

Too Tall Grizzly

"No Time For Lionel"

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The herd is bred in synthetic thought
Cultivated in pretense
Dyed in the wool just enough to go unnoticed
By the dabbler, the fly by night, and the dilettante
The hangers on can't sift through the slop
For fear of losing their grip
While you choke down what little authenticity you can
stomach

Rank and file
Leather bound and tongue tied
Force fed and fattened for the famine
Tell your kin to hide
Before they're skinned alive

Gorged upon phonetically engineered lines
'Til you've nothing to say
The stockpile of a four-chambered stomach
Leaves you ready
To thrive in the famine

She'd the wool, impostor
Bear your claws
You must be proud

The churning in your gut
Is the gluttony of expression
A carnivorous lust to pick off the stragglers
Leaves you ready
To thrive in the famine

Thrive in the famine

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