. Light

You are 'Sir', you're a senator
And senator, you were right
It's just a law, not the word, not the law
I'm learning how to speak again
These words are only structures
When you choose to frame them in
And obviously, the framers would agree
You own a chair and you are not there you noble senator
Oh, dear sir, I'm a librarian
And while I do not know of law
I know the things that make my stomach pitch and yaw
If I were gavaged on hunger strike
Wrongly fired upon or sullied blindly by dogs
I'd hate us too and that's why I've cornered you
Roman senator, can you still hear
With all the marks on your ears?
Face me now
I want to see you break it down
I want to feel our stars colliding
I want to see the sweat pour from your brow
I'll let it go
You're gonna see me lose control
We do not fight for isolation
Have you seen the injuries?
I want to see
Your heart of gold again
Your heart of gold
We are kind
Do you remember that?
I wanna see your pro-life
Bear no exception
You grand, old senator
Oh, dear sir, I'm a librarian
And I am not always right
But ours is the story
Of the archer and the light