

The Sophomore Attempt

"St. Broadrick Is In Antarctica"

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I know you don't want change
But nothing is ever what it used to be
Grab the rope, hoist yourself up
With a copy in head
Comforted by lions of substance
A solutive parade
Grab the rope, hoist yourself up
And drift like ants in hose water

These three angels used to be attorneys
It is such a serious thing to me
Oh how i search through the memories
It is such an experience for me
Silence creating bold letters like "not" and "better"
These three devils used to be apologies
These three angels used to be monuments
I try to find that feeling from that letter from my
consistencies
Is such a painful thing to see when the shadows didn't
bend
Like now and then
These three devils used to be apostrophes
So i destroyed a monument, so what

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