## Witness, Prophets Of The Present

Lately every song has been written by one pen

All searching for the meaning that might justify the end

Spending time, assembling rhymes

In an effort to remove the pressure against the grooves of records

And you could better yourself, you could treasure the wealth

Of wetting the felt with blood and expressing yourself

And it looks good on paper and it sounds good on tape

But let a third ear hear what you use to escape and wait

That band-aid don't stick no more

Those lips taste like they've been kissed before

You'll remember that rhyme you defined as gorgeous

When you're thumbing a thesaurus in order to mold a chorus

Every lightbulb is controlled by a light switch

That's why you never show it to those you share life with

Peace if they like it and likely that they'll hate it

Because nobody plays music anymore, they play favorites

Crumpled pages are monuments of attempts to document a race that existed when they still had or

The occupants were ignorant in their assumptions

That the swan that they killed for the quill meant nothing

Something whispered to me just a moment ago

I froze breathing stifled as I rifled through notes

I scribe in black and white and my subject matter is grey

Like the sky of a mailman on St. Valentines day

I'm confining my clay to a mold that they can't break

Definition man-shape, cleft chin with strong handshake

Who knew the polar opposite constructed such a titan

Not every kite that sails can catch lightning and though you might prevail

You're still frightened, because the tempest ain't tortured enough for a second striking

It's a clutch you state, but such escapes, won't make the dead horse you're beating resuscitate

Catch flies with a mixture of honey and vinegar

And if it doesn't represent, don't include your signature

And if getting hurt is a muse, she's sleeping around

Took more that a spark to move the phoenix from the ground

Let this be my message to the prophets of the present

And the writers of the world who never got to grab a pen