

The Agonist "Ideomotor"

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we are but prisoners
of waterfalls
we stand on broken ribs.
Faces to the glass,
we drown.
Heavy mileage on our minds,
we wrap the earth in cerebral folds.
And the corpse we carry really
is a weight we'd like to throw.
We love the strange new animals,
we love the fearful plants
but we all surrender
turpentine to rid us of our pasts.
You would walk the rotten hillside,
you would taste the clouds bellow.
But the world you walk
is running water through
valleys in palms of hands.
We all know we will be
respected by greed and death
and loathed by clarity
Jettisoned
emotions flood the banks
the valleys overflow.
If only
memory served us better,
we could swim to dry our souls.
We're suicidal swans.
We're silence,
in throats we creep.
You'll know us by
the shaking ground
when ideas emerge from the deep.
Dolphins have more dignity.
A sleepwalking helicopter,
gracefully deceased.
Beauty makes the blind weep.
To describe a song in color
is a portrait's symphony
The light drips on closed eyelids
through holes in weathered sheets.
Curiosity stands up where

strange faces hide and seek,
swarming the webs of electricity
that dragnet the city;
confusing power with duty
in a place with trees like origami.
Monstrous theories dance with nightmares
on the horizon absolute equinox.
Listening to history in the present,
planets approach with lupine walks.
We're suicidal swan.
We're silence,
in throats we creep.
You'll know us by
the shaking ground
when ideas emerge from the deep.
We're suicidal swan.

We're silence,
in throats we creep.
You'll know us by
the shaking ground
when ideas emerge from the deep.
Offering flowers to the dirt
like paralyzed dancers we decline
and smile and flee.
But, with years of past devotion,
the crushing atmosphere
is bitter-sweet.
Haaaa.....
(SOLO)
In my waterfall,
here,
in hearth, i'll slowly disappear.
(SOLO)

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