

# House Of Bees

Sage Francis

Birds and the bees  
Nerds and mp3s  
Surfing the seas of watermarked promo cds that leaked  
Like best kept secrets ain't worth art thats physical  
Hardcopy material given a proper burial  
Long live the satisfaction that songs give  
Records in my attic got scratched and haunted  
Radio stations that are captured on my tape recorder  
A long time listener, first time caller  
Hung up for the last time  
Nervous and out of breath  
My writing had no purpose it was murder and lots of death  
Turned to god and turned godless  
The audience beneath the surface wanted death  
It kept me honest  
Truth be told never made a deal with satan  
I turned my loose leaf gold  
Got a carton full of songs sitting on the counter of a store  
Shut them down now  
Only looseys sold  
I said

What the hell we gonna do now?  
How many units can we move now?  
They wanna make money money  
But there's a limit when you keep taking honey from the house of bees

A lot of shit is out of tune since the weather started changing  
The flowers are confused don't know when they're pollinating  
They bloom before the frost get caught depopulation  
Ripple effect the systems connect the scene started changing  
Bees stop behaving in a way that made sense  
Queens disrespected while the babies raid the nest  
No defense the record store is under attack  
The dj's a complete hack but none of y'all beeswax  
The colony collapse when the label got sued  
For the pollen on the track now its losing value  
The music press the publicist deluded bad review  
They plundered and ask but nothing but the hunger to consume  
Mass produce mass appeal manufacture junk products  
Static loops lack the real so the fans would rather shoplift  
Sold the whole thing and forgot what it was  
Now you got no sting and you're trying to start a buzz  
Like

What we gonna do now?  
How many units can we move now?  
They wanna make money money  
But there's a limit when you  
Keep taking honey from the house of bees