

Sage Francis "Personal Journalist"

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Sage Francis
Personal Journalist
1968-2001

He left with deep breaths in each chest that needs less
innovating,
Because they're still debating over what "rhyme skill"
is.

Got Sick of Waiting...for time killers to get over their
murder raps.

Then he sold his own shirt off his back

For cheap exposure. He'd seek for closure but stayed
open minded.

Always seemed to keep composure peeking over both
his eyelids.

Speaking vulgar in misleading cultures of ultra-
violence.

Teaching others how to be more loving through
brotherly guidance.

A bleeding soldier knows the science. He does the
math quick and writes

Without having to think twice.

Without asking for advice. Letting the scalps peel.

Having brains picked by head lice before the scabs
heal.

His death mask conceals his face paint.

It feels like a safe place, but it ain't.

Feels like it safety seals fates, but it don't.

He's not a real saint. Just another one of those
religious, political jokes.

And that's not even half of the nutshell cats are
compelled

to crack open to extract his blood cells from.

When he comes back from hell again,

You'll have a few bones to pick with a fractured
skeleton.

Sage Francis

Anti-socialite.
Secret Admirer.
Student Loaner.
Continental Drifter.
Professional Bootlegger.
Spin Doctor.
Self Referentialist.
Road Runner.
Personal Journalist.

Word is the worthless wordsmiths were conversing
impersonal twists.
Heard they're concerned with making the Earth shift.
These kid games are silly. When all art is signed
anonymous,
He'll turn that Big Bang Theory into a Small Pop
Hypothesis.

Sage Francis.
Death Merchant.
1968-2001
Devoted son...father to none...

Husband to something soulless and didn't spend his
life with who he loved.
The hardest workers in showbiz need no diamond
studded glove.
"His time is up!" He's still the type poised to make a
come back.
Kill the white noise until the sun's black.
Moonwalk around New York City and get murdered by
flocks of sheep,
Who square dance circles inside a box of beats.
The California Dream sequences end quick.
Couldn't find middle ground in little towns on some
Midwest trip.
He stood for something...but fell for every trick in the
book, so he stopped believing...
In an avant garden of Eden.
"Get off the cross!" Of course we need the wood to
burn a Godless heathen.
Catch him red handed...only if his palms are bleeding.

Sage Francis
Non-Prophet.
Artificially Intelligent.
Avant Guardian Angel Dust Mite.
1968-2001
It's been a pleasure. It's been a pleasure

But get out of my weathered face with all that sunshine

Get out my weathered face with all that sunshine
Get out my weathered face with all that sunshine
Get out my weathered face.

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