

## **My Hero Is Me**

# **"When Animals Write Poetry"**

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This tragic tragic display leaves me right where I want to be

There's no lake for a vision or no birds to tell us the storm will come

The battered fawn with nothing to lose is just as powerful as a lion fighting for his den  
When at any given instinct emotions can run so deep and gore at anything with a face  
And escape is but a dream in your present nightmare, bound down and gagged  
This isn't what's deserved  
And this is all we have  
And this is all we know I know you've tried explaining it to me  
But it's blocked out by my misery  
Now if what you say is true, then this would mean the whole damn thing  
Is as subtle as a gun to the head

In due time  
In due time

Tomorrow wrote a message  
(With your message)  
For the springtime

And if pencil is to led, as abuse is to the bullet  
The next tree stump might be a overdue solitude  
As to the boy and the girl who drift apart like shingles  
From a rooftop which has lived many stories before us  
A life's work can be anything but complete until someone reads  
And if a tree falls in the middle of the ocean would the fish keep it's secret  
Or will they spill their guts, tonight.

And we slow down enough to breath in what we became that night in the woods

Just rip the pages that make up my intentions, this one's for you.

Traced out body with a fine wine taste washed down  
and out to be made delicious  
Such a weak day for nature when the dear has to make  
sweet sweet revenge  
How long can we go until forgiveness is just a black  
and white song?  
I will miss the colors if you do.

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