

# Francis Bacon Slashed The Canvas

MC Lars

Slash, slash

I was in Amsterdam with my ex-girlfriend  
She was passed out, it was amde late  
I was mad lost, she was naked  
I was starin at her tattoos and I couldn't take it (because)  
Somethin dark had taken its toll  
I'd been rollin with the Devil, I'd been sellin my soul  
Like a rock cliché, I felt so alone  
I cried myself to sleep and dreamt I was home  
Not about, to go get tangled  
on a bitty, I've finagled  
Many hearts, and ladies it's been clear  
since hip-hop brought my here  
I felt, like Francis Bacon  
Hope that, I'm not mistaken  
Mouth open with the eyes scratched out  
That's how I felt when she told me God was dead

God's not dead he's been hiding

At the Amsterdam airport, we said goodbye  
All this I'd been seeing we'd been living a lie  
And I never felt freer than I had in my life  
When I left her that day we flew home on different flights  
I stopped in Spain for a week  
I found myself in Gaudi's architecture, Barcelona was a treat  
Francis Bacon, at El Museo del Prado  
Up in Madrid feel like I won the lotto  
The post-war painter spoke to me  
with a pain in his brush strokes vocally  
And the cris of fait that he showed to me  
Not a joke to me, well hopefully - because  
I'd been living with a Buddhist nihilist  
suicide girl artist love tatted on her lip  
and on her hips; I had everything hip-hop had brought me  
I thought back to the day in February when she lost me  
(I SAID GOD LOVES YOU!) She shook her head  
That's when it all became clear

Slash, slash - I'ma get that canvas  
Slash, slash - better understand this  
Slash, slash - like Francis Bacon  
Slash, slash - this is all I'm sayin  
Slash, slash - take your dark-ass world  
Slash, slash - move back home girl  
Slash, slash - cause I don't have time  
to watch you try to breed your demons with mine

Slash, slash

Hold up, I speak in the quiet  
While you're sleeping underneath your eyelids  
I'm alive in the silence  
Where it seems I've been hiding but there's no denying  
that it's painfully lonely  
And you're waiting for a sign like "show me"

Though you may not know yet at first glance  
You can see my thumbprint on your circumstance  
And I'll give you everything you need  
Grace and mercy and the air you breathe  
The clarity to see, the ears to hear  
But there's so much noise that seems to interfere  
Without pain you'd never know love  
There's not a trial you can't overcome  
And when you feel exhausted, ready to give up  
Remember that I'm here like I always was