

The Stephen Hawking

Say Anything

I watch you hit the stage like a willing bomb strapped to crippled

Children.

It's hard to watch you whore out your damaged pride.

I spit on what you're building.

We rally in the bowels of a sweaty club. Prepare for insurrections

And all the dead souls that you would control are bound for resurrections.

Your father was a lover and he left you there in need of their attention.

You fill his blank page with the brightest shame,

The death of all invention.

If you're the new Christ of what will suffice, I'm Satan to your savior.

So sing it out loud if you don't believe in lies and good behavior:

"If you're the sun, I'm a black hole.

There must be something in the way you burn that makes me lose control."

I'm happy to report that, though life is short, I'm living it to ashes.

I might have had a few but I grip the wheel and now I'm speeding past this

So if you should approach with your blue and white and attempt to pull me

Over,

I have a few words for the weak of heart, the solemn and the sober.

Basking in the glow of a dying star. Bowing down blind to the scum you are.

Take a little second just to hear me out. Marching off a cliff like you're

Free of doubt.

You're Jesus growing fat off of Roman gold,

Moses making up the commandments told,

Allah strapped tight to a stolen nuke

Or Elvis in a pool of his royal puke.

You'll never be alive because you sold your soul.

I don't even want to take you home tonight.

You'll bleed to feed the demon in me

If you don't change your evil ways and end this peacefully.

I beg you before you're digested, shred your lids and see.

You won't curry favor with that flavor, curried tastefully.

I'll swallow you and grind you up and you will cease to be.

I can't let this go with you.