

Wire

"Now Was"

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You're the wizard of was, becalmed in because
The nawab of no, with no place to go
A grandmaster crashed, whose future has past
The wazir of fear, now: Seer of the year

Used up and broken, f*cked up, bespoken
The wear and the tear are easy to behold
Where once was a diamond, now hides a sly man
A corpse of corruption, in rancid decay

Archduke of rebuke, the pharaoh of fluke
The Lear of sneer, once pick of his peers
Charming and hazy, the Llama of lazy
You sit on your hands, 'til the trouble has passed

Eyes that impressed, now idly, undress
Trust once shared, is beyond repair
Pledges sound hollow, which promised tomorrows
They float to the floor, forming lakes of dead skin

A new broom is coming, I hear it close, humming
So near and so loud, drowning out my last words

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