

El-P, Habeas Corpses (Draconian Love)

"I found love on a prison ship..." (repeating)

"Number 247681-Zed, step to the line"

(gunshot)

Cage:

Two types of people in this world I recognize
Conquered, and the one holding rifle next in line
The crosshair in my eye, a vessel to god
Decontaminated and kept you around in a hole in they yard

Sailing cemetery seas after crew leaves and moves on
You have no idea how right my head is screwed on
When I wake up and put this suit on, I feel escape begin
Expirations are needed, I facilitate the end

El-P:

There are two types of mornings/mournings in this life I can surmise
I wake early in the first to help supply the second type
Technician of repetition clips and the numbers of tradition zips
Little one-risk blunders that can summon one's demise

I know line and walk tall, soft, and punch a clock--Ain't done
I see the shelter and contrition, best to limit wagging tongues
But today's a confrontation with a thought that's not assured
She says she's closer to my services and further from my world

"I found love on a prison ship..." (repeating)

El-P:

Does this job ever bother you, darkly creep up in your conscious too?

Cage:

Nope, in fact I'm so enamored with this standard
That being handed a commander, it's almost romantic
The lead giveth, I take it, if i didn't understand it

El-P:

I'm saying during the tenure of your gig, have you ever heard of prisoner
Despite the traitorous label, makes you nervous as a kid
(who)May be beyond a date with the lead, maybe there's something else meant for her
A prisoner with the beauty of prisoner 247290-Zed?

Cage:

Oh God, you gotta be joking, I get it she's smoking
Got get a taste, I'll hold you down for thirty, she must be purty or open
Your secret's safe with me, go on a raping spree
I gotta couple numbers of my own, just return the courtesy

El-P:

No, naw man, that's actually not on my mind, naw, it's different this time
She's a creature so sublime, and already be in line for the gun?
And I'm the one to dispense it, She seem almost defenseless
And her eyes have the surprising effect of rendering me restless

"You know, you look really pretty without handcuffs on
Without the dirt on your face..."

Like the prison stench of the huddled traitors evaporates from the room
And in that moment I can see her truly, and she can see me too
Beneath the body armor and weaponry, my heart quietly thumps and whispers
"Drop the guns and grab her, it's time to make a run"

Sitting in my transport as we slip through traffic veins
She doesn't ask me where we going, only holds my hand and gaze
She's my only reason now, and my only hope to live
We pull up to the cabin way above this damn metropolis

Me and prisoner 247290-Zed
Somewhere that is Soylent Green, we're living life instead
No more war traitorism, it's only me and her
She can clean my gun and I can help her clean the floor

Back to something natural, we'll live off the land
When Radon levels drop we walk the trails and talk and laugh
I tell her she's innocent, and she'll show me she's not
I kiss her number on her arm and lay her on the cot

I'm the first to touch her without gloves on
She's the first to kiss me without crying
Life before this was just dying
Me and prisoner 247290-Zed
Away from all this violence, live inside each other's head... (repeating)

"Number 247290-Zed, step to the line";

"Dammit Lent, fire your weapon!";

"Yes sir";

(gunshot)

"I found love on a prison ship..."; (repeating)

"She's dead Lent, just how we wanted it. Great.";

"Just how we wanted it (laughing)";

"You shot the s--- out her Lent. I'm proud of you. Go home";