

Mortisabstract

"Claustrophobic"

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V1: With trama, I become Curiosity Pondering why incidences are called incidences when I'm predestined to learn this lesson of fences A closeness I'm not comfortable with even towards greetings of pretense I can't help but listen to this cat on my shoulder chanting "Everyone you'll meet will hurt you" So ten paces back I meander with my hands cocked loaded with rolling eyes Looking down and up long enough to have sized up the concrete and the sun Stubbornness is a GLUE on my hands and I guess I gotta stick to my guns Banter laughing sassy cats jack-hammer chatter under my skin deep and cocky 'meows' fill my short sleep I can't get close to people so I alter the steeple Kneeling on my sweet bed trying to pen point this organism that built this fense It's gotten to the point where conversation... Well, what's conversation? Just ammo for others to use in opportune situations It's not true but that's what the cat taught me Silence allotted me this curiosity Down the social ladder a low rung All this caused by when the cat got my tongue Questions boil up inside of me with no dialogue to vocally splat--this nag got me to the point where Curiosity killed the cat. (Chorus) I can't seem to get close to you It isn't you it's me. It's like Back up off'a me Back... up off'a me. With death I become breath Best know for the head-stone that read "We're two opposite side magnets and can't be forced to mesh" This fense dense between me and others A deep fear I don't parade but smuther Pacing circles in the terminal turnstyle of approach I wanna say hi but I back away moaning The inevitable decision to walk away dipped in yellow coating An outcome characterized by forboding Fear and loathing A dread of rejection type sting The Labor in Vain resulting EMPTY Stand offish in posh poses fools no one with a phobia caused by being dumped A massive hump evolves in stature I saw my target but with a glued jaw faught the boost The Masked Avenger having a tenure in Recluse. (Chorus) I can't seem to get close to you It isn't you it's me. It's like Back up off'a me Back... up off'a me. This fense got me on the outside looking in I'm not physical for a couple of insecure reasons:

Rejection-- Hurt-- gossip--inept person Longing for that closeness the grossness.... OH THIS?!? When will the phobia of gropia end? The effects of these problematic tree branches has an origin within the bark The real reason for my claustral cover hovers over intimacy Knowing my wife has to deal with this issue for as long as we both shall live She'll be the only person who will know what this concern is Unyielding ceilings lessen space in which to stretch Claustrophob adopts Vertigo passes out "well, what do you know" A defense mechanism in-leu of reaction Paranoid from a touch twitchin' inner sides Collide once again with a pen for definition I peak over the fence once in a while and then I'm stiff THE PITS GALLOR I love the people I know But love the people I don't know even more(?) Never get close enough to smell the perfume 'cause my moto is: What you don't know can't hurt you So I sit here with my snug of mean mugs Unwilling, spilling my guts Strolling in the forest of HUSH-HUSH Tilting the log to EXPOSE THE BUGS In actuality all I yearn for is a HUG. Stem Yo, I'm ready for my close up for little lionize girl post ups but coast erupts small fatty nodules in mind slot ducks As iceblinks brighten the expanses in the sky paper clips splice vendettas from hopefuls in Christ of anti-trust Which supposedly soothes the barren tooth that bites down on the cobs of false philos root Connoting slight contempt when malice is deemed an upper hand Plucked from the sky to be bellow manners door mat I reside in the apterium between feather tracts on the body of a bird Undergird elevations helping at least one wingless leave the station But tell me to come to terms with my own lacks and... hesitation My life's meaning is null and void in the static pixel screening spheroid Imbibe scorn to drown the paper with ink Teetering on the brink with insipid parallels missing link Compounded down to the carnal framed cookie clone barcode My corrode abode is this bodies rest But me mental's kotic spawn Unwillingly the stretched out rope good and evil tug-a-war on Being of humble decent, worldly's pounce a louse too naive and con Someone has to be the napkin they wipe their crap on Dwelling on the five pointed symbol I wanted me to be The "All eyes on me" square disappears like the picture in the figure in Marty's hand Take advantage of opportunities don't let doubt be a bind 'cause being a candle wax is your talent and the lit fire is your time The bulky clusters of rain drops suffice the eleventh sign of the zodiac But behind clack doors diminish desires a little I fiddle with ideas and aspirations of being a star while under pressure I crack like ground coriander in jar Citizen Kane on my death bed and

Yeshua's my "rosebud" Reliving the monotonous act of
a mouth full of cud staring long out to the sky and back
Out past the small 'S' constellation near the celestial
pole containing coalsack Clicks of human opluent one's
talk about me and mine's uncool I look down upon their
piles of riches from inside god's palm Theology
keeningly manifested Animism congested soul via
psalm Still my lacks double park in the lot of my brain
And I'm a pure white carpet with a permanent stain A
coxswain with no rowing rhythm in boat to length gain
So I sit with a puss on and a wrinkled shirt to be the un-
slept on pillow in the bed of malapert content I'm the
un-slept on pillow in the bed of malapert content I'm the
un-slept on pillow in the bed of malapert content I'm the
un-slept on pillow in the bed of malapert content.
(bridge) Still my lacks double park in the lot of my brain
And I'm a pure white carpet with a permanent stain x5
Still my lacks double park in the lot of my brain This is
how I do I try to maintain That's why I praise God
everyday 'cause if I don't I become inadequate by the
minute That's what the song's about I'm just a stem in
the tree try'na stick out x4 Out

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