

Acumen Nation, Eville

mention of madness, i am quick to believe
that those you call crazy are my brothers and sisters
voices alarming that you cannot hear
they are louder than mommy
they are nails in your brain
they are nails in your brain

bastions of blackness in veins of saliva
sex with your sickness i'm happy all over
the truth isn't tragic, but it's so nice to listen
to the silence of truth, while i'm screaming inside
while i'm screaming inside...

noose around the neck, tied with heartstrings
drowned black water by the time
she begins to scream
lessons learned by a child
forgotten as he learns to trust
may god forgive me -- for witnessing this crime!
for witnessing this crime!
for witnessing this crime! crime! crime! crime!

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