

Versus - keep me safe

- 1) Divided By Joy
- 2) Latitude of Gratitude
- 3) Learn From the Fallen
(Who Rise Again)
- 4) Hard To Get
- 5) Recoverance
- 6) Sorry About Your Luck

Divided By Joy

i'm sad because i broke your heart, 4
times & on the 5th i start to see maybe
you & me, yeah we weren't meant to be.
feel the sting of being unfree. classify
the sun as a she. inhale a breath
unintentionally. don't understand so
close to me. you wanna fight for a
cause. wanna live beyond laws. bask in
the applause. unlucky rabbit without
paws. the elite snap their jaws. the
police extend their claws. hottest girl
in Edmonton is Roz, it is Roz, it is

Roz... i'm from the future, not a moocher. i'm a doodly-doo. fix this suture, it's a poocher. got a message for you. (he's got a message for you now). i'm a teacher, not a preacher. is life a school? try for grace on my face but you egg me a fool. in the end you'll pretend you were never cool. my way or the highway is the golden rule. (my way or the highway). i come to warn yah, not to scorn yah, lest it be lost. were you brave while enslaved & had you been bossed? in the end doing nothing bore the heaviest cost. betrayed Earth gave birth to a hipster holocaust. (hipster hipster holocaust). you ask will this happen & i say and how. load those hipsters on a train car with a fated cow. american apparel, how you cry now. but you still carry a picture of Chairman Mao. (you ain't gonna make it with anyone anyway). they went to shows, fed your lows & judged your band. while you were vexed, they got sexed all across the land. see the slaughter flow like water, supply & demand, but a hipster holocaust isn't what you had planned. hipster, hipster holocaust. holocaust, you were lost. you got sauced. you were Joey Moss to Joey Moss. you got bitter in the batter, you got sadder getting fatter. in the way of the day

you were caught in the fray. distant
dream to be okay. world away from a
lay. afternoons you were sleepy & in
the evening feeling creepy. struck a
chord with the Lord & all the while you
searched endlessly for a soul that you
swore you still possessed. now that the
bombs are falling on you, wish you
cured bombs like the flu. it's white
man's turn to be blue. consequence
tallies up her due. belated luck on your
too late coup. astounding that they had
no clue. thought that the world was
shiny & new. choke on the irony of a
zoo. at the last false heart rings true.
& you are on the genocide crew. you are
on the genocide crew.

Latitude of Gratitude

i got what i need. you cut me & i'll
bleed. digging a grave, while the light
fades. i'm playing cards with the Devil,
draw the solace of spades, i draw the
solace of spades.

Learn from the Fallen (Who Rise Again)

you can't send me to Hell. been there already got a story to tell. i went down deep & met the Devil. said "hey man, are you on the level?" he laughed with humanity & offered a line, but i'll be mine all the time. you can't send me to church. i was raised in it & it left me in the lurch. with more than milk that was spilt, the poisoned mind overflowed with guilt. you force a last supper if one chooses to dine, but i'll be mine all the time. you can't send me to war. you don't even know how to count to what you're fighting 4. see the fool on the hill with a new world order that employed him to kill. should glossy fascism receive a nein? well, i'll be mine all the time. well, imagine my surprise when before my eyes a pretty girl came up to me & handed me a flower from the soil of my own heart. & she said "do you want to take a ride with my Pappy & me." well, i got in that car. that 1967 Valiant, slant six, midnight blue. & we drove to the horizon that i feared i might never reach. he kept his eyes on the road. she was holding my hand. all of us up there in the front

seat. & when he finally spoke he turned to me & he said "son, you gotta be your own." you can send me into your arms. i'm changed forever by your mellifluous charms. leave the idiots to drown in fashion. i'll sail on in your oceans of passion. those who feed their spirits won't decline & you'll be mine all the time.

Hard To Get

i wanna be your ride. i wanna get inside you. i wanna say i tried & in the end i came through. in you it's true, my bank they stank, they froze my account, but i still wanna mount my pressing need to some global greed & we'll rust within erections of trust. if only we could meet, then i'd be complete. from your halo to your feet it's SWAN MEAT. if only i could shine, you would be mine. together we could dine on SWAN MEAT. my elevator eyes, your essence the building. must i wear this disguise when all i want is to bring myself to higher love? if there's really such a thing. i got to rise above this successful

programming. so many fish in the sea. is there anyone for me? in paperback, what do i lack? cause i wrote the book on lonely. so many fish in the sea. is there anyone for me?

