

Art Of Darkness

MC Lars

It's just another day in the life of an artist
Searching for truth in the rhymes that I harvest
Art is my savior, art is my crutch
Art is my breakfast, my dinner and my lunch
Painting poems on these walls and I know I can't stop
Acrylics on my fingers, dripping stick and hot because
I'm so inspired, getting higher every day
Honestly these sonnets still have got a lot to say
So bring me a pen and a pad and a beat
Just one hit, one fix and I'll be free
Cause this is the land where dreams are made
Where people get robbed, and pushers get paid
The passion and blood and the faith in my veins
made everything okay when I felt it slip away
Yeah it's been a minute since I've seen the sun
Since my parents saw their son and this process has begun
Cooking lyrics in a spoon, I stop and loop the beat
There's never time to shower, socialize or eat
I pop a tab of poetry, bump another line
Metaphors get mixed, I sit back and recline
V5 rolling ball syringe, stuck it in
Cause art was the curse and the cure and the friend
Know that is true; alive when I write this
The serpent is loose and I try not to fight this

You ain't got to feel a low never
I'm the one out choppin wood in cold weather
The go-getters, we know better
(Art of Darkness, pokerface bettin)
(I'm the one climbin up the stairway to heaven)
(Writin poems all alone, welcome home)

Psycho sedative, type O negative
Sick of this monotonous cycle - repetitive
Is this reality? It's like "no," then it is
Back alley white snow medicine
for the defensive addictive personality type
Showin off teeth marks to prove (Reality Bites)
As if all of y'all lack the scars to match
But death is the bitch and that dog ain't barkin back
That's just junkie speech
The only time I stop talking's when a belt's between my teeth
It's a feast for the addict, a beast of habit
sneaks to the attic and seeks the magic
that speaks back - transcribe the interviews
I begin to use and can't hide my inner views
If music was therapeutic, I'd have been fixed long ago
But this is just a song you know

Once upon a time, this kid had a dream
A voice and a purpose and a vision to be seen
I realized reflections of fame were but illusions
Art was the curse and the cure and solution
I met with clowns, snake charmers, publicists
Saw my name in magazines, laughin I was lovin it
My muse and I used to drive and sing along
Down the California coast, in the woods writing songs

Up in the moutains, we'd try to unplug
Away from the noise and the stresss and the drugs
But I kept finding pills in the corner of my closet
Underneath the skeletons, hid them in my pocket
Like Jack Kerouac in a Big Sur cabin
Or Alan Ginsburg, in Greenwich Village rappin
The Pantheons of Poets, visionaries drinking coffee
Sitting in the dark through the window I was watching

Like a sniper with a rifle and a life full of debt
Tupac fell off because he didn't know the ledge
Respect the Jesus Juice like a noose around the neck
Mic cord wrapped around my arm durin the soundcheck (one one two)
Oh, you ain't gots to feel a low never
I'm the one out choppin wood in cold weather
The go-getter, and I'm lickin my chapped lips
I keep on swingin 'til the disc in my back slips
My ex called me callous - at least she called me
Pale flesh full of scabs - bad teeth from the coffee
Fat feet cause I'm portly - caffeine cause of a broken edge
When they speak high of my music it goes over my head
I'm a travellin man, with a gavel in hand
And a 12 member jury in the back of my van
Comin to a court near YOU!
I could see the rehab center filled with smoke in the rearview
I'm livin with my big money, it's my drinkin buddy
When I squander it I ponder if it ever thinks of me
When my chips are down and my bottle bottoms out
But I'm on the up and up so what the fuck's the problem 'bout?

In Western Australia, I saw the Southern Cross
Chasing turtles in the sea, our love paid the cost
My heartbeat erratically woke up and all I saw
were panties in my sleeping bag, a note in her bra
It said "Dear Lars we were never meant to be
Though you meant a lot to me, sending kisses in your sleep
In your sleep don't cry - remember the magic
You still own it, you will always have it
I'll send you haikus, with nothing but truth
I'll send them care of Icarus, hope they get to you"
What else could I do? I picked up the broom
Swept the pieces of my past from the corners of the room
While the beautiful people drink champagne and laugh
I just can't hold back, I just can't relax
Backsage in El Dorado, sitting with my fishing pole
In a dressing room consumed by my gang of wishing souls