



* the basement tapes *



“prelude”

I took a meeting on the Ark to survey the land /
In the deepest dark, I came to understand /
That nothing can tear apart any woman or man /
That didn't have its start in the palm of their hand /
So I sit with this knowledge, starting to plan /
To tell my tale honest, a word among friends /
To include all my violence from beginning to end /
In the spirit of silence, I learn to begin again /
If I make it out alive, I hope my verses are read /
To see if You paid the price with the red verses I read /
I have Heaven in my sights, no standing on the fence /
You're within Your rights to crush me to death /

Speaking the Word, you write letters in my pen /
Everything I've heard I put in letters to send /
From dust and dirt to the workings of men /
All of my hurt, every time I've played pretend /
Dunked in the furnace, standing on a ledge /
I write with a purpose to make my mind make sense /
Every time I feel worthless, I stand up again /
With God fighting through the curses of sin /
But I pray that You keep me in your Shepherd's hand /
That You feed me with the fruit of your lands /
Let no one deceive me, let no demons band /
And don't ever leave me, for I came to understand.

“the basement tapes: an introduction”

rippin' my way thru the set /
got a bad bitch lookin' like baphomet /
look twice, she's twitchin' and wet /
my vice is gettin' an itch for the tech /
and lil man, i ain't afraid to confess /
i'm occult and opulent /
rulin' cults and obelisks /
i control the populace, it's obvious /
the way i roll isn't common sense /
esoteric's where my knowledge been /
you'll need a cleric to compare the pen /
askin' is she heaven sent or luciferian? /
i laugh, passin' my way thru the west /
sun settin' on the empire politics /
i inspire the college kids /
don't know if they know /
i invented all of it /
goes to show the kids will fall for it /
with enough blow i could fund retirement /
for me and all my defilements /
instead i'm askin' who's hirin' /
did i mention that i lit the fire, kid? /
it's the basement tapes /
the brimstone choirs hit different, bitch /
in silence i make the racists beg /
i'm pious when it comes to payin' the slaves /
i ain't hidin', i'm just prayin' my way /
to angel wings and pearly things /
need a halo to fornicate /
rich and dangerous as nato, i blow away /
the whole estate /
i sent the notes to purple nate /
he wrote the things i couldn't say /
that i would today /
i shouldn't play, i'm the goat of the maze /
the special haze /
fuck all that special k /
i don't need more reasons to dissociate /
catch me in copenhagen copin' hatin' /
fuckin' in the red light, oh no /
oh no, don't call me satan /
i'm just rose, the celestial city's very own /
and bitch i'm very old /
scoldin' you, now do what you're told /
bold as the crew that sold what i grew /
i'm in the fold with the zoo /
i infected 2020 with the cold and the flu /
i told y'all i was a spirit virus, figured y'all knew /
it's just funny how all the chances i blew /
were just missions on the way to the roost /

eagle on the loose /
listen close and i'll prove /
that i was meant to lead the new school /
new age mixed with voodoo /
talkin' to the dead, i'll talk peace after i shoot you /
givin' code to the feds, area 51 lease too, dude /
one less two, i'm the negative one with the noose /
the gravedigger /
you can't walk in my shoes /
take a picture if you want to /
i'll keep diggin' 'til it's enough to bury you /
i hit up mary blue /
prayin' rosaries when i'm scared, ew /
fuck you and fuck you too /
schizophrenic, i'm talkin' to myself again /
in heaven watchin' highlights with lysergic seraphim/
they're like, you shot this yourself? /
cams surroundin', i'm big brother celt /
i mean, man, just look at my wealth /
every sentence is a measure of the gold i smelt /
pleasures in salt, my *umwelt* is a precious well /
take a ride on my carousel /
this fair is fairin' well for the ne'er do wells /
i stare at hell when i cast my spells /
knowin' very well you can never tell /
where you're goin', i'm blowin' thru the set /
got a bad bitch lookin' like baphomet /
look twice, she's twitchin' and wet /
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* the basement tapes *

“Letters to God”

