

## Miguel

### "Salient"

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In a severe beat persistent,  
As scarecrows we wait.  
Civil quarters in Haitian tongue.  
Fatherless forfeiture,  
Of blue cerebral lawn.

Hollow be your fertility,  
Bundled in shambles.  
Auditory clock,  
Little hand on the stolen permission,  
Big hand ticking on your lame excuse ambition.

It's three-day-evolution-O' clock,  
In the eye of the norm.  
Between the cracks of syntax error,  
Presubstance upheaval,  
Embalming parades.  
Sitting and waiting for the beep,

I got the human question,  
And you got the answering machine.

And I pricked my nails,  
On the Ouija board splinters.  
Checked all my messages,  
And your tone gave me all sorts of shivers.

Screeched my nails down on the green chalkboard,  
Never was I more determined:  
500 times I must not talk,  
Out of turn.

Nesting,  
I'm the legion,  
I am my own membership.  
Incident,  
The circumference of your chain-link steering wheel.  
Rolling dice,  
Plush interior.  
Power steering clear of objects that are closer than  
they appear,

In the rear view of the mirror.

All your "soon"'s are all of my "now"'s.  
[x4]

I bought myself with apologies,  
No returns.  
Indent with attendant repair,  
Demand and supply.

Swimming in bourbon,  
And spoiled without,  
An offsides penalty,  
With Russian alibis,  
And masked as intuition lullabies.

And your check bounced higher,  
Than any other piece of plagiarism,  
Stolen from concrete expenses.

It expired,  
Repetitive calamity with tender pitch,  
And your risk nature.  
Well, not a damn thing becomes epic,  
In wetback proportions.

Nothing holds the pages in mid-sentence anxiety,  
Against bought-out variety.  
These partly cloudy assumptions,  
Under the counter pleads,  
If by reason of profanity.  
Ditto,  
Mine.

Alone,  
Intact,  
And faithfully humble.  
Amusement likes those who mumble.  
Rack on top shelf categorization,  
I bought myself with apologies.

Indent,  
Attendant repair.  
Repulsive,  
Gently lower each side of buckets.

I got a human question,  
And you got the answering machine.

And I got my fists in my pockets,  
And all the fallen angels dancing at my feet.

And all your "soon"'s will always be all of my "now"'s.

All your "soon"'s are all of my "now"'s.

[x8]

"Not I," said the redness in my eyes,  
Who happened to be choking on it's own gizzard,  
Getting stuck in the side of the air passages.

Compact and phlegm,  
Fetal concentration camp vacancy.  
With bulldozer suaveness,  
Tiptoeing in the safety of your own home.  
Lashing out in self defense,  
To the undertow of your intruder projectile excuses.

I got a human question,  
And you got the,  
Answering machine.

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