

## Eliza Doolittle

### "Speak Volumes"

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False facades grin upon my last smile  
Spit concrete bile, Speak volumes on this child  
False facades grin upon my last smile  
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Spit concrete bile...

Essence erodes into mess you believed to be real  
Listen to Hendrix played backwards on reel to reel  
This world lost it's feel when art lost it's grasp  
Should have paid attention in class kid  
Fed off tit of deceased and still a bastard  
Asked for it all and received a swift nil  
Built on the ashes you burned,  
Placed in urns  
Along with the lessons I've learned  
Amount to paradox  
I am where you were  
Before you was my victim  
Breath Clorox while I rock social unconscious like  
Shirley Chism.

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Lost my rhythm within context of diseased cortex  
Search for more sex and violence  
Was met with I'll silence  
Childhood idols fell hard like third world tyrants  
Reviving center core  
Who these you adore?  
Lost in urban lore.

Cleanse perception's doors  
Respect that film noir  
Existence?  
I enter/exit poor.

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Voyeur's voyage considers six the blessed  
Minus 55 in thousands  
Two scream for fiction as they laughing  
33rd degree, new continents we mapping  
Ask what happened as I bleed my vocal orifice  
We breath too much nonsense,  
We breath too much nonsense.

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