

[Sadistik:]

Talk about their neighborhoods intersects and boroughs
But I love instead in my head William S. Burroughs in my hands
I burrow with my hands on a burrow in the sand
'til it's purple and collapsed from the digging
Searching for a path to the virtue that I had
Surfaces will crack from the circles that I've ran in the city
City of the Living Dead wishing they could live again
Rip me into little shreds I'm filthy
Admitting all my differences drifting into bitterness
Kiss me 'til I'm innocent and kill me really
I feel rosy two pockets full of poesy
I'm nosy that's too obvious for Cody
Too cautious just to hold me like the cigarette I lit
Just to get another hit when new monsters can control me
And it's an arcane parlay but hearts aren't really heart shaped are they
I don't really know why but today is different from the last
I don't want to waste no time in wishing it could last
I can feel it in my skin hidden in my laugh
That this moment doesn't feel like a symptom of the past
I'm alive skipping by a land mine softly
Ship is gonna capsize probably it's okay
I'll make my own way that's my hobby
I don't want to be a sad eyed zombie with no brain
And that means that I'd pay-pay no mind of grate-grateful times
As days-days go by and leave
Rather lead a grace-graceful life and say-say no lies
And take-take both sides of me
I've fallen into more pieces than are countable
But put 'em back in a sequence that amounts
I'm finding for an out that can set me free from writer's block
I keep forgetting to remember everything that I forgot
Yea and they say when it rains it pours
I'll splash in puddles when I know I can't evade the storm
I'll burn another bridge just to make it warm
Then i'll throw myself inside, watch me burn myself alive
This is a witches hunt zip it up lips are shut
If I run quick enough then I'll come into some
Symptoms of innocence when it's crushed into dust
If I wasn't in love with it just give it up
I'm feeling cold and under pressure
And hide my nervousness with silence
But when a coal is under pressure
That's when it turns into a diamond
I've been in front of the line of fire to hold still
Watching all the people that try to bite through my stone will
Don't cross the bear with your beef or a cross to bear
You either take the higher road or be the road kill

[Talking: Sadistik]

On September the first 2007, I learned what it's like to feel the world collapse beneath me
To free fall for so long that you forget what the ground ever felt like in the first place
And the only thought you do have, is that when you finally land you hope as hard as enough that no piece of you will be discovered again

You see..

I watched my hero die that day my friends,

And so far I have survived every day since

I have no choice but to forward while being nod on by the birds of prey

Praying that I never have to take another step in the same direction

I am the deliverer of ashes

A cultivator of roses in my fathers name

And while I missed the pieces of myself that has been killed by my own hands

,

I celebrate the ones that I have created since

I have reinvented myself more times than I care to count and each one is a little less beautiful than the last which leads me to here, the now

The culmination of every moment of my life and I want nothing more than to tear every piece of my flesh off one by one to show you what's been hiding underneath,

Because these are the flowers for my father