

## E.P.ilogue on Opposite Day

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### 16 in April

I'm so blocked, don't even know i'm blocked. you left a message, but we never talked. i called you back several times. my legal team's a bunch of mimes. unfinished art on these walls. rebuild the temple, but it always falls. this studio a place where i need to be, but i'm always assaulted by your memory. how many times have i tried only to fail? how many crimes have put me back in jail? i'll never make the bail. it'll be 16 in April. so i'm burnt, i'm blocked, i'm a pile of nails. i've gone & made tents out of all my sails.

concentration camps out for the weak  
end. some was real & some pretend.  
we've lost an illusion & gained the  
same. between wellness long spaces,  
callous finger of blame. the puzzle  
is scattered, a fine & a mess. the  
piece that's missing is bridged  
forgiveness. i bought a car, save the  
frill. lost the ride, but make the  
payments still. every week in the  
mail a bill. of debtor's prison i've  
had my fill. it's interest i'm paying  
and always will, for the initial sum  
goes down nil. how many times has  
this left me ill? how many grand  
passed through my hand? it'll be 16  
in April.

## While You Were Sleeping

So hard to grieve for the power that  
kills, when you're up to your  
eyeballs just to pay your bills. you  
got a bit for the bar & other cheap  
thrills. governments in power,  
outdated mentality, the death of  
your hopes not the only fatality.  
they're killing the Earth with such  
finality. they'll drown you in  
poison, but tempt you with honey.

Rumpelstiltskin banks weaving blood into money. your sitcom diversion, is it really funny? you're a prisoner of something, but you don't know what. yah they're dividing it up, did you get your cut? was it you who said of Mother Earth she's your favorite slut. North American culture like a top twenty hit. it's so digested for you that it's already shit. you're dreaming of a new world, now be one with it. don't pay respects to yourself like you're already dead, when rainbows of thought can unfold in your head. you pulled the book from the fire & it can still be read. strength comes mainly from the choice to be strong. to higher power within truly seek to belong. you got an angel inside you & it's never wrong. find value in yourself so you can thrive. you can down this fucker, don't take a dive. we're blessed to have you, that you're still alive.

## Report from the Trenches

Living, living in flight from your father's disapproval. now you do snow removal on the weekends. living hardly at all, wish you got that one phone call from Cinderella (he's quite the fella). wishing that you could break free from these old patterns, that have you orbiting Saturn like a loser (you're quite the chooser). taking drinking over thinking, it's amazing how you're sinking, the engine light's blinking. i was calling while you're falling, but in the end you just left me blue, bawling, like a little baby bird. you better watch out, it's coming down hot. the cold shoulder's got a chip on it. you better not shout, you better not cry. you better not pout, you better not sigh. i'm telling you why. girls are fucked in the head. better to be a zombie & date the dead. if you're kind, thoughtful & giving, you think in girls you'd be living, but once you show you're committed she's done; she's already conquered you, she's had her fun. but you gotta grow up & be a man, take the higher road if you can. you can't blame the world for what's within. the path of courage is where to begin but...

## Generic

Gorgeous with a rebel heart. was with that girl, can't tell you her name. guess in the end we didn't feel the same. i sold myself for bus-fare, but the bus never came. where is she now? why she's gone and how. in realms of the heart i thought i'd outflank her. i'm a third world nation and she is the banker. she abandoned ship with me tied to the anchor. oh, textbook crash & burn. take a look, what yah need to learn? it's like she's a stranger that i knew for awhile, now she's a stranger again with me in the discard pile. i was crucified on the shores of her smile. i take a final breath, accepting i am left. so not too much for me to say. in the battle to share you abandoned the fray. give myself this much, fuck you anyway. though not to complain, what's a little rain? hey, i know it's time to let go. erase the forces that cheat & rob. take it slow & try to grow. she's a rainbow cactus doorknob.

