

Deep Puddle Dynamics "The Scarecrow Speaks"

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[Sole]

Okay everyone
put away your boyish desires
Your buoyant sighs
Your rolling eyes
Your lust for roll and rock
Your lust for getting rocks off with other follies
All your desires for couch and TV
Pick up a book, pick up a shovel
Put down the gun, throw up the fist
Throw intelligent words in this game of conversation
Try a new arrangement
Dollars and sensibility
Intelligence and ability
Eloquence and nobility
Delicatessens
Treat your girl like you treat your TV
How you should use your headphones and positive role
models
Try staying home
Stop trying to prove
Stop trying to be, stop trying to do
Just be proof, do, and exist
Go to college
Respect your mother
Look out for your little sister
Respect no one except yourself
Treat all others how you expect in return
Exercise intellect
If you're lackin pretend
Call few people enemies and call fewer people friends
Don't do it for the wealth, do it all for the love
Love everything you do, and do nothing halfheartedly
Be what you speak
Man, never speak on what you be
Even if you're lost, front like you got a plan
It aint that hard, but stand if you're ready to be a man

[DoseOne]

I come to you
With one heart
Broken in two

Lashed hands and many flaws
a man
In return I ask only an ego-less unbiased listen
For, what I speak of offers freedom from mind
Freedom from a focused impulse
Freedom
And not at all the spangled, yankee-doodle
Union musket encompassed sense of liberty
Which our forefathers in Holy-Wood have fed and sold
us for scores
I'm eluding and rightfully so to salvage
clearheadedness of composed
fated state of human being
No grand inquisitor myself I pour forth a pensive frown
upon and frustrated
Humble however furious
This reason for being here
This well you've found is phenomen-all-o-ne
In the immortal words of Oliver Wendell Holmes
A mind that is stretched to a new idea
never returns to its original dimension
Simplistically
Topsoil is no seashell full of bitter ocean
Body but it can be
Changing for and from triumph to mystery
Every somehow has a place
Where you dare not set foot and can't see a thing
So weave those silver threads into soul-leveled bonds
And be unbounded no longer
Manipulative
Let it go
Go
Let the wandering take it all in
Generate
Make you yours
My masters, my pupils, my equals
Drop, decorate
I implore you
Just think

[Alias]

Let me address you with two conflicting topics at this
moment
Two paths I've roamed it
Intention to hit home with this discussion
And make you pawn to strengthen your words
Not talking racial connotation, but loosely tied with
bees and birds
Also loosely tied with opposites
The depths of negativity in your soul
Let it take control, and you can see deeper into the hole

Of self-destruction its obstruction of the opposite
feeling
My fellow men and women, its love and hate with which
we're dealing
I've experienced both words
Let's ponder my theory and thought
On these two and the correlation that each other has
brought
I've sought the answer and I've found hate is stronger
than love
I love to hate you, I hate to love you, hate always ends
up above
It's much easier to say you hate than to say you love a
person
But easier to say you love material and currency when
it's dispersin
I've realized long ago that either word is a delicate
topic so
Hence the circle on my finger I.D.O. on that day was my
flow
And although I see many problems in my fellow man
Hatred of others is absolutely not my master plan
My other spiritual half has taught me much about my
true feelings
I was slipping into mental remission
but it was brought into the healing process
I consider myself blessed when I think
Floating up above the majority makes others look like
they sink
Hating, you give up nothing
Love, you give it up all
So I smirk at all of yall
While you await my downfall

[Slug]

Condescending
The lake dove into
When you finally acknowledge that I'm not pretending
Follow the language, the direction, the dialect
The cadence, the enunciation,
Emphasis, pretentiousness
Assumptions makin an ass of you
Point A in the air you share with me
Point B now draw a straight line connecting us
Wait, wait man who's not paying attention?
See, class here's the problem
Yall all need to stop resting and collectin dust
My stance resembles anger but no your perception's
crooked
Now be some good little bastards, turn your textbooks
to page 7

Where it reads that God got drunk, drove heaven into a
tree
Now there's no reasons left for you to continue to
breathe
Haha, just joking only trying to see who's listenin
Now heads up, time to test the potential of your faults
And the results will stay confidential
For as long as you face the front of your self esteem
Lose focus, get broken at the seams
Let's open up the conversation for comments
To complement your circumcised mind state while I
ride on your anxieties
Trying to speak to the class and justify the act
By pointing my finger at your head and askin you what
the fuck is that?!
Thank you, thank you

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