

House Of Bees

Sage Francis

Birds and the bees
Nerds and mp3s
Surfing the seas of watermarked promo cds that leaked
Like best kept secrets ain't worth art thats physical
Hardcopy material given a proper burial
Long live the satisfaction that songs give
Records in my attic got scratched and haunted
Radio stations that are captured on my tape recorder
A long time listener, first time caller
Hung up for the last time
Nervous and out of breath
My writing had no purpose it was murder and lots of death
Turned to god and turned godless
The audience beneath the surface wanted death
It kept me honest
Truth be told never made a deal with satan
I turned my loose leaf gold
Got a carton full of songs sitting on the counter of a store
Shut them down now
Only looseys sold
I said

What the hell we gonna do now?
How many units can we move now?
They wanna make money money
But there's a limit when you keep taking honey from the house of bees

A lot of shit is out of tune since the weather started changing
The flowers are confused don't know when they're pollinating
They bloom before the frost get caught depopulation
Ripple effect the systems connect the scene started changing
Bees stop behaving in a way that made sense
Queens disrespected while the babies raid the nest
No defense the record store is under attack
The dj's a complete hack but none of y'all beeswax
The colony collapse when the label got sued
For the pollen on the track now its losing value
The music press the publicist deluded bad review
They plundered and ask but nothing but the hunger to consume
Mass produce mass appeal manufacture junk products
Static loops lack the real so the fans would rather shoplift
Sold the whole thing and forgot what it was
Now you got no sting and you're trying to start a buzz
Like

What we gonna do now?
How many units can we move now?
They wanna make money money
But there's a limit when you
Keep taking honey from the house of bees