

Apathy

"Checkmate"

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I set my moves up strategically, enemy kings are taken easily
Knights move four spaces, in place of bishops east of me
Communicate with pawns on a telepathic frequency
Smash knights with mics in militant mental fights, it seems to be
An everlasting battle on the 64-block geometric metal battlefield
The sword of my rook, will shatter your feeble battle shield
I witness a bishop that'll wield his mystic sword
And slaughter every player who inhabits my chessboard
Knight to Queen's three, I slice through MC's
Seize the rook's towers and the bishop's ministries
Minstrels sing songs and mimic me, but cease to live instantly
Hidden deep within me is a sinister entity
Intentions of tense intent in ten tents
Where kings rest in beds with queens' breasts exposed for sex
To the crease or release tension, tends to tense men
When traitorous defense is fencing kingsmen
I quickly push the whore up from off of me
Trying to understand this battle of psychology
Psychotic, I slice optics of cyclops
In water with warlocks, through Indian corn stalks
Chessboard blocks become blood-red
Blood clots block brains and lock with thoughts of pawns in shock
I shot, crossbows and toss flows across moats
To pierce the archer's armor, armed with arrows
Pole points from elbows, with joints joined with marrow
To maim, the tip of the arrows lit with flame
Checkmate - the death of your king ends the game

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