

Socratic

"A Diamond In A World Of Coal"

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Overdressed in a box with it's life overhead.
It's friends are in snapshots.
I would hate if the last time I was ever seen
Was from beggars on their knees.
I lived in between a funeral home and childrens park.
Out one window I saw laughter.
Out the other I saw suits.
Spare them the sight of a body all used.
Comfortably laid in clothes you would never wear.
Your eyes are closed shut, even though they cannot
see.
They broke a bone or two just to adjust the body.
Once had a doll that was pure as the snow in thread.
The bags under her eyes, they matches clothes that
were chosen
Just to compensate how terribly they shined.
She was a prize that made the sun and the moon fight
over which one would cast the shadow.
Which one would keep her company.
I fooled myself in thinking I knew you.
But all I know were glassy eyes,
Is this the way you gain your youth?
A sweet hangover at my service.
Go so far under the influence you'll make blacker bags
under your eyes.
So far you become underground.
So far you will never realize your a diamond in a world
of coal.

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