

The A.K.A.S, Knives On 45's

Like a pen and pad of loose leaf filled front to back
with bad ideas and tales of loose teeth.
Like diaries of rivalries; cures for your anxieties.
They travel through scores of tangled cords,
hanging like a noose from every word.
Like therapy running through your veins,
tapped to the needle of a record player.
Like lyrics on the walls of bathroom stalls.
Like hit songs written in your friend's garage.
It don't matter if no one hears it.
It don't matter. Nights like knives on 45's.
It don't matter if no one hears it.
It don't matter. Rhymes blow minds like perfect crimes.
Like waking up with two black eyes,
the first time that you realize
there's a price to pay for standing up when everybody's sitting down.
Like a first French Kiss, your first clenched fist
split lips worn like gold awards.
Like knowing in your heart that you don't care when everybody points and stares.
Like a can of paint, baby, empty me into words everyone is afraid to say.
Paint it on the front of the city hall.
Stain it with lime on the schoolhouse lawn.
Be free to be yourself for the times you find there's nothing else.
Be free to make some noise.
Fight, Fuck, Dance, Destroy.