

Submission Hold

"Body Building"

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Boiled down to bleached white bones and fused
Sticks and stones for breakfast again
Because we're building a body
From the ground up
We're building a body of work
Stripped of mortal coils of flesh unleashed
The meat is off the bone
And the tools we use are sticks and stones
We want more than dirt and worms
Stuck here while the world turns
Rise up
The world turns
Rise up
The world turns
From darkness into light
From stillness into flight
Touched through skin
United by blood
Connected by nerve
And the skeletal remains
Where do they hide the venom and bile?
Haven't had stomachs for a long, long while.
We want more than dirt and worms
Bone stiff while the Earth turns
Without this structure
Of script and lyric
Of smoke and mirrors
And contracts unsigned
And contact unkind
Our empty battle a collapsed fiction
War, and I can't see the enemy
Because the enemy is me
And death always wins
Bone against bone
Ground down
And from the ground up
Building a body
Building a body of work
Building a body of work
Morning, noon and night
From stillness into flight

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