

Panacea For The Poison

Flobots

In my mind I hold the passion panacea for the poison
My bruised and battered body washes up upon the shore sin
Flees from leaking wounds like rats from sinking ships
As I float off to forever with these words upon my lips
No I never asked for nothing and that's just what I got
As my pride dies before I do as I fall I'm also caught
I wasted many days chasing brightly gleaming streams
As I fold into your presence do I now know what it means

We could get old and talk at the same time when we tell stories
If we let go impossible names rhyme in elegant poetry
But I dabble in everything
It inundates my small town
I refuse the offers extended waiting for God now
I never asked for nothing audible
So when the walls fall down and spin like waterwheels
I'll pray for something logical
So when we all drown
I can cover bald spots with yarmulkes
Drawn from extradimensional sources like in comic books
Chose your own adventure
I'm obsessing like a drug fiend
Fantasies of actors clandestinely having sex in love scenes
But why not amateurs openly sharing love in sex scenes?
Stand clear while I soak in this treasure trove of a wet dream
I can't tell what my problem is or even if there is one
Sail the celibacies much sooner than commitment
Escaping minor shake-ups but keep bracing for the big one
To make the choices obvious and save us from decisions

I juggled whimsy in a fire fight
With the inner light of fire flies
Watched dusk go indigo
And blush into a silent night
Birthed an immaculate concept
From a pregnant pause
In the august of my righteousness
Just waiting for the fall
The greater and the small
All for one and one for all
For all those s.o.s'ing we will rise to the call
I've bitten the hand that feeds and found myself bleeding
Hereby I'll only need what I need
But need'll get me out of my groove
So I move to different tunes
Sunning in warm weather by the light of blistered moons
Thirst statement inundation
Bring the monsoon
Seasoned with the spectacle of people finding tools
Appetite has grown fools
Empire has sown rules
Let's throw out craving and things with no use
People dropping jewels
Gems can't shine like our light
To air is human
So the sky is our birthright