

## Saafir "Bent"

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I've been down this corridor -  
Before you enter you have to bring  
Back the creator of winter damn,  
Too late I'm spoiled, I need the napalm  
I got it, I shot it in my left sector,  
Blew up the timing device on the reactor.  
Time shifted I had to remold the floor  
The foundation for creation - mate's blend  
The pleasure dome into another roam -  
A walk stalked nightly by the ogre  
That's rarely sober. but there's no tracin  
I see the place in the flow. I'm beyond dawn,  
No I'm not in the lawn under pawns -  
Don't rest, never possessed stagnate magnets.  
I never pulled slits lips wit no braille skilled eyes -  
Balls through eyesockets. I'm currently current  
Currents of electricity; they can't get wit me  
Invisible to the retina half - way reality part limbo.  
A nervous laugh while ya climbin through windows,  
Never spin ho's on merry-go-rounds,  
Be the ground level for ghouls, schools of fish,  
Victims on a hit list me like geronimo on a pratt -  
Tackle patt tacklin patterns addin in seasonings, flavor.  
No false teeth for beef, catapulting fingers to light  
Switches so you can see the real, I feel the tension  
My sight twitches - I'm bent.

Second scene: I'm the star in a step show  
Around corners, the coroner's office;  
Where my rep grows. I'm on some sort of drug  
Like the president, it's evident that I'm noid,  
A little bit of pizza - the riddle gets deeper.  
I'm lookin for outs n ins, stolen isotonas,  
The gloves, the bout begins three jabs on a transport  
It's a sport for me to take another life on landing,  
Branding wit a prattle prod designed by god.  
It's my job to resign frauds,  
The odd is against you got a degree in me,  
So I know that I flow, credentials are essential -  
It's blasphemy the type of shit they be askin me.  
I don't feel the vibe, abstract art the veal  
Doesn't heal this deprived stomach from a plummet.

Swinging on a duet with the bullet.  
I never pull out for suspense - I'm on a bent mission.

Jack cousteau couldn't take it no deeper -  
I'm a resident in davey jones micro-locker  
Holds the phone, foamin at the mouth:  
Mad dog, a taste, never had hog I'm droppin  
The scrooge, makin fools hit the log - axe it.  
I seen it beneath where the cowards hope  
Trembled sleeper see if you can find the lost  
Treasure through measures in bars - I'm bent.

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