

"It's Your Tree Not Anyone Else's"

This is a story about art,
and how you should feel about art,
how we all should feel really.
Art isn't something that should be worshipped,
or made even.
But something that should be experienced,
as a hole,

And in your hole,
is golf ball,
that you put in there,
with your own stick.
a stick from a tree,
your tree,
of your life,
with your particular
brand of emotional feelings,
of your experimental experiences climbing up your tree.
And into someone else's ass.

Because it's all a game,
a checkerboard with Monopoly players,
All playing against you,
even if for awhile they are your ally in battle,
there is no escaping the game,
you begin with no rules and end in pain,
and there is no cheating.

It's too big of a board,
because we are all playing the same game
and brilliance may come in comical movies,
but do not allow yourself to get zapped by your own jokes,
for it is the jokers, the writers, that write the rules to your game.

So don't write yourself down the wrong path.
Write your path and write it right
and ride it down your little hill and into the woods and out,
and in your park and up your tree.

And call someone,
pull it out, and call someone,
they'll help, trust us they will,
no matter how unfair things get.
And just remember that in all the nonsense in the world,

and all the crap in the world,
is still art, just a fucked up version that's wasted your time.

Any comical brilliance starts to look like a loaded gun after awhile.
Why do you think so many brilliant people end up killing themselves?
They just need new ways to learn how to golf,
but you can't pay attention to the way the winds are blowing,
you just have to swing,
and sometimes you'll end up in the rough,
and other times you won't.
As long as you make it to your hole.

"Over Thinking"

You can't over think
the things you think the most.
Otherwise the most unthinkable
things will be thought in your thoughts.

You just have to feel
the feelings you are truly feeling.
Then the most wanted feelings
will be felt by those who feel,
and not by those who think.

In the end you'll find
everything will be fine.
Because to find those fine feelings,
you'll have to find yourself
unchangeable and fine.

Thinking is what saves the world,
not your soul.
You can't lie to your soul,
your soul is unlie-able.
However, the thoughts can
hurt the unlie-able soul even when untrue.

So don't over think,
just remember and feel
the feelings you are feeling
and not the ones
you've been over thinking.

"Seductive Pain"

I need to go!
Don't you see?
Take me away,
please take me away.
Take me a way that saves me from this...
This insanity which drives me sane.
This intolerable yet seductive pain.

I need to go!
Don't you see?
It's the only way.
The ONLY way to save my mind from slipping,
slipping down this long black snake,
as it rears its head and injects its poison
of this seductive pain.

I need to go!
Cant you see?
Or are you the blind man,
the blind who turns his head at the sight of his own eyes.
Who is blind not by circumstance,
but blind as his eyes fell deep within the black snake,
which shall consume you too.

We need to go!
WE need to leave.
From this madhouse called the heart,
that drips blood from the still stinging wounds of the snake.
This madhouse, this intolerable yet seductive pain
shall soon consume you too,
and drive me insane.

"Gray Rain"

I see a little boy standing in the rain.
He is scared and crying,
looking up to his stars,
And he is wallowing in his own self pain.

Its just a black and white picture,
of the rain falling on his face.
But as more water falls,
the rain turns his world into gray.

Then all of a sudden,

his world catches fire,
and the picture turns to black
and it fades away.

And all he can see is his life,
a small dot of gray.
In all of this black,
a meaningless spot of rain.

And as I come back,
all I see is blue, then blonde,
and then I see a sad picture
of a boy standing still without a name.
this worried little boy,
standing in the gray rain.