

Every Time I Die

"Holy Book Of Dilemma"

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Insect lust or insect love,
There's no telling them apart if you're not a bug.
But from down here I can see the gears
The guts of the watches, molecular tiers.

Now, if you're a bug in insect love
Then you only do things with other bugs.
But if it's lust and survival's a must
Then the things that you do are to other bugs.

There are laws built into the nest and this is the crux of
it.
But how do you apply this to the world?
We are given too much room to be expected to do only
good.
We are more curious than bold and we were quiet
before we went cold.

Animal art or animal sh*t?
Boot legged thoughts or collegiate wit?
It all looks the same if it ain't holy writ.

But from up here I can see the gears,
Where the guts of the clocks mimic the heavenly
spheres.
Our mathematics and faiths
Are just ways of devouring space while we continue to
devolve.
Separate hearts are the whole of the law [x10]

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