

Mr J. Medeiros

"Shower Curtains"

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You see I'm out of service
I beat the robot til it power surged
And out resurfaced Mozart
In a crowded church
See how I word this
Since our emergence we have bowed to serpents
Insurgents and towers burning
In turn its our hour learning
Shower curtains
Lurking in shadows found my former self
In shallow water born to self
The gallows taught us warn ourselves
So now I'm working
Searching to purge sin
Tilting the urge till earth ends
And we emerge when mirth wins
And our rebirth is certain
The works of hurt men
The purchase and that push
Pen
Pass
The point of no return
How will that bushman last
The oil slowly burned
Into the earn with their ash
Spoiled and churned
Turning this soil to earn cash
The boil of cursed passed
The turmoil that turned these boys to first blast

And ask for the purse after
The work master
That shun God and make gun shots heard
Laughter
Word to the past
The man that looked fast
The hand that shook the world from the earth
When asked
Why the verse sound the way it do
I'm sour an aimed at you
Cowards who deflower
With no power to tame the shrew

Came out and sang a few
Now their paying you in compliments
Consequences swaying your view
Praying for confidence
I'm laying these constant steps by all means
Through withdrawal
Through any width of wall that intervene
The pitfall
The sick of it all know what I mean
As I sit tall
And witness the fall
Of the machine

If you complain no one will listen
If you boast no one will care
Be grateful and thankful
And all will be... - Joseph Medeiros

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