

Subtle, The No

A skeptic can be grown in no-time
From the treated torso of anyone torn in two.
And in this era of the owned and indebted who,
The means to do so safely surround you

An average amount of artificial light is needed,
Not unlike that of a public school system cell's ceiling
Raw water from the tap, and it ought to be,
American for its most doubtful properties
But in order to properly,
Grow yourself a skeptic solemnly.
You must. Honestly

Kill em with the no.
Q: They call it cope
A: What's working man's hope
They call it (the No)

A skeptic can be grown best
From the torn-in-two torso of a dead politician
Somehow so perfect for the unscience and precisions of skeptic making.
Since they possess the perfect blend of empty and
taking one needs in life to go all dark in death
And in the shell of what's left, gradually the darkened
goner mind sets to spark once again, with all the needs of moral men,
And somehow none of its wants...
Bent without blood, meant or remembrance,
Returning from what's absence with nothing but vengeance
Are the skeptics

The sharp dark teeth of bread water and last sleep interrupted

What would you say up in the no-face of famous?
When you crash you'll know where you plane is
The no place of an ache egg waits
When you crash into the no-fame of all ash