

1208**"Superman On Ice"**Visit "[Superman On Ice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

somewhere between motivated and cold

you on the ledge of all 241 ways to be you...basing
guess upon guess
there...where...somewhere between motivated and cold
believing your good friends down to the bile in their
beautymarks...
they who found you counting back toward yourself
so haven't dreamt and heavily armed
yet another blues thief told in however and oneday...

and every monday things begin with indiscriminate
street noise
more vague and normal alliance of all those with high
levels of work
in their blood and clock in their wake
up early shaving damp breakfast skulls with fresh
lady's leg razor
so that the oneday the moon might hold a half million
nice size
hoods easy
and plenty fast restaurants

by cum and by egg
and laid low into creature
then
cast out in the one cold of all names,

this song is about disabowed sperm
and the mining of human concern
many cells split, many men died in 1998
the year of my strong, fair rap collection

there are foot prints embraced far out on the frozen
lake face
depressed and kept from quite some cold ago,
and they look brave, dangerous, man made
the sort of mark one can make on the world

you borrowed the camera from why
and set it up over by the printer and horsehead

obsessed with your pressing record
to indulge in the shadows of both here and immortal

is it god to name things from thin air
to have the wind blow a few hundred dollar bills into
your wallet

to have 100 cc's liquid luck supplement
dug into your blood
by needle point and distant star

are you busy losing yourself
in the quiet cell of abandoned old oakland
pants undone, stole eye starting to water
nailing a sign that speaks fear to a bank at the man
made lake

you cop you

will you now resort to black umbrellas in the sight
blanching sun
or stay indoors taking the pill to your face...

striking that lightning on nothing
attempting to teach yourself the art of cloning at home
in a smock killing single cell sheep for straight weeks
'til you give it all up for photoshop and using your teeth

there in a box with your things, stabbed airholes, and
one wing
or white lung, when your well will you stay

since there is a certain modern earth pain only fit for
enduring
which one does endure

like returning a foster child twice or
going the distance on songs for somebody else's
compilation.

no one's out there scared you'd set your eyes off
all night on the ceiling in the dark
think of a song or maybe breasts

i thought i told you, this is not new...

skinned by the speed of my one life
you have the desperate fair to your eyes
the look of a child who has just swallowed a coin or
army man
almost too attuned to the spoils of loved

wishing he'd been born some sort of succulent or
larvae
but you're too soft for all that
you like your blood kept in the movies
and your head in a jar or a vase in a van on tour
your guts clumped like dung in a sturdy hatbox
heart slung safely in the stomach of a clean sock or two
here you are a bag of milk to do tricks
and not as a function of pennies
and how you've dreamt
nosdam's skull been predatored
given a split at the hairline
and hinged with a lid
and in it placed
the single hard marble of art
and it is there it is kept

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