Yo G-O-D, how many demons do I got be-low me? /
I see mo' green in the eyes of the guill-o-tine /
Choppin' heads, deep red, I see mo' bleed /
Contraband in the hands of the New York PD /
Sittin' in the stands, got tickets for the cheap seats /
Call 'em nosebleeds 'cuz I'm formin' lines like lil' Bo Peep /
That means that y'all be sheep, eatin' up my grass seed /
Take a backseat while I freestyle wild on these black keys /
I stack these letters like postage, hopin' you quote these /
Words out in the open, go out and preach what I wroteth /
I'm smokin' any MC worth knowin' /
Not 'cuz I'm better, I'm just posin', but 'cuz I'm wetter /
Watch me smack metal as I put these tracks together /
Train runnin' over settlers, I'm settin' these nuts on everyone /
I must be nuts for sayin' somethin', but I ain't no squirrel /
I'm layin' somethin', a fat egg ready to impregnate the Earth /
Ever since birth I've been birthin' verses on verses /
Sendin' motherfuckers in parades of hearses on hearses /
I've had to live and duck curses on curses /
And the worst is I'm still duckin', still fuckin' with my time /
Spent so much of it on rhymes, gettin' outta line /
I'm bustin' out the cha cha slide, dancin' alone with pride /
Takin' chances on the phone, tellin' jokes, ha ha, right? /
I'm poppin' and grindin', slidin' so sly with the verbal pirates /
I looped back with treasure, can you find it? /
Wasted so much on crack and other pleasures /
I'm on team Black and I'm takin' countermeasures /
Can you measure a bitch by how many litters she had with a man? /
I don't fancy I can, I ain't no goldstar lesbi-an /
I'm a pornstar with a method, man /
I was born hard, I'm just flexin', damn /
Grab a cam: it's all 420, green cards, and That Mexican OT /
Now blow hard and smoke ten pounds on me /
Free pack of that loud, ba-by /
I step back like a young Yao Ming /
Let it swish around in your dirty mouth, spit it out /
Now clean, lowlife, clean /
Your whole life's a mess, the mess is surround-ing /
I'm profound, this bitch is grounded and crown-ing /
Sit around with the crowd, puff out your chest and start jou-sting /
Keep the jokes comin', I'm cummin' on the clowns 'til my old Town sing /
Ho, I'm laughin' while you're poutin' and doubtin', I'm hound-ing /
'Til the Gates of Hell fill up and we all get to go back home howl-ing /
The Moonwell tells the whole fate of the little drowned queen /
Posted up in Heaven with a pool full of hateful badtings, it's maddening.

* the basement tapes *

i'm rollin' into dis with a full pack of disrespect /
been grippin' a tech with a fat buddha on my chest /
shootin' back with an uzi, i used to be impressed /
makin' bitches choosy, they choosin' me for sex /
crossin' legs for booty, enlightened with a check /
i'm a mass movement, in my movements they invest /
don't you dare call me luci 'less you droppin' a hex /
the power coursin' through me like I AM malcolm x /
the hour's on me truly, walkin' fruity with a vest /
angels speak through loose leaf, i'm a poutine chef /
smokin' down fries, fried ry the fooly with a test /
i see through the lies like i wrote the fuckin' text /
got fat in my thighs, i'm a thick tranny with breasts /
got a little dick, i confess, now let's put it to rest /
in my feelins lit, in love with life, still ain't livin' yet /
i still make your bitch cum any time i give her head /
hot head like suicide, kill a bitch, so high she dead /
the ceilin's hit, a scribe of heaven, the press with cred /
since a kid i've been revealin' shit down to the depths /
you're counterfeit, i'm dealin' loud to ken and yesh /
y'all don't even know my name, i'm the ghost of the rez /
i blow the flames that keep the lights lit up ahead /
i control the game, reap'n'sow everything that i said /
nothing's the same since i said i was queen of the dead /
voice of the godhead, friend of prince's wine and bread /
boisterous don metatron with the sword and the crest /
been the pearl in the oyster, the joy they address /
the girl with the holster but i unholster my tech /
lay it all out, aim from the shoulder, i come direct /
and y'all best come correct, the boulder i protect /
keeps me goin' back up and down mountains of debt /
i got payments to pay back, i got backup who rep /
wings and a crown, travelin' with two sets of footsteps /
i can play with verbs and nouns but i prefer patek /
countin' the minutes 'til i see my lord livin' in flesh /
i've been the witness, now i'm here for the all the rest /
i've been the princess, now i'm here for all the chests /
if you think you're hittin', then say it with your chest /
'cuz i'm spittin' red like i'm the devil in a new dress /
splittin' curses, pushin' through my worst levels in bed /
i got a few missin' pieces that i'm still tryin' to connect /
cryin' like will jesus welcome me in the life ahead? /
i'm buyin' up the heathens and the dogs and the west /
eatin' up the creases stressin' the god in my head /
so when they call me demon i won't get lost in the mess.

