

2MERICA "Scribbling"

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Bring that back around
Let it be, let it be

A white canvas
or another white page
I can't stand this
Creativity lack for days
Mentally abstracting
Comfortable with sublime
It's meant to be exact
The only thing exact is time

Shading in the grey
Erasing away the day
Shadows from the darkness
start to carry me away
So I grab my six Art Sense
Spark up on a park bench
Contemplate what Sarte says
History for hard heads

I'm just scribbling
times when I'm givin in
forgiven when images

mirror worlds
that I'm livin' in
I'm just scribbling
I'm just scribbling

Acts of free will
Not knowing right from wrong
The black ink that I spill
reflects white light all along
Once those inks soak
to the fiber of the paper
I turn off, think
Free my mind... until later
Surreal renderings
Time for surrendering
Off in a daze
Critics start defending it

The newest movement
Price is on the rise
A piece for the Louve to rent
Crowds of eyes

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