gravelortian part 20

by Chad Smith

No one was listening at the time
Ear blisters squandered at the picnic
Furthermore and hither to a prayer to Satan
Please don't harm the boy
Take me on this day instead

My mind is more wicked
Drink from the cup, laugh quietly
Baby who battles with devils
Can't pronounce the real title
Hopes nobody asks him to read it out loud

One hundred and twenty days of autumn
Raise your hands to the sun rays
Strip off the colors, cooler in
Black and white, more serious in
Black and white, move mysterious

Take hold of hand, this road is dangerous
Two years with an old soul
He comes from a long line of a long line
Raised by wolves and told
It was the knife that brought him forth

Train a child in the way he should go and the gallows follow
Sit at the right hand of Feisty Mischievous
Scuttle around in the squalor
The boy will rise up in the cool morning
And write his own Bible

Storybook tale of Noah and the whale
Who marched with penguins

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He doesn't believe in mythical creatures
Tall buildings leapt in single bounds
The fairies, the dragons, the unicorn all

Raise him to know his savior
Worshiping with and lovers of gibberish
Introduction to the keepers of faith
Stand before the class on judgment day
We don't close our eyes when they pray

Honesty reigns when the mind is weak
Raise the knife to sacrifice the boy
Only stop if there is a lamb to slaughter
Burnt sacrifice on the barbeque altar
Borrow a lighter and spark it up

Feed the multitude with two hamburgers and five pieces of pizza
The frying pan is base, the floor is lava
Walking on the moon with JFK and Moses
The cameras are good, we can get it just like that
He sits beneath the tree eating blood oranges

Mother's eyes are green
In him she puts her hopes, in him she puts her fears
It is the nature of the mother that
One day soon she will kill for him
And always knew she would

The witch by fire light tells his future
He will grab the Devil by the horns
And with the knife slit his throat
Her house is made of candy
When she falls asleep you can take her cookies

The matrices stacked twenty high

Not safe for children under six today
The carnival grins and the whores watch
The laughter of sinners is much more soothing
They no longer put coins in eyes

The knife, a captivating prelude to life's untimely end
Filmed before a live studio audience
A psalm for a generation of TV viewers
To a nation of mouth breathers, Pong players
And hatred breeders

Bless us fathers for we know not of sin
Raise up golden statues and urban totems
The city watches over him as he sleeps
He can handle his skateboard and graffiti
Lights in windows sparkle like teeth left under pillow

The old ones no longer dream
Ghosts and demons, white van follows to the
Empty park where the dogs feed
Broken bottles, shattered glass, from a previous battle
Junkies on the jungle gym play catch

Temple made of bones, walls made of skulls
Buildings and traffic raised by machines
March round the city for three days
Then scream the walls down
He returned to the village as the people's witness

As a hunter of bear and badger
Sharp teeth and claws, craven smile and fur
It rained thirty-seven days and thirty-seven nights
The great fish spit him up on dry land
And now he looks to stab the cricket

Grab your guts and howl
A ticket to the first supper with red suit on
If he can't get through the chimney
He can fit through the keyhole
Those two taught him to sing and dance in the rain

That one is the good monster, that one not
With the gods and the mystics we fought
We are not alone with our pure thought magic
Only did what the TV and computer told us to do
And declared our innocence at Hell's summer camp

Rise up and sing your song with the
Sun, moon and stars getting ready to jump
He created the hundredth line and saw that it was good
Separated the filth from the truth, dusted it off
And on the hundredth day he rested