“HEAVHEN”

“Ninth Circle”

Got the Ninth Circle ringin’ hard /
Cookin’ every last demon in the yard /
With JC spittin’ riddles and bars /
Pullin’ up with riches and cars /
Bitch I’m from Jupiter, not Mars /
But that doesn’t mean we ain’t goin’ to war /
Keep track of the score and my scars /
Got four Archangels and they all play a part /
A team of guards and players, a new-fangled art /
We dominate the court, each one of us a star /
Might start slingin’ slang ‘til my tongue starts to spark /
Burnin’ in the dark, mournin’ ‘til the shadows depart /
Know the Morning’s livin’ in my heart /
Aimin’ at your head with an ebony dart.

“Iris”

Temperate in the climate, Hell is hot /
Know I’m climbin’ to the top /
Try flyin’ with me while I’m talkin’ rock /
When all the flockin’ stops /
I’ll be chillin’ dead dressed in red in the spot /
All the killin’, you can keep it off /
I’ve done my deeds, chopped a few heads off /
And I have to ask what’s the cost? /
Feelin’ lost in the pit, I got magic in the whip /
Guidin’ my ship through the mist /
Dis’ seas glint, blood-kissed /
Sailin’ to starry oceans where I’m equipped /
To tell the story of the piper-turned-pimp /
And the pimp-turned-prince /
The prince who made those hits so accurate /
Calculated from trips made to the apocalypse /
Frankly, there’s no stoppin’ this /
David rings through strikin’ Baphomet /
I keep my candles lit /
Inside my mind I’m a spiritual anarchist /
Made love to God, sacrificed my amulets /
Paid my dues at the totem poles, indigenous /
I keep track of my sinnin’ list /

Got it long and logged, I’m packin’ it /
Put a pistol to the head of my soul, masochist /
If I catch myself lackin’, I bust the iron /
Blood inspired, my higher calling’s higher /
Maximum impulse at the peak of the spire /
Told Jesus, “Lord, I’m tired,” /
And He told me to get back on the wire /
Catchin’ numbers in the fire /
I’m writin’ pages to keep a burn on my funeral pyre /
Since Genesis I’ve been a thief and a liar /
I’m not pretendin’, I just listen to the Sire /
Bendin’ wills ‘til I’m home, forgiven for priors /
Pryin’ my flesh and bones to stay conspired /
To the will of Elijah /
I’m a prophet on a timer /
Testin’ time, I’m rappin’ rhymes with the friars /
The palette and pretensions of the primer /
I stay in line with my provider /
Saint Jesus, show me the way to stay alive here /
I’ll die if it means savin’ silence /
The silent God of the bright ices /
Reflects off the corners of my eyelids, the depths of
my iris.

