Les Claypool and the Holy Mackerel
"Delicate Tendrils"

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Now, because you own , you possess.
You have something that they can take.
You remember how it was when you had nothing.
You looked at the ones who had what you wanted
and you felt strong in your need.
Brave in your limited surroundings.
Righteous in your desires for something different.
Contemptuous of those who had exactly what you
wanted.
You hated them because they looked weak and slightly
scared.
You circled the water hole and thought about closing in.

Now you have it and feel weak in your power to keep it.
You feel desperate to make them see that you won't let
them take it away.
Because it's yours.
You never had to justify yourself and your possessions
before.
I earned this.
I worked hard for what I've got.
I paid my dues.
I deserve this.
You say these things to yourself as the animals circle
and wait.
Shake your fists at the Hyenas.
Chase them away from your water hole.
Justify.
See them all differently..
Now you see that they all want something.
You get some juice.
Human becomes prey.
Human gets scared.
Figure out that you have to become hard to keep it
yours.
You have to be cruel.
You have to kill them off just for looking.
Leave the bodies by the water hole so the rest will see.
Hang spent bullet cases from fishing line outside
all the windows of your house.
Put up signs.

Please break in.
I would love the opportunity to kill you legally.

Let the fear turn into desperate anger.
Start seeing the differences in people.
They all start looking suspicious.
They all want.
The need never stops.
Out there, someone is always needing.
Always hungry.
Always looking at you.
Checking your eyes for weakness.
Zeroing in on the vein in your neck.
As they circle the water hole.
And close in.