

Non-Prophets

"The Cure"

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Don't deny that sick feeling in your stomach you can't
run from it

let it guide you into high view and move beyond the
summit

from peaks to valleys speed through alleys if it's done
quick

you'll have time to find the caves where the days are
never sunlit

find the scriptures made by a society of blind men

who suggest the best direction's where you most likely
will find them..

dead set on checkmates embracing a chess set

when bedspreads get wet they're left with the scent of
death threats

in 7 seconds I'll become undone, I'm breaking through

if you're around by the time I reach number one I'm
taking you

You're not the traveling type? Then hide your baggage
better

before you die a normal death and write the average
letter

about your internal furnace

and how life's a sexually transmitted disease that you
contracted from her kiss

when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy

misspelled words if

a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for the cure

this is a sickness

can you hear me, love?

I kick dirt for what it's worth listening to the birds chirp

the same cryptic speech that the breeze speaks and
sea repeats

recognizing the cycles with every passing day

writing full demands in the sand with my toe til
crashing waves washed it away

I watch what I say now but I hate it

trying to make my mark, afraid of the dark nature of
vague statements

that plague vacant parking lots where shopping carts
go uncollected

that sick feeling in my stomach start to leave my heart
and soul infected

I won't accept it. I do my best to reject patterns til it
hurts

every second making bad turns for the worse

she's getting further away I can feel it in the way my
bones ache

The ocean sealed it's lips, now the waves won't break

The secrets it won't say has got us trying to break
codes in churches

and lately I've been hating its soul purpose

when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy
misspelled words if

a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for the cure

this is a sickness

can you hear me, love?

Now I look for air pockets to pick, walk with a stick, start
picking locks with it

opening up heart-shaped lockets with little arguments

the tawdry trinkets start to split and contradict

those who say one thing but think the opposite

I bit the dust tongue kissing documents in a smoke
stack

faith is harder to swallow than pride it, turns our throats
black

I want my home back. I know that's not an available
option

it's the way that I'm walking in between a cradle and
coffin

that makes me pace myself. if half the battle is done
right

the other half won't take my health while jacking my
shadow's sunlight

to crack it open and find the space between my breaths
are desolate

life is just a lie with an "f" in it and death is definite

But after I scratched the surface

I never saw the calm before the storm act so nervous

when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy
misspelled words if

a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for her

Can you hear me, love?

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