

3sks "My Socrates"

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Hey you, close your riven rose
You're a poet, priest of nowhere
And your polished, seemed attitude brings you more

Yeah you, you're a reckless angel
You're a heartbreaking soldier
And your splendid insanities brings you more

So come into my mind and breathe into the morning
light
Come into my mouth and breed
So we shake, shake, shake, shake into the sun like an
arrow
And we burn, burn, burn, burn into the world once
again
You're a sweet-raped hole, such a desolate soul,
wearing a crown of M80's
And your livid insanity brings you more

So we shimmer in the shame of gods ethereal rain
Canting happy death heaven eerie blissful and vain
And I'm guilt in the fire irresistible irate
Like burning witches on a Sunday afternoon
And I'm spirit, I'm death, I'm belligerent, I'm clean

I'm not some pretty kill wiseacre
Spit into this dream about stains in my heart
I'm sustained in mimicry
Just to feel holy
I'm feeling old

So I watch the clock tick in the corner of the room
Hungry little black books feeding Sunday schools
And I'm drenched in the fire of a thousand ages
Whoring glories for the pouring man
And I laugh and I laugh as I throw it away
My heart fills empty again and again
And I glisten in the forest of a thousand black roses
Feeling holy and feeling small
And I bleed like Jesus and bleed for you
Like spilling Socrates, imitation to feel
If I were God, I'd watch you fall down

Take me back, take me back
My sleeping angel
The one that ran away

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