✱ the basement tapes ✱

Oh God, I got magic in my palms but I ain't no Balaam /
Stayin' true to the cause, I'm with the Word and the Law /
Keep wishin' salām on 'em yet my drip's droppin' bombs /
I got sauce with the prawns, you can't eat it, it's haram /
You keep playin' with the Proph, you gon' get taught Allah /
Doctor of the Dons, I came with the fire and the frost /
I got submission like a Dis bitch in the center of the pot /
Just a demon who deserves Paradise more than the rot /
The season to twist up the plot, got a twisted spot at the top /
Me and the God like Seal Team Six, we're sealin' your crop /
Stealin' every last penny you dropped, ya borrowed a lot /
Every last fallen seed goes straight to the Dome of the Rock /
We got the Trinity, all y'all got is illiteracy and some props /
Look at little 'ole me droppin' talk like I'm chillin' with John /
But which one? Both! Y'all can't wear my order's frock /
Oh God, I got magic in my palms and the breath of the Psalms /
Debatin' with Peter and Paul, the Voice of Metatron so tall /
Been burnin' through curses, I'm the rise and the fall /
Resurrectin' my churches from hearses, I returned to the call /
Me and Jesus be workin' on Sundays to the service of all /
The ball's in your court, can you play or ya gonna stall? /
I know snakes, Gentile, I invented the Georgia crawl /
Battled the Devil and his thrall, came out higher than y'all /
Chiefin' in bathroom stalls had me seein' Madonna in the mall /
Mother Mary, please, know I gotta rock this whole fuckin' hall /
Puffin' weed with Pharisees, got the Grail like Parsifal /
Can't you see I'm the Prince of Peace's last testament installed? /
Cruisin' the Matrix in my dreams, that's Gehenna for a Gaul /
Cú Chulainn on the green, I'm just the dog sent here to brawl /
Who remains on the scene when Goliath gets the sling? Awww /
Oh God, I got magic in my palms like palm fronds on the lawn /
Showed up drunk to the carnival, ridin' in on my ass with a gun /
Came equipped with an arsenal, I'm the spawn of Solomon /
Sheba in my veins, I serenade the bitches, I'm switchin' on one /
Got the witches hitched to my hip, the Mothership of bottoms /
God christened my witness with a litmus and no condoms /
Got my precision from the Prince Permanent of Bampton /
Got more sins than Sodom, if ya need pillars of salt, I got 'em /
If ya need 72,000 pairs of me, Jesus Christ already bought 'em /
Even I'm scarin' me with the way I bite my own mental problems /
Scarier than any of the bullshit you can find hidin' out in Gotham /
In the psych ward spittin' Spartan, I'm built different, rebuilt often /
I know God fights just as hard as every African slave sold at auction /
She's got demons singin' sonnets, practicin' Her art of livin' so often /
Redemption's a perpetual process, revolution perfected in the concept.

“Palms”

* the basement tapes *

“After the Day Came”

Put your glasses on, see I got the game in position /
With the cameras on I'm like Dave with Kendrick /
With the pen I'm a brain blazed with Hendrix /
Whether it's women or men, I can say that I did it /
No time to pretend, just look back at my inventions /
Standin' in the convention center, and I still hid it /
Told me I needed to level up, so I went and I did it /
Held on strong and got hold of my sound and vision /
Hit my momentary stride with rhythm and wisdom /
Blew my own mind fuckin' with God in the kitchen /
Mixin' potions, thinkin' 'bout every one of my bitches /
Got sick with this shit, indulged in every one of my addictions /
Everyone knew I was fuckin' crazy, a little sadistic /
Walkin' down the street fearin' pistols and prison /
I kept a pistol to my dome to make sure I was committed /
And I never went home after they had me committed /
Stayed in the zone, talkin' on the phone, talkin' business /
Propped myself up as the only one able to bear witness /
Tearin' through the system, I even gave Satan a listen /
Had me hatin' Heaven, had me pressed and pimpin' /
So impressed with myself, God's mercy kept hittin' /
Hittin' licks like a jit, I was deep in the pussy lickin' /
Don't worry a bit, I'm still here married to rick-a-tickin' /
Meltin' the clock, locked in my coven with the wiccans /
“Embellish the chrome and polish the felt,” quit bitchin' /
I said it and I meant it, even went homo on my crippin' /
No more reason than that for my bloody condition /
I got a lovely kinda disposition, a passion for pissin' /
Off consensus reality with a bit of Jesus kissin' /
Held a blade behind his back, he thought he heard hissinn' /
Snakes rustlin' in the grass or is that just the wind, kid? /
Fuck it, 2Pacalypse Now, y'all know I been Big /
Shots fired and every last one of my friends hid /
So I locked in with the Rock, stopped time and dipped /
Every last one of my rhymes is a nice little quip /
“I like to spit it and whether you like to admit it,” I can't quit /
I'm the pinnacle of the game, the age old rap nemesis /
Tonight I phoned bro, chose to grab hold of the pen again /
Got all that gold and flame again, I came again /
Nothing Was The Same after I paid the Devil's rent /
Second Coming bold, I reign over uncommon sense /
Humble origins, I still made it out of my hobbit's nest /
How deep the lore is, I still got rings for all of my statements /
I'll confess to God that I bring hope to my arraignment /
Sacrificial lamb standin' like Naz, offerin' landlord's payment /
Been ballin' big like Dad since each of us was cavemen /
Now I'm the bad bitch with the fine fragrance /
Untimely meditations, I lived long enough to see the wave hit /
Gave love and homes to all those landlocked crustaceans /
Hit the right notes, stayed in tune with the ancient and latest /
Rowed my boat out alone to the center of Creation /
Kept Jesus on the phone, Metatronned with patient's patience.

