

## **Fucked Up**

### **"Ship of Fools"**

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In the guts of a ship in the middle of the sea stands a ring for the rivals for everyone to see.  
They spar around the center of their own duality.  
The audience is full and pressed against the ropes, chanting for the blood of the loser of the bout.  
The fighters are their fears and symbolize their hope, they want to escape but there is no way out.  
The speaker and the spoke, the axle and the wheel.  
The teller and the tale, the flower and the bee.  
The sword and the steel, the beast and the yoke.  
The fish and the sea, the prisoner and the jail.  
Like God asking Abraham to kill his only son, he cries out for help, he stares at the sun.  
He never gets an answer when the day finally comes.  
When David fought Goliath he wasn't bound to lines.  
Now he'll never hit his mark, his opponent makes the rules.  
He's a servant to the story and a gallery's confines, drifting on a sea of words, trapped on a ship of  
fools.  
The speaker and the spoke, the axle and the wheel.  
The teller and the tale, the flower and the bee.  
The sword and the steel, the beast and the yoke.  
The fish and the sea, the prisoner and the jail.  
Sinking on the ship of fools. You clamor for an outcome, a candid dÃ©nouement.  
The hunger for a resolution manifests the end.  
It concludes with an ovation, clap the blood off of your hands.  
He knows he couldn't help her when she needed him the most.  
What he gave her won't undo the one thing that he took.  
He was the vine around a flower, love in a fatal dose, so his story won't endure - the losers never  
write the books.  
The speaker and the spoke, the axle and the wheel.  
The teller and the tale, the flower and the bee.  
The sword and the steel, the beast and the yoke.  
The fish and the sea, the prisoner and the jail.  
The fire and the smoke, the starved and the meal.  
The head and the tail, the nut from the tree.  
The wax and the seal, the dagger and the cloak.  
The loss and the grief, the hammer and the nail.

