

The Ark, This Piece Of Poetry Is Meant To Do Harm

You've been watching over me
saying you're keeping me company
I should be grateful, I suppose
and compare you to a summer's rose

You've been talking sweet to me
about peace and loving harmony
But I know what you say about me
So now I tell you cause I gotta break free

That I can't give no false affection
I can do without your phony charm
This train ain't movin in your direction
This piece of poetry is meant to do harm

Please don't give me no warm reception
What you call peace to me is a call to arms
Some are singing to raise affection
But this piece of poetry is meant to do harm

So with what shall I compare thee?
Summer's clay or winter's sleet?
You made a non-believer out of me,
now you ask for my sympathy?

No, take your words and take your vows
take your flake-fuelled buddhist bows
Let the cool winds roughly shake
out all darling buds of fake

I can't give you no false affection
I can do without your phony charm
This train ain't movin in your direction
This piece of poetry is meant to do harm

And don't you give me no warm reception
What you call peace to me is a call to arms
I'm not singing to raise affection
This piece of poetry is meant to do harm