

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