

Witness, Prophets Of The Present

Lately every song has been written by one pen
All searching for the meaning that might justify the end
Spending time, assembling rhymes
In an effort to remove the pressure against the grooves of records
And you could better yourself, you could treasure the wealth
Of wetting the felt with blood and expressing yourself
And it looks good on paper and it sounds good on tape
But let a third ear hear what you use to escape and wait
That band-aid don't stick no more
Those lips taste like they've been kissed before
You'll remember that rhyme you defined as gorgeous
When you're thumbing a thesaurus in order to mold a chorus
Every lightbulb is controlled by a light switch
That's why you never show it to those you share life with
Peace if they like it and likely that they'll hate it
Because nobody plays music anymore, they play favorites
Crumpled pages are monuments of attempts to document a race that existed when they still had ox
The occupants were ignorant in their assumptions
That the swan that they killed for the quill meant nothing
Something whispered to me just a moment ago
I froze breathing stifled as I rifled through notes
I scribe in black and white and my subject matter is grey
Like the sky of a mailman on St. Valentines day
I'm confining my clay to a mold that they can't break
Definition man-shape, cleft chin with strong handshake
Who knew the polar opposite constructed such a titan
Not every kite that sails can catch lightning and though you might prevail
You're still frightened, because the tempest ain't tortured enough for a second striking
It's a clutch you state, but such escapes, won't make the dead horse you're beating resuscitate
Catch flies with a mixture of honey and vinegar
And if it doesn't represent, don't include your signature
And if getting hurt is a muse, she's sleeping around
Took more than a spark to move the phoenix from the ground
Let this be my message to the prophets of the present
And the writers of the world who never got to grab a pen