

Elemental Zazen

"Don't Front"

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Run quick you slip don't get a fix In the rat race
ambition what they're wishing to get Minimalists ride
the sideline scribble and bitch Pray to a riddle till we
fizzle out brittle as brick Stick and move just to prove
that the middle exists While they choose to argue bout
who has the littlest dick Stuck to the news with a noose
and some riddlin sick Of the excuse but too confused
to be committed to shit Flip to magazines and scenes
that seem serene Breed routines till everyone feeds on
the machine Tie your self esteem to the obscene
extreme Drink to achieved dreams never knowing what
themes mean So you scream to your idols, image
obsessed Dressed to the x without a complex
confessed A direct contradiction but the truth they
neglect Because the ones that claim freedom have the
chains suppressed Yet from wise men to widowers
individuals filling us With subliminal messages that's
killing us Really just making followers out of the
villagers Grilling us with ice till it flows from all
cylinders Finished and hollow tomorrow inside a bottle
Drink every drop hop behind the wheel hit the throttle
The motto make sure every last pill is swallowed wallow
in thick sorrow till you hit the lotto Don't front You know
we got what you want what you need Priced to bleed
Every dollar from your gripes and needs You can't
cover up your faults with your nicest weave The
modern man twenty minutes fix-ing the pants he'll
never fit-in Brush-ing his hair behind the ears that
never list-en think-ing a better brand of shirt could be
what's mis-sing Remini-scing on the gear that he was
dipped-in back in high school when the girls that he
was kiss-ing we're ones that he was wish-ing and they
did all the pick-ing Biological clocks are tick-ing Mix-ing
those inner fears with years of inner bitching You're
steady diss-ing inside your glass house Passed out in
denial of your masked doubt Wondering why you lash
out when the facts out Slowly becoming everything you
get so mad about Figure it out, don't be so jealous of
their luck Can't pay your rent cause of a hundred fifty
dollar haircut Wearing jeans with torn seams? let's
compare ruts Face it you're the same square that

you're scared of And inside you know that you can't
hide it An appearance decided by tips misguided
Turning to your parents pockets to provide it Hiding till
the inherent splits collided The lie is that you never
ever try to hard No matter the money spent you cannot
buy their scars And the truth is something you cannot
escape from Even if it's covered in the gloss of the
people that you take from Don't front You know we got
what you want what you need Priced to bleed Every
dollar from your gripes and needs You can't cover up
your faults with your nicest weave

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