

Sage Francis, The Write (A 1995/1996 Class Proj

this is to the woman who I loved but lost.
intertwined souls of the universe got divorced.
but it wasn't forced. got single thoughts of being double crossed,
still there's no love lost.

now i can't even start this. i see no light inside the darkness.
so whatcha want, miss? don't check my pulse because i'm heartless.
you were my life support. and in a sense my defense fights the thought.
i'll try to keep this one nice and short.
our four chambers beat in unison.
I'm wanting you to listen to the dead silence in my defiance.
i used to sin and be intrigued by violence,
now as i glimpse into the past i thank God for your guidance.
alas, i give my eyes a rinse.
blink and think in retrospect...realize you need to get your respect.
i apologize as i holler cries
'cause it's you and not these college guys that keeps my knowledge wise.
you're my crutch. but now i fall cause you're someone i can't touch.
now no one wants to help me up and that's too much.
even my wisdom fell. i'm in a living hell.
throw my inner child back in the prison cell.
incarcerated hatred is causing conflict
with the free love sentencing death to the convict.
my soul is on skid row, where can this kid go?
i'm homeless, how could you notice when this whole world didn't know?
it's time i make public just how personal we got in private moments,
because lies are our opponents.
forget material or superficial stuff.
i either let you know too much or not enough.

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I can't pretend this. The impact on my life has been tremendous.
It can't be fixed with a friendly kiss
What's endless?
Questions, pain, grief and misbelief?
I'm so faithful all I grind is my teeth.
But what I find beneath the surface has changed from priceless to worthless.
This three ring circus of clowning around is what hurts us.
My brain short circuits as my mind starts to wander
to discover another lover. I'm isolated, living somber.
She's whispering "come hither from there yonder."
I don't think i wanna. The pressure ain't gettin' lesser.
Open my dresser...it overflows with memorabilia.
Momentos of our success now symbolize my failure.
I took time to write you diaries when we couldn't speak much.
According to you that was a weak touch.
Cause "actions speak louder than words." Turn up your hearing aid.
You made this man afraid. Put the pin back in the hand grenade.
There's not much time left til I'm left with nothing but a broken promise.
While every syllable I said was spoken honest.
We expected each other to be a physic mind reader.
Don't tell me "life goes on." I need her...
Next to me...
So once again I can feel the high of ecstasy...
We tripped...walking down the aisle of destiny.
Respectful sexually, because see...I understood.
And I don't know too many people who would
have done anything to get a laugh from their better half.
I should have sensed it sooner...when you lost your sense of humor.
Now let my soul speak, I couldn't eat for a whole week.

With no sleep. The price I pay for being a control freak.
Now I'm screaming inside my pillow instead of dreaming.
I must have said "I love you" so much that it lost it's meaning.
But no one's perfect, so where's my chance to make adjustments?
It's worth it...if our romance had substance.
Because with purity we conceived marriage.
Til insecurity caused a miscarriage

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I was in it for the long run
Now who's the weak and the strong one?
I tried to be Mr. Right, though things were wrongly done.
but ummmm...When it was time for sacrifice
Straight up, you didn't have to ask me twice.
I put off this rap device.
I wasn't ACTING nice, all my feelings they were genuine.
You got me open and I let you in.
But now you're screaming bloody murder. Used the entrance as the exit.
Now you're abscent like my mind, i'm on a head trip.
You never said shit. Used then misused the entrance
And never let me get in one sentence.
Forget friends...you were my best one
Now I'm depressed, son. It didn't take long for the stress to come.
Memories be my arch nemesis
As i sit and reminisce, wondering if you remember this:
Our genesis. First experiences on old dates.
Got cold shakes and tingles, never single, we were soulmates.
That term used to hold weight but now it's temporary
And lately I've been making trips to the cemetery.
Ain't nothing evil in death, but this feels devilish.
I'd never wish this on my worst enemy.
Remember me.