

Astronautalis, The Case Of William Smith

William holds his palm out proud
Upon the Bible, lays it down
And solemnly swears against it
That every word is true

Searching through the faceless crowd
In the hallowed auditorium
He sees that everyone is turned against him
And his endless pursuit

The saga that he spells out
Has mothers grabbing children
Grown men twisting mustaches
As priests smooth out their suits

But William hammers right along
And ignores the banging gavel of
The judges plea for order
In the chaos of the room

Outside my cell
There is an oak that grows
Through the fence line
And towards the sun

They built a barrier of barbs
Flush but against its bark
And still its burls unfurl
And the branches strong

The silver thorns that hem in my hole
Snare me here through sun and snow
While barbs may scar
They cannot stop the mighty Oak

Burgeoning upward and out
This figure made out
The persistence that'd been made
Stopped by its daggered escape route

Once it finally stands tall
The limbs will make the fence fall
The slowest getaway car
And the guard ever saw

The warden scratches his bald patches
Raises his arms in the air
And wonders how this happened
Despite his decades to prepare

In this I found the fate-
You'd see my sentence a mistake
Discharge me from this place
And reinstate me in your grace

The truth will set you free one day
My father promised me
But I'd never thought
The truth would come this way, quite honestly

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If you'd a told me back then
That the words from my pen
Would end up bein' a pain of mine
I'd never change a damn thing

I'm so shocking to your ears
That the treatises you revere
Would suffer such assessment
At the status of confrere

But I am more than well aware
Of how you all were unprepared
To stare into the sun
As it means to pick up on its flares

Converted in question
And career upon the line
I suffer your reckless sanctions
With a clarity of mind

The charges that you lay
Against my character are faith full
And burden you with shame
When you face the gruesome paradise

And he knows as well as I
That the heralds can carol fight songs
The refrain rings familiar
But the words just seem a tad wrong

God is just a breath away
He lives a kiss from your lips
With a message _____
Drifts from mountains chiseled tips

So this is it
My sufferage sings its swan song
Suspicion sets me sovereign
From restriction of your sad bonds

You edit me from existence
For continuity
Where it will be always in your footsteps
To document your lunacy

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