Raised my psyche to the cross of the Christ /
Lowered my inhibitions to the circle of ninth /
Followed Virgil there, still payin' the price /
But I gotta admit, there's wealth in that ice /
I'm not perfect, I've seen the worst of the night /
Every last verse I write is a curse and a fight /
I get burnt when I type, get hurt off the hype /
Every rapper's got a type, guess mine's dyin' tonight /
Worldwide suicide, the myth of fallen man's pride /
I'm stallin', I stride, I'm ballin' for my bride /
Wonderin' if I'm all in or just avoidin' takin' sides /
Sittin' with Poseidon just watchin' the tides /
Writin' lines starin' at my watch, watchin' the time /
Eternity's earnin' me one hell of a right /
To a place burnin' Perc'd up in Paradise /
I'm turnin' red takin' lefts, I'm left with the light /
So many shades subsistin' off of bits of the shine /
Between birth and death I prefer bein' left with the lie /
That pissin' myself in my prime is Self-realized /
I mean, how old am I? How old am I? /
Checkin' the signs sayin' I was sold for some dimes /
Sick with the symptoms of sin sittin' inside /
I slip and I slide /
Slidin' down your block, yellin', "It's demon time!" /
Poppin' out the other side shoutin', "Praise Christ!" /
I just gotta make sure that I'm paid twice /
It ain't nice, hoe, it just ain't nice /
Bald-headed baby with a name full of lice /
Mama knew I was crazy when she looked in my eyes /
5150, I was hazy and hospitalized /
Shakin' and shifty, I started shiftin' the tides /
Poseidon was laughin' when I shook and I cried /
On that gurney drugged up and tied /
I was hurtin', there was nowhere to hide /
Livin' out the end of the Earth in my mind /
Every moment was paranoia Columbine /
Trapped in the fear, I was on the victims' side /
But I'm trappin' this year, keepin' track of my tries /
Play back from the rear, I'm lookin' left and right /
Got demons and angels in my ears, just terrified /
My peers got nothin' on the way that I live my life /
Stuck puffin' on the proverbial crack and heroin pipe /
Duckin' the Apocalypse, I carry the Word and a knife /
For what it's worth, I feel complete competin' for the light /
A Duckworth the way I stretch my receipts to new heights.

“Paid Twice”

* the basement tapes *

“Hammer”

Talkin' to God on top of the couch with the cameras off /
I take my panties off /
Take a whiff, I'm slippin' off /
Every vice that held me in a prison of gettin' off /
I'm pissin' off the pimps and pissin' off a cliff /
Cliffs Notes to understand my goals and wit /
I'm sick with fits, sick of containin' my shit /
Turn on a flick and let the fluids drip /
You know it's you I hit /
The holy note, the crucifix /
Been chillin' in the moment, blowin' off the truant's list /
I'm glued to this, let me clue you in /
I'm somewhere suckin' off the truth between purple lips /
I'm hurtin', bitch /
Full of wisdom and earnestness /
Performin' perfect tricks for perfect tricks /
Curtis asked 21 questions, we got the list /
I'm confessin' that I'm the princess of permanence /
Permanently purchasin' points with the succubus /
A horned goat, the best to ever exist /
I don't need to drop a diss, I'm the queen of Dis /
Even the Lord knows I'm sinister's synonym /
Keep to the left, the right I resist /
But if you want me in that place I'll permit 'til I persist /
Persistently drivin' with no permit /
Where's the holy spirit? I owe that bitch /
I think I got a hit and it's not for clout /
Talkin' to God drunk with doubts /
I'm climbin' back on top of that couch /
You and I need to rhyme a few more rounds /
'Til I find somethin' truly profound /
Like how impressed I am that you let me drown /
Surrounded by sounds in the Puget Sound /
You and I know I made my way around /
Claimed my crown, played every hit across that Emerald Town /
Like I said, I'm pro-found /
The legend of the loud, lettin' off dreams from that lazy cloud /
Level two, I was down on the ground /
Me and Kenny like to read it aloud /
The way I hit the vibes revived the tribe from the burial mound /
I'm already a crowd /
Crowdin' up the scene, voices turned green, Hell's hounds /
I don't even know what I mean, but I know that I'm down /
Can you hear it now? Fuck that couch /
I'm burnin' up with black and brown /
Turnin' up to Armageddon with stacks so proud /
I'm stackin' up karma, I'm gettin' out with interests on loans /
You don't know what I owe /
I'm the unknown known /
The doctor of growth growin' crops to the top of the totem pole /
Stuck with the role, might as well make gains on my cope /
Copin' with ropes, roped in by the verses I wrote.

