

## IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME

9-24-15  
(#70)

1. Like horses bolting forth from their stables,  
driven by a raging wild fire.  
There is nothing like freedom as the ultimate  
— — — intensifier !  
Waited 32 years in California's dungeons  
of black hell . . .  
and I've story to tell,  
do mark my words well,  
oh, I have a story to tell !
2. If they build them, they will fill them;  
the dungeons will overflow.  
No one who's not been there could possibly  
— even for a spit second — ever know . . .  
What it means to have your life stolen forever  
and terrifyingly tyrannized away . . .  
The ultimate of all of life's and death's potential horrors,  
well-disguised in politic display . . .  
*it's the worst form of murder — without a judgment day.*

### [INSTRUMENTAL BIT AND TURNAROUND]

3. Don't believe a single word they tell you,  
pathologically, they *can't* speak what is true.  
Everything they possess and use, they stole,  
everything's a lie they think or say or do.  
They feed on the death-cancellation of youth,  
those who can't conceive *even the concept* of truth;  
and parasitically devour in an hour, centuries  
of your forbears' and unborn progeny's legacies  
— will even track down and hack down your family trees . . .

### [4 HEAVY BEATS, THEN INSTRUMENTAL]

**BRIDGE:** Oh ! Life ! Wasted, gone without an answer,  
devoured by these wretched demon brats !  
flourishing like a contagious, deadly cancer  
in a cave of a hundred million screaming bats.  
Parasites that feed off the living;  
unforgiven, unforgiving,  
life-sucking prisons, their sole soul-resources,  
alien-mind-relentless; purposeless, remorseless —  
It's been such a long, long time . . .  
Life, my stolen days, my years, a black hole with no soul . . .  
Life, where have you gone . . .  
*What would you have become . . . ?*

**[END]**

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- Song style reminiscent of Leonard Cohen's deepest poetry