

## Checkmate

Apathy

I set my moves up strategically, enemy kings are taken easily  
Knights move four spaces, in place of bishops east of me  
Communicate with pawns on a telepathic frequency  
Smash knights with mics in militant mental fights, it seems to  
be  
An everlasting battle on the 64-block geometric metal battlefie  
ld  
The sword of my rook, will shatter your feeble battle shield  
I witness a bishop that'll wield his mystic sword  
And slaughter every player who inhabits my chessboard  
Knight to Queen's three, I slice through MC's  
Seize the rook's towers and the bishop's ministries  
Minstrels sing songs and mimic me, but cease to live instantly  
Hidden deep within me is a sinister entity  
Intentions of tense intent in ten tents  
Where kings rest in beds with queens' breasts exposed for sex  
To the crease or release tension, tends to tense men  
When traitorous defense is fencing kingsmen  
I quickly push the whore up from off of me  
Trying to understand this battle of psychology  
Psychotic, I slice optics of cyclops  
In water with warlocks, through Indian corn stalks  
Chessboard blocks become blood-red  
Blood clots block brains and lock with thoughts of pawns in sho  
ck  
I shot, crossbows and toss flows across moats  
To pierce the archer's armor, armed with arrows  
Pole points from elbows, with joints joined with marrow  
To maim, the tip of the arrows lit with flame  
Checkmate - the death of your king ends the game