

Aesma Daeva

"Skip Town"

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On the train
Watchin' the rainbows peak, (thank you window seat)
I mean, it's all the same to some
But that cityscape makes me numb
Walkin' the wire between firewater and water - I'll take
the tap
And still manage to end up thirsty the day the nursery
collapsed
In my hand I hold the plumage of a buzzard
Suffered for circlin' nutrition (seems barbaric)
I may have just saved your children
There's an inborn tendency tellin' me to grip that sickle
For the pirate tyrant breeds feed on your precious little
pixels
I interviewed the sun, he said the future's lookin' bright
I interviewed the rain, he claimed the sun's truly an
asshole
I's supposed to interview the snow today but of course
he flaked
So I let my frigid demeanor teeter and take his vacant
place
We 3 sprout from the same litter
Yet amazingly crafted by seperate scissors
I sloth from off the beaten path splashed in the cretin
blizzard
Half my time is herded towards little lost causes
Half my time is spent pluggin' these leaky faucets
An' I'm here to pose inquiries
I'm here to draw a fork in the road and call it the diary
of common sheep aspiring
Little Billy starlet up the block got the right premise
But can't thread the needle without consultin'
apprentice present.
Now I don't really know you (I don't)
But I don't' really care (I don't)
Can't judge a man's dignity by the wattage in his stare
Maybe that deem's be that vagabond you'd love to kill
But I really ain't got time for the all the motherfucking
guilt.

Chorus:

I'm gone tonight. You best believe I'm leavin'
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening
I haven't exactly been embraced by the populace
Set sail upon the 7 deadly seas of the anonymous
I'm gone. Best believe I'm leavin'
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening
I'm diggin' a tunnel to where the sun will never shine
I got my book, I got my dream, I've got myself and I'll
be fine

(My time) is the day before the day the earth stood still
(My time) is the day before the soldiers fired at will
(My time) is the day before the hunter made his kill
My time's the final mile before the valley meets the hill
And I'm an archer
Parked where the farmers barter appetites
Sweet-talkin' harrassment down to a mere flashing of
badges
Prototypic landscapes chased every step of my well-
oiled collective workfurse with frozen intention festive.
Wait.
What about the captivated?
Well I am the product of skeleton dancers poised
crooked scattered amidst blue fields of firey bliss
mixed
With disease applicant activist rattlers, fascinate grave
child
Oh you're expecting slave smiles after sticking the pin
in limb and
God, if I could offer maintenance of fantasies I would
I'd place the button in the city square for everyone to
push
You see my mission responsibilities range across the
board
And still I'd rather be a pen than a sword
I swim a cold lake, and make no mistake: I was not
ready
All edgy and out of shape, made the company look
messy
(Sorry, well sorry) Honestly take it or leave it
Just let me know so I ain't beggin' forgiveness
throughout the evening.
Basic locomotive with a whistle and caboose
Tryin'a pull my cargo 'cross the map without a boost
Fragile in more ways then 10 yet sturdy bird
construction
Hope the smoke stacks puff into the morn, dream torn

Chorus:

I'm gone tonight, you best believe I'm leavin'
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening
I'll knock upon every little door that comes about
I'll sweep your porch if you can spare a couple of
breadcrumbs and a couch.
I'm gone, best believe I'm leavin'
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening
This turning in my sleep is getting old and older still
I think I can, I think I can, I think I can,
I think I will.

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