

The Present

Biting Elbows

The present is in fact not a present
Even though I'm glad that it's here at all
I'd like to think that something is gonna happen
When I know damn well that it won't
All I'll ever do is behold

Pull yourself together
When you're the primary feather
This is what you have been waiting for
You want progress, here is the antidote
A bit of your life in a cage
Feel like an ink stain on a wisdom laden page

The junkies wail
When their veins aren't setting sail
As when there is a strong gale
13 on the Beaufort Scale
A grain of sand is land out in the open waters

In the city that pretends not to sleep
I've been having maddening dreams
And I certainly hope that they weren't of the prophetic kind
'Cause my mind ain't ready for the apocalypse
I wanna play poker and kiss on her luscious lips

The junkies wail
When their veins aren't setting sail
As when there is a strong gail
13 on the Beaufort Scale
A grain of sand is land out in the open waters

I've got a feeling that we're all going under
A hive mind with collective blunders
What's there to mind about a hive mind
Seven billion intertwined
Together in it for the long run
So what good have I ever done