

## Rollin' And Tumblin' On Satan's Rotisserie

The Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza

our pearls to pigs  
dreams are trampled  
a gaze was so lazy  
only to never find  
and emptiness remains  
as we handed out our souls  
and gave over in trust  
our pearls to pigs  
tendencies of destruction  
carry out in lonely lull  
as steady hurt remains  
now there is no wrath on  
those who self seek  
in flesh and blood they move swift  
in their ideals barring wickedness  
against simple principal  
when charged by the presence  
they tickled their ears with myths  
some day to be cast aside  
then instructors of the foolish are now  
the teachers of the infants  
like the turning of the tides  
how constantly  
we are remembered  
broken by all that's nothing  
erased like scribbled words  
then a phrase goes a thousand times  
still will it be heard  
seeds that were stirred by your voice  
promise is spoken softly  
still impassioned by it's cause  
blaze of a thousand suns break skies and burn all  
the hand drives with action  
as this earth rolls  
giving unexplained comfort  
to burden in souls