

Personal Journalist

Sage Francis

He left with deep breaths in each chest that needs less innovating,
Because they're still debating over what "rhyme skill" is.
Got Sick of Waiting...for time killers to get over their murder raps.
Then he sold his own shirt off his back

For cheap exposure. He'd seek for closure but stayed open minded.
Always seemed to keep composure peeking over both his eyelids.
Speaking vulgar in misleading cultures of ultra-violence.
Teaching others how to be more loving through brotherly guidance.

A bleeding soldier knows the science. He does the math quick and writes
Without having to think twice.
Without asking for advice. Letting the scalps peel.
Having brains picked by head lice before the scabs heal.

His death mask conceals his face paint.
It feels like a safe place, but it ain't.
Feels like it safety seals fates, but it don't.
He's not a real saint. Just another one of those religious, political jokes.

And that's not even half of the nutshell cats are compelled
to crack open to extract his blood cells from.
When he comes back from hell again,
You'll have a few bones to pick with a fractured skeleton.

Sage Francis
Anti-socialite.
Secret Admirer.
Student Loaner.
Continental Drifter.
Professional Bootlegger.
Spin Doctor.
Self Referentialist.
Road Runner.
Personal Journalist.

Word is the worthless wordsmiths were conversing impersonal twists.
Heard they're concerned with making the Earth shift.
These kid games are silly. When all art is signed anonymous,
He'll turn that Big Bang Theory into a Small Pop Hypothesis.

Sage Francis.
Death Merchant.
1968-2001
Devoted son...father to none...

Husband to something soulless and didn't spend his life with who he loved.
The hardest workers in showbiz need no diamond studded glove.
"His time is up!" He's still the type poised to make a come back.
Kill the white noise until the sun's black.
Moonwalk around New York City and get murdered by flocks of sheep,
Who square dance circles inside a box of beats.
The California Dream sequences end quick.
Couldn't find middle ground in little towns on some Midwest trip.
He stood for something...but fell for every trick in the book, so he stopped
believing...

In an avant garden of Eden.

"Get off the cross!" Of course we need the wood to burn a Godless heathen.
Catch him red handed...only if his palms are bleeding.

Sage Francis

Non-Prophet.

Artificially Intelligent.

Avant Guardian Angel Dust Mite.

1968-2001

It's been a pleasure. It's been a pleasure

But get out of my weathered face with all that sunshine

Get out my weathered face with all that sunshine

Get out my weathered face with all that sunshine

Get out my weathered face.