

## **Alley Kat**

### **"Animal Instinct"**

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The mischief in the alley was really my man  
A troublesome hand  
Built by his dad  
Always looking over his shoulder delinquencies  
Fucken up every cop's frequencies  
Apparently until the day he leaves  
Mothers wounded wing doomed seed  
So out of control that she would never see him read  
Or hear him read or hear him weep  
Shattering glass with tear gas tearing his mass back  
Scientific diluted subject of brain matter  
Burning his ashes in a flamed lantern  
Sent overseas to paint laughter upon the wall  
And cultivate a moderate civilization of flaws  
So the whole world can see that America is king  
The tweak with the minds of a paralyzed dream  
Prevail in lies  
They picked him from the streets after reviewing  
His past they deem him fit  
Send him to the lab for another experiment

14 dead sheep one black one holding a handgun  
Running down the halls of a foreign sanctuary  
Easy of Eden south of believing  
As he unloads the clip and starts screaming  
As I watch the blood drip from his veins and stain the sand  
The buildings around are as red as my hand  
Then his brain pops  
Immediately everything stops just for me  
As he continuously firing shots pouring his soul  
Into the shells that he's got  
Living his life after death until he's gone  
And I can tell that he doesn't know the meaning of  
right nor wrong  
So he keeps playing along as a complacent pawn in the  
board game  
Of life which he doesn't know he's on  
So he can't move along  
He can't groove to the rhythm of the melody  
Listen as he sings this song

Father's stubborn hawk  
Mother's wounded wing  
A sad song sung until the day we believe  
He closed his eyes to count to 3  
The tin drum plays the songs of the weak  
He grabs his seat as the pendulum swings in disbelief  
He lets go and breaths  
Circling a thousands seas  
Miles that be beating beneath his feet  
Pulses of his heart through the eyes of sights unseen

Here I stand just me and the moon  
This is the ballad of a dead soldier who feel to his  
doom  
He was looking for revival in something he couldn't find  
Survival is a song I write to play for mimes  
It's like a movie with no ending  
Insanities pending  
If vanities in me  
But forgive the misconceptions  
My perception is blurry vision  
Hurry wishing you could ditch me in a mission a vision  
You'll never see.

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