

# Non-Prophets, Cure

Don't deny that sick feeling in your stomach you can't run from it  
let it guide you into high view and move beyond the summit  
from peaks to valleys speed through alleys if it's done quick  
you'll have time to find the caves where the days are never sunlit

find the scriptures made by a society of blind men  
who suggest the best direction's where you most likely will find them..  
dead set on checkmates embracing a chess set  
when bedspreads get wet they're left with the scent of death threats

in 7 seconds I'll become undone, I'm breaking through  
if you're around by the time I reach number one I'm taking you  
You're not the traveling type? Then hide your baggage better  
before you die a normal death and write the average letter

about your internal furnace  
and how life's a sexually transmitted disease that you contracted from her kiss  
when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy misspelled words if  
a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for the cure  
this is a sickness  
can you hear me, love?

I kick dirt for what it's worth listening to the birds chirp  
the same cryptic speech that the breeze speaks and sea repeats  
recognizing the cycles with every passing day  
writing full demands in the sand with my toe til crashing waves washed it away

I watch what I say now but I hate it  
trying to make my mark, afraid of the dark nature of vague statements  
that plague vacant parking lots where shopping carts go uncollected  
that sick feeling in my stomach start to leave my heart and soul infected

I won't accept it. I do my best to reject patterns til it hurts  
every second making bad turns for the worse  
she's getting further away I can feel it in the way my bones ache  
The ocean sealed it's lips, now the waves won't break

The secrets it won't say has got us trying to break codes in churches  
and lately I've been hating its soul purpose  
when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy misspelled words if  
a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for the cure  
this is a sickness  
can you hear me, love?

Now I look for air pockets to pick, walk with a stick, start picking locks with it  
opening up heart-shaped lockets with little arguments  
the tawdry trinkets start to split and contradict  
those who say one thing but think the opposite

I bit the dust tongue kissing documents in a smoke stack  
faith is harder to swallow than pride it, turns our throats black  
I want my home back. I know that's not an available option  
it's the way that I'm walking in between a cradle and coffin

that makes me pace myself. if half the battle is done right  
the other half won't take my health while jacking my shadow's sunlight  
to crack it open and find the space between my breaths are desolate  
life is just a lie with an "f" in it and death is definite

But after I scratched the surface

I never saw the calm before the storm act so nervous  
when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy misspelled words if  
a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for her  
Can you hear me, love?