## Kiss Me When I Come

I went on a trip to travel the world, but the place that i found my hopes unfurled was not distant shores i chose to roam, but the love of my heart that remained at home. how very odd for fate to be kind. not with the forward, but with the left behind. a journey of secrets, but one most burned. to your embrace & to be returned. we left it open when i went, & although my travels were heaven sent, i met many a girl, kissed not a one. cause my life's a holster & you're the gun. at my side, tight to my hip. i want most the fate that's upon your lip. long distance call, week number three. with tears you said you'd wait for me. i traveled months that became a year. kept your memory safe from fear. i saw the world through your eyes, had your head in my head, knowing fate was unmade, Chelsea Hotel bed. upon my arrival you'll be working tonight. your boss is a jerk, but the kitchen staff's alright. i'll have to sneak in, but flower don't fear. i'm down with the destiny, i'll gain entrance by the rear. i've just one request to ask of you, besides knowing that my heart is forever true. it's a bad math world that leaves you numb. add me to forever,

kiss me when i come. all i know is  
that i've seen the world crying. a  
dreamer watching dreams die with  
the dying. privileged white world,  
your tragic flaw i detect. your  
consequences of neglect are direct.  
in the lies of greed and the  
infection of false wealth, i've taken  
a lonely road that's led me back to  
myself. maybe one day i'll uncover  
what's true, but for now my darling,  
all that makes sense is you. see, i  
told you i wouldn't let it end. babe,  
don't you leave me dry. you're my  
lodestar compass & you make me sigh.  
you're like a bolt of lightning that  
strikes me dumb. don't hesitate a  
moment & kiss me when i come.

## Your Mother's on the Phone

This song sucks, but so do you. your  
life is a toilet & you're the poo. all  
your friends wish they could flush  
you away, but the handle's stuck &  
you're here to stay. this song is  
lame, but it's really a mirror. gonna  
give you some advice that you don't  
wanna hear. it's on yourself you  
wanna do the work & maybe you could

see that if you weren't such a jerk. you know, you really hurt my feelings the other day, when you did the equivalent of spit in & slap my face at the very same time. you destroyed our friendship so efficiently. & the really funny thing was you made out as if it was my fault, when all you had to do was admit that you fucked up and i woulda forgiven you in a second. but i guess you'd rather have your pride than our friendship. why is that? could it be maybe because you're an asshole? you're an asshole. this song is judged, but is judgment so cool? when you're putting down others, does that make you a fool? & while your friends laugh, play & frolic, you're mastering the Art of being an alcoholic.

### Let's Commit... Suicide Girls

I wanna freaker girl with a heart of gold. with ebony hair & an ivory soul. she's beyond the power of corporate control & i know this for sure because my heart she stole. but when i check my diction, it's more fact than fiction, that i'm gonna need some friction before i die.



cause when i seek protection for my temple's erection, i'm at a loss for direction in bed where i lie alone. i wanna life that's true & a path that's divine. i wanna share with you what's already mine. i'd rather go to jail than pay the fine. pickup politician 3rd world "i'm gonna feed you a line." & though it's been my mission, to find you i've been wishing that this battle of attrition wasn't so painfully tread. cause of despairingness i've got lots, loneliness the essence rots. i'm burdened now with heavy thoughts & the wrong kinda head space. all right, let's kick in the door. free some prisoners. if this is my fate let it fit like a glove. vital mission now to rise above. i will not lose all for lack of romantic love. i will drink from Grail in sky's sleet & hail. cause all this depression is selfish & rude. it denies me the gift of immense gratitude. inner liar might be quick, but i'm fully shrewd. corruption will burn, my balance i'll earn. my heart's secret mission not even i know. the soul softly whispers "yo field, take it slow." by moonlight for now my garden will grow. no longer a pawn, i wait for the dawn. ocean can't drown me, my truth is too deep. pursuing my dreams in more than just sleep, but in a secret place a hope i will keep.

her name to follow, like the flight  
of a swallow. treeflower. all i am  
needing is not to be needing. the  
moments they are fleeting, but  
herein lies the key. the darkness  
has been beating my hopes of one day  
greeting, in a chance rare flower  
meeting, your gaze through Time i'll  
see.