

## South San Gabriel

### "Smelling Medicinal"

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At the threshold of the day,  
I complained of the records you played  
Unforgivable were the sounds  
Of the shit that you blared from the house  
And I guess I was just shaken from the rage  
Hard fisted, pissed, tired and feathered  
Freshly escapen from the cage  
And I guess you were just searching for something to  
say  
You were smelling medicinal, juggling the daggers  
That I tried to hide away  
Along with the sultry pictures  
That never once met my unholy demands  
The slings and hammers that you've collected  
The poisonous arrows and happiness found in an axe  
The sweet, tranquil end of the day  
Was sodden with liquor, in conditional anger we lie  
Under fluorescent stars stuck to the ceiling  
Your custom made universe, as we take to the sky

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