

Chauchat "Slopert"

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Proclaim the need to judge
And cross me off your lists
In this way avoid my faults
Present them as productive talks
As staring finds a focus
The truth is pushed aside
Now I just see with a flashlight
And sleep through the daylight

Hospice, they don't feed me
And they preach of invented values
And ask me to tie around
Because emotion is invisible

Proclaim the past a curse
A hunger, not a thirst
Agendas with the alphabet
You sound it out as counterfeit
Imperatives at standstill
Wounds without the blood to spill
That's an urge you'll never have to kill

Hospice, they don't feed me
And they preach of invented values
And ask me to tie around
Because emotion is invisible
It's invisible!

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