

Nicodemus

"Voodoo Whores For The Devil's Dementia"

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Expose me what you want me to see so clearly.
(See through your jaded eyes)
Wrap your intentions in cellophane
(Protected yet on display)
Ease the tensions and Shakespeare plays.
(I've heard enough of this dramatic reprise)
Hearts bearing sleeves are stylish seenes.
Grow where they know they can be seen.

Hives have taken rightful place.
Friend to friend pollinate.
My hatred doesn't go away.
It just gets older...
Give away to royalty,
Smile toxic teeth shine so poignantly.
Everything's coming up roses,
Dirt under fingernails.

Comedy, myths, and tragedies.
(Collection of useless feelings and pride)
Overcompensate for spaces in between.
(The gorge into which you fall)
The Heroes always die in the end.
(As the stories you tell go)
Plant a flower in his head,
I hope the artist is dead.

Too fat for me to see,
Around your worthless feelings.
Everyone that casts of your emotional distress.
By blackened soul, your love was told.
To release your dancing, prancing, ignorance and all it
holds.
I have but one, a feeling bad but none.
Will you keep me from destroying all the art that you
create.
How dare you even, that I would give a shit.
About the very things that you hold dear, my agenda
will have you.
Shake in fear of my anti-artistic pride.

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