

Subtle, Unlikely Rock Shock

Luck locked?
Moon shot?
Un-god got?
Goner hope not
Your in unlikely rock shock...

Now are you just in the aiming,
this hopeful knight all right and reining,
or is it falling that you've mastered solely,
wholly only gaining debt or regret,
at the bread of a threat in a dead-end collect of your self in extents...
to let off a small fearfire in the gone that sleeps inside you,
all to sever an arm for a clear and embalmed calm moment
in the palm of the sun outside the numb, inside your skin.
to eat completely of the clear you're in....

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The fate of your life may go cold...
May be determined by how good you look in white.
And you will be there singing key
yes you Yes in your cutting edge whites...

You will show them you are just,
and the sight and sound of such
Will turn to trust.
and is that dangerous...

it's a 6ft tall man's world, if you're not knowing
and the steady second hands of such
are never not in motion.
From the size of the ceilings to the way that windows open,
it is a dark rule of thumb, sunk deep into our numb.
Writ in the stitch of our hand,
at the center of a thing making modern man
and its overdriven eat

They want it clean and numb when it hits the tongue...
How clean and numb when it hits the tongue?

Un-god got...
Clean and numb and Un-god got.

amen sing what you mean then...

Q: what's working man's hope?
A: they call it cope