

Bombs Over Providence, What I Destroyed On M

Know I'm still alive because I'm bleeding.
Nine lives and three sheets to the wind.
The story goes our hero boasts little more than a theory in its death throes.
No solace found in what I put to ground, but I'm stronger than you know I am.
This race is fixed, just so you know. Ready, steady, ante-up, one your mark, GO!
And I know how this cat's gonna go: wrong way, full tilt, with his eyes closed.
Reckon the wreckage and reap what's left, pay no mind, be resigned to some fine print.
There's no guarantor of right. Every norm we know is spite.
Tempered by my fair resolve, the safest bet's on the writer and those who never flinched.
So c'mon, c'mon, and let's
Raise the stakes 'cause I'm a contender and I'm swingin'.
Raise our glasses here's to the quitters. Thanks for giving up.
And I couldn't give a damn who's happy now citing law as right from the top on down.
Do you only ever tire when you hit the ground?
I feel it... I feel my rage a thousand different ways.
Which one dare you tempt now?
Big winner, Mr. Knowtail. Breastplate and charter, back to the wall.
Still paper, and they've killed for less. What's that they say about hedged bets?
Bulls and hammers made good neighbours... if you make 'em.
Slings and arrows fight for ploughshares, when they need 'em most.
Embrace the crimson, broad, recoiling rage; the indignity and strife.
Don't deny what humanity exists in knee-jerk contentions of right.
Don't we ever recall discomfort?
Don't dare ever settle for parchment or other such patrons of bloodless guile.
Feast your eyes: it's not where I lay my head, but how I sleep at night.