

## South Central Cartel

### "Becomes Apart"

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The restless crowded all around him.  
39 lashes  
Echoing.

Beneath the broken brow of posture.  
Beneath the broken everything.

And these eyes  
Can penetrate the laughter.  
And this liquid solemn all the grin.

Hoping to find  
A constant  
only to find the only constant is  
Change.  
We want to bring this constant change.  
And this dying brings this constant change.  
And we walk to bring this constant change.

Falling within the line  
to take of the bread and wine.  
Reminded of what  
This broken posture brings  
For you and me.

The restless echoing.  
The broken everything.  
And eyes can penetrate.  
Why does this burden break.

The constant memory  
Of solemn suffering  
Becomes apart of me...  
In footsteps following.  
And I will bring this constant ...

And here's a little something that you know you should  
recognize.  
Here's a little something that you know you should  
recognize.(x3)  
Becomes apart of me...(x8)

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