Recoverance

(bailiff) all rise. Judge Not presiding. be seated. (defense) few to take the stand, less to lend a hand. a history of shame. say your name & take the blame. from childhood to manhood without the necessary codes. washed in regret, of darker roads, trust erodes. the man before you now quite different from the boy. understands the law of loyalty. without a ploy wishes you joy. not innocent but made so by decades of remorse. from blackening map he charted a course & then the course was forced. poor influence & upbringing by father time. ignorance & partial innocence combined in time to make the crime. he answered to the deeds with a darkest hour. this is now your witness, who

hopes the power returned to flower.
(prosecution) your honour i will show
you why this man is full of lies. hold
him in contempt of life with no alibis.
he claims just partial awareness for
when the two were lovers, but it doesn't
take a genius to know when you're
endangering others. as a crown prince of
deception. i retract the statement your
honour. a relationship formed that he
fed with rot. he didn't feel bad at all
until he got caught. when you taste the
lie, you live the lie, now lie in the bed
you've made. i call a coward a coward &
a spade a spade. unknown what places he
left her in. he rightly receives her
scorn. consequence is heavy when the
present moment is still born. when you
hurt others your own self you must
face. your honour the prosecution rests
our case. "yeah, he's a fucking kid. he's
suppose to be stupid." (judge) gentlemen,
this case is unfortunate & sad. no
question of dishonesty for a bond that
he once had. bitter medicine of bitter
tears, yet seldom did he cry. quote NO
MEANS NO : "It was All Lies, why don't
you fuck off & die." to what extent
should his corruption be held to
account. in shame he dug a shallow
grave that he could not surmount. the
jury will now deliberate from this

moment hence, but are there any closing remarks from the defense? (defense) charge him guilty. i don't fucking care. just mark in your notes that he wasn't always there in his knowledge of the rules that he was breaking. see the thief encased with grief, the one thing he wasn't faking. reprehensible, deplorable, deceitful, dishonest, selfish, stupid, ugly, despicable. my client gets it. looking back at that kid, unaware of the severe repercussions he was creating, there maintains a sickly innocence to his blindness. a charmer, an idiot, a slut. in every way responsible for his actions (& sorry for them) but only in hindsight was he truly aware of the lessons cause in a way he didn't know the simplest and most essentials laws of being.

REDEMPTION i long for your shores.

REDEMPTION jury behind closed doors.

REDEMPTION cornerstone of shame.

REDEMPTION i call you by name. (judge) has the jury reached a verdict? (jury) we have your honour. we find the defendant guilty, with time served. (defendant) times a thousand.

Sorry About Your Luck

you live in the west bank, you got no cease-fire truce. you grew up in the Midwest & it was like Footloose. it's a smoke & mirrors world & you can't find the answer. you're a smoking hot player & you just got cancer. the genocide of your race got bad P-R. you played golf with your dream girl & you only scored par. the person you love has another plan & your plan-B involves your right hand. "Palmala" maybe you shouldn't have gone & done what you did. rumor around town is you're the billy-goat kid. you have a grave regret & can't make it to mass. they won't let you teach Nabokov to your junior high class. you betrayed a nation but they still want food. you're actually a murderer, but they just call you crude. you live in the third world, you got no hockey team. your hopes for food today are just one thin dream. you voted by not voting, but the government still got in. you were programmed early "tell me, is that a sin?" you're a complex messiah, but the end's all too simple. it's a photo shoot point blank & you've got a pimple. it's the Winter of your ambition & you got no mitts. your gravy train turned out bound for Auschwitz. the T.V.'s your

best friend, you go everywhere together. the rest of your friends are all about fair weather. this fucking credit card won't cut the cocaine. James Dean's leading your caravan & he's in the fast lane. you'd fuck over your mother if she were someone else. you have yet to realize you're just fucking yourself. well, well. hey, hey. looks like another day. bye bye halo. tell you again where to go. you should ask for help cause it seems you're stuck. too bad you're me & you don't give a fuck. if you swallow their lies, does that mean you suck? it's a cannonball life & no one said "Duck." well, yah, right. sorry about your luck.