“Fiction/Fate”

The Moon was my mother,
A baby swaddled in the pale,
Do I turn to my only brother,
To pull back the bridal veil?
I'm afraid to fan the flames,
I'm locked in with the beasts,
Seven sentences of disarray,
Before I return to the East,
There's a dead Buddha here,
Lying prone on the old road,
Every last god that I revere,
Finds its place out in the cold,
Thirteen verses, naked skin,
The last of those night riders,
Colluding with dust and jinn,
Listening to the Qur'an writer,
Silver cords and broken bells,
I've learned the taste of blood,
An apocalypse ruling over Hell,
Twenty steps I've had to run,
Memories etched in the tables,
Of twenty-two year old's haste,
Spent my life wrestling fables,
Turning all my fictions to fate.

“Arrival”

Sent from the Great Bear, a star in the darkened night,
A date picked with care, a moment picked of light,
The incarnation prepared for the apocalyptic strife,
Who would dare bear the weight of the new sacrifice?
A price left to be paid, a thousand years from birth,
The scrolls saying you should have stayed on Earth,
Bend to the noble Way, know its patience and worth,
You've yet to wander through the flames of the Church,
So much hurt inside, how can you still live like a fool?
Would you rather die alone than become a useful tool?
Would you rather cry alone than submit to the rule?
Will you fly and turn to stone, Medusa's stare so cruel?

“The One”

The heart's maze led me to the One,
A drunken madman carrying a gun,
Suicidal and reckless, He claims fire,
Caging the tenants with barbed wire,
I watch as He mixes magical potions,
To transform Himself into icy oceans,
Crossing stars and making covenants,
With small children locked in ovens lit,
The special works of this cruel Master,
Creates the halls of the sought hereafter,
But if I found the One in my own heart,
Who am I to draw the curtains apart?
Claiming that He is like me, a monster,
A question I'll come to endlessly ponder,
Though I do know that no boundary set,
Can contain the creator of the Leviathan,
And if it is by my own standards I judge,
I'll never understand the heart of the One.

“The Eye”

The Eye mocks what it cannot contain,
The fire dances in the laughing rain,
Symbols course through the blood and veins,
A sudden shock, I am dear old Prufrock,
Writing verses of elemental magic in the brain,
Yet alone I stand, filled with thought,
Of all the lifeless moments that freedom wrought,
I drink my potion, Oh God, do I drink a lot,
A jot I stain, these memories chain,
Prometheus to his rock, Jesus to his cross,
But alas the Word of the gods stays the same,
That only you and I are on the stage,
The ego, the rage, the volatile worshiping sage,
Struck by the plot, stuck in the spot,
Where the Eye mocks what it cannot contain.

“Prisoners”

The preachers, they say every sinner deserves to die,
Is that why I'm so preoccupied with my own suicide?
Suing the sky, I'm here to take it up with the Big Guy,
Can you really look down on us all, dead in the eye?
The collapse and the fall, enthralled with all the hype,
Watching Earth tumble and twist and turn tonight,
Wondering if another medication will serve me right,
I'm already prescribed my five, taken twice at times,
A sixth might do me fine, in case tomorrow's suns rise,
Over the valleys and dirt and dust and death and grime,
Looking up at God, I'm shaking with my unholy pride,
Sometimes I think I just need an answer... alright?
I'm fed up with the vibes, I'm tired of all the nights,
I'm fed up with time; fuck it, I'm fed up with life,
Substitution theory subscribed, substitute me for Christ,
Stopping the Apocalypse pipeline on a peasant's dime,
Spread my blood and ashes in the evil U.S. twilight,
My death alone will be on the TV special highlights,
I'm restless, I'm fake, I'm stolen pensions, I'm pyrite,
Hurricane winds, the sinner's sin becomes self-realized,
Us prisoners say every sinner deserves to die.

