

El-P "Dear Sirs"

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Dear Sirs

If the pavement comes alive on Flatbush Ave with
toothy smiles
Comprised of traffic cones and manholes become eyes
And birds burst into flames while singing Satan's
praises
And fold into the sky and rain down ashy danger

If every office empties and all slaves walk in dazes
To a pool of liquid money where they bathe blissfully
naked
And drugs no longer taunt me and flooze around my
conscience
And every woman beating rapist is securely in their
coffins

If every open hydrant in a Brooklyn time summer
moment
Is opened up by cops and folds out into an ocean
And rent is paid by bread literally and parking isn't paid
for
And food stamps can be planted and childhoods can't
be damaged

If fire could power space ships that safely ship the
creators
Of dynamite and gun powder to the graves of all who
faced it
And the slurping nerf of bureaucrat life and bean
counting slave owners
Is twisted in on itself 'til they shave off their own faces

If all the coke and crack in the nation is collected in a
top hat
And force fed to the children of every CIA agent
And dust heads get an angel and an acres worth of
rainbow
And the projects turn to clouds and the stupid aren't so
proud

And the snivelling grimace mongrels of infected
money

Slobbering pestocrats ignite into a brilliant beam of light
And mercy is the rule and the exception's mercy too
And the desert comes in Brooklyn and the president
goes to school

Time flows in reverse, death becomes my birth
Me fighting in your war is still, by a large margin
The least likely thing that will ever fucking happen, ever

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