

## Travail

### "And So I Was Thinking..."

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What does all of this mean  
Because I cannot feel a thing  
Just when I think it's okay  
You throw a wrench in my machine  
It's as if I have a lamp  
And all the bulbs are burnt out  
I try to find a few more  
But you got 'em all behind locked doors  
There's a dead cat in the box  
On the ground beside me  
Is this a metaphor of my flesh  
In this house if I'll repute  
Or is it just a dead cat in a box  
On the ground beside me  
With no meaning at all  
In a world that has no meaning  
Durer and Schagall don't give no altar call  
So why you setting me up  
So I can take a fall like the A-Team  
And B.A. Baracuss  
Who likes to cause a ruckus  
Just like me and my boys in Travail  
You know we're on a war path  
We'll drown you in a blood bath  
And you know we'll grip you fast  
Some of you will hate me because of this poem  
Even though my struggles you just don't know 'em  
Your judgementalism tilling me who I am  
I'm sorry my friend I'm only just a man  
I could be fake and force you through a door  
I could be face and be a corporate whore  
Or I could be real and make you think twice about  
What it means to follow Jesus Christ  
I'm still trying to figure you out  
Sometimes you don't carry a lot of clout  
But then you show me your true self  
And see how pitiful I am

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