

Brittany Kusserow, Thank You God

I am no
starving artist with a goatee
living on the streets
prophesizing for the pennies
breaking down the beats
I am spoiled by the idea
life is just a shadow of what's real.
I have never
known pain past the primal
woken up to find
I am homeless in denial
and I wouldn't know
evolutionary survival
if Darwin bit my heels.
Oh I'm just a washed up clue
of what might have been
the next movement, or two.
Under different circumstances
I might have been huge
but thank your God I'm not.
I have seen
miracles I can't remember
I have seen hate
from January to December
those I thought were strong
so easily dismembered
and this verse is so cliché.
If you see me
be sure to look away quick
I might steal your soul
or make you semi-open-minded
I think as a people
we are gagged and we are blinded
but who am I to say?
Oh I'm just a washed up clue
of what might have been
the next movement, or two.
Under different circumstances
I might have been huge
but thank your God I'm not.
Because I hide my anger
under sadness
only God can fully feel.
And I am sad because
I've got it easy
life's a steal for me.
Though I'm told the world
will only disappear
I'd like to change it
while I'm here
and I am met with only
fear and disbelief.
I am no
epic poet with an ego
I post emo lyrics
like an instant message credo.
I was raised on PBS
so, baby, why don't we go
to the Land of Make Believe
Round these parts
I'm not threat to faith or reason
I am just a mammal
with a certain knack for breathin'
and committing random acts

of sodomitic treason,
knock your daughters
off their feet.
Oh I'm just a washed up clue
of what might have been
the next movement, or two.
Under different circumstances
I might have been huge
but thank your God I'm not.
Because I'd hate to cause
the moral rupture
of a country that is punctured
by a devil in disguise.
So you're right.
Blame the problems of this nation
on my own recruiting station.
Kill me fast and everything
will be alright.
Well I don't mean
to sound sarcastic, angry, or crass,
but I'm getting used to dead last
and the weight of my own words.
Let's forget I said a thing
and just ignore this.
Faith in earthly law is pure bliss.
So they say, and so tonight
we can't see the sky
for all the lights.