

Crime in Stereo, Compass And Square

What began as a poem is now just a burden,
a vicious song thats mine to keep.
What began as forgetting is now just a prototype of ways to fight off sleep
Arm the thieves with the wings and weights of soldiers to deepen the pockets of the meek
Make mixtapes of other peoples problems
and burn everyone CDs.
Cause theyve built themselves some charade
where a saving grace is hard to find.
What began as a song ended up as a death threat
addressed to everyones house but mine.
So far confined into dead ends
with greater love of consequence
and a quiver filled with bad intentions
to let them fall where they may.
So tell them for their own sake
Do your best to stay awake
The burdens are mine,
contently confined to carve the lines in acetate.
Get the syringe.
Lets see if ink to page brings the same fear as life, love and medicine.
It can break skin
Lets see who feels it.
Things have changed so little from the way I planned it
a ventricle scarred, lined with mathematics.
And an escape to my old best advantage
a savagely serrated pen.

Get the syringe
Lets see if ink to page brings the same fear as life, love and medicine
It can break skin
it cant break me.
Heres your advantage
Things have changed so little from the way I planned it
a scab to heal hopeless semantics
Its all romantics
Were all romantics.
The math is coincidence.