

Mama, I'm Swollen

Cursive

I was alone
I was at home
Until the fabric was torn
The cord was cut
My orbit had begun

I was a simple being
I was simply being
Until I caught my own reflection
In a spoon

I am the egg
I am the spark
The fire in the dark
I am fertilized, fully actualized
A loaded gun
Born near the blood red sun
Born near the blood red sun

I am not ignorant
I am intelligent
I'm not an ape
I am the way
I am the truth

I am religion
I am politics
I am a psychoanalyst
I'm an inkblot shaped like Zeus

I'm not an egg
I'm a runny yolk
Got no faith, I got no hope
I'm the joke of all existence
I am no one
Burning beneath the blood red sun
Just a burning beneath the blood red sun

I am the body and the blood
The earthquake and the flood
I am the cancer born and growing in each and everyone
To the beat of a blood red sun
To the beat of a blood red sun