

Song For The End Of The World

Sadistik

(Verse 1: Sadistik)

Just because I'm absent minded doesn't mean I have to find it
It's my pity-party darling please don't act invited
I sip Bacardi just to pass the time when
It gets me started for the clash of titans just past my eyelids
I'm not a downer in the kill the party market
But I swallowed all my pride and yet I'm still a starving artist
And still I'm finding parts of all my silly life departures
Parts of darkness are so thrilling but it's filling my apartment
So please for forgive me if I overstep my boundaries
I keep forgetting that there's no one left to count on me
At least I'm living on my own and get a founder's fee
I'm out to see and drifting off that melatonin sound asleep
Wait up all alone just to dream away the time
Weight upon my collarbones don't seem to pay no mind
The day the world died I didn't even say goodbye
I left a love letter in a secret place to hide that said
I'd give concern but I'm a disconcerted immature kid
Insecure when I am quickly searching for a bridge to burn it
If I twist and turn until the blisters hurt it isn't worth it
If it's served with sense of urgency to see me binge and purge it
I've lived and learned and learned to live to misinterpret nervous twitches
Pistons turning hurt to bliss it's picture perfect
And since I've learned a circus trick of inadvertent perfect-pitch
To skim a surface worse than this I'm in to get deserted, when I ask

(Poem: Czeslaw Milosz)

On the day the world ends
A bee circles a clover,
A fisherman mends a glimmering net.
Happy porpoises jump in the sea,
By the rainspout young sparrows are playing
And the snake is gold-skinned as it should always be.

On the day the world ends
Women walk through the fields under their umbrellas,
A drunkard grows sleepy at the edge of a lawn,
Vegetable peddlers shout in the street
And a yellow-sailed boat comes nearer the island,
The voice of a violin lasts in the air
And leads into a starry night.

(Verse 2: Sadistik)

I get less comfortable with each breath stomach full of regrets
Each step's becoming part of running as a reflex
Pretend tell me something that relives stress
Sleepless I'd rather suffocate my weakness
I'm David Cronenberg mixed with David Lynch stir
David Berkowitz and a little David Fincher
They say I mince words that can paint a picture
Honest and true yes long live the new flesh
And I'm impatient waiting to find a day that needs saving
I say the things that can make me seem crazy
I chase my dreams like I chase my drinks daily
I fall asleep to my existential woes
And the questions with the answers that'll never get exposed
I'm not too good with the mental episodes

But about as sharp as it can get with pen or pencils though
Evidence is shown in the sentimental prose
Posing pros and cons to poking on this detrimental road
I chose to walk walk walk on sediment and stone
Don't confuse my temperament as being reticent or cold
Just let me vent

(Poem outro: Czeslaw Milosz)
And those who expected lightning and thunder
Are disappointed.
And those who expected signs and archangels' trumps
Do not believe it is happening now.
As long as the sun and the moon are above,
As long as the bumblebee visits a rose
As long as rosy infants are born
No one believes it is happening now.