

Astral Doors

"The Story Of My Life"

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(Andy)

I was born in a box car,
Color-blind, pigeon toed, pock-marked.
Twisted figure, broken heart they'd fixed up with
monkey parts.

(P.O.S.)

I was born in a four story roach motel,
With floor to ceiling agitations,
Wooden blocks and basic distaste for anything else.
I was raised by a pack of wolves,
Nursed in our nations capital.
Taught to hunt and gather food,
And howl at the moon in the reflecting pool.
I was raised by a slow jam,
Two grizzlies for a mother who cared,
Six packs of ramen nostradamus paranoia affair.
I fell in love with the flim-flammer,
Charming con-artist, sexy counterfeiter,
Pretty grifter, hidden ace switch making quick fingers.
I fell in love with the most beautiful vulture,
She picked away my flesh, I'm left with skeletons,
Welcome warm and tearing through my shoulders.
And she gave birth to my only son,
A smoking gun,
Blue eyed, block chip,
On the first warm day to end the ice age, frostbit.
And she gave birth to a lion-cub,
It's followed me for years now,
Meaner by the age so I don't peek
I know it's chewing on my fingers while I sleep,
I know it's stupid but it keeps without a leash,
And I've been trying to set it loose,
It seems it's freedom stripping me,
So I treat it like what it is.
I lay these eggshells to remember to be careful.

(Both)

You can find a swarm where the stingers hold back.
You can find a warm spot in a cold snap.
If you don't scratch when the itches make you hair
stand tall,

It may shake you but you won't fall
You can find a swarm where the stingers hold back.
You can find a warm spot in a cold snap.
If you don't scratch when the itches make you hair
stand tall,
It may shake you but you won't fall

Justice can sleep for centuries,
To wake when it's least expected.
I never seen miraculous deeds,
Fall on those who expect them.
Life ain't a dream it's just a string of jokes,
All connected.
There's something beautiful to me,
In the act of making your own death bed.
And we sung,
We all walk with smiles which are quick to wash off,
Suit and loose and unbuttoned like ready to draw.
Love it raw 'till tender is far too fierce for us,
Winter is almost here for us, and like July.
Hard to find tracks when it's buried under so much
decay
Hard to find trail when it's buried under what's paved.
This is the story of my trial by erosion of words,
Simple what's right like who's just being polite.
We all walk with smiles which are quick to wash off,
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