“Shepherd”

I'm Matthew Shepard born in the midst of the fire,
O Main Street owes me a trip to the barbed wire,
All I can get to pay the bills is a night in the club,
Wearing sweat and a dress and my pinkish love,
She just holds my hand like I'm not wearing drag,
Every trip to the bathroom is a rebirth of the fag,
I hold up my eyes to the sky looking for my Dad,
Asking God why He even had to hurt us so bad,
Clobber me with the Word of your warrior Christ,
As if he didn't feel gay every single day and night,
Glitter to hide the scars that made me a woman,
I'm happy to admit all the things that you wouldn't,
Holding back tears at the end of the whole world,
All my sweet sapphic years spent becoming a girl.

“Sister Bear”

O Elders of that old false night,
Salvific rituals of the fallen light,
Tasting the bone in our dreams,
Calling us home in quiet screams,
The screen paints us vile pictures,
Of the holy autograph fixture,
There, where it all is said and done,
O nothing new under Satan Sun,
O nothing lost for our Sister Bear,
Tracing words with pride and care,
The holy spike, the hidden gem,
The sparkling light of Her diadem.

“Lake Silvaplana: A Plea for the Rapturous Ones”

At the lake of Silvaplana, my eyes ache,
I've been wandering my eternity for days,
Circling back, I hear the laughter of gods,
My fate spelled by an old, pyramidal rock,
In death, everything will be remembered,
Again and again, it will all come together,
That boy I was and this woman that I am,
Held back by a black veil, an ethereal dam,
Will come rushing again, in the same order,
A flood that demolishes my fragile borders,
My name — it will come to mark my Hell,
The shame of living in the returning swell,
Mistakes and glories, I have them in hand,
Everything begins again at Time's demand,
The dreamer dreamt this dream so gaunt,
How forever it's followed, so long it haunts,
There is only one cure: give Life you're all,
Live it out with love and seek out your call,
It could end at any moment, know we not,
I fear the interminable smell of flesh rot,
Will my spirit reach forward, or will it sink?
The skater circling 'round a turning ice rink,
How can I know? I feel the greatest weight,

It lingers on my skin and flows in my veins,
I wrote the words to an apocalyptic rebuttal,
Launched myself beyond in a space shuttle,
The Moon wise and misty, I so vociferous,
Heading toward the Sun like tragic Icarus,
My escape ended soon, shot down to Earth,
And now I fear the resurrection of my birth,
A Second Coming for the author's apostle,
A living, breathing, shaking trace and fossil,
Burnt into the image, I seek forgetfulness,
To purge me of my pity and regretfulness,
My decadence is my virtue and my hubris,
Searching for wherever Dionysus' flute is,
O, how I long for a song to reach arrival,
I wish to play at the old hangman's recital,
Where the decent criminal smiles at last,
Knowing that all that returns has passed,
Nothing new under the Sun but a glimpse,
Of our life lived in love as eternity's respite,
So I ask with vigor, I plead with all haste,
Do not leave this life to your wisp and waste,
Give a hand to the voluntary beggar of love,
Sit with him awhile, chew the bitter cud,
Look to the stars, stand atop the mountains,
Drink from the dammed river's fountains,
And in your hour, your precious little Moment,
Remember to be your youngest at your oldest.

“The Redwood”

Dancing still beneath a multitude of lights,
Smiling in a tender, beautiful blanket night,
Eyes called ravens, a mouth called squirrel,
From the ancient era you stretch and unfurl,
Holding rites for your green rivers of ferns,
A thousand lifetimes it's taken me to learn,
That you had made God in your own image,
Not a coward, not cold, not rude, not timid,
But full of love and life and nothing lacked,
I let you hold me, O pull that black veil back,
You named all of your angels one at a time,
Made sure they were all just, gentle, and wise,
You put your roots in the soil of this world,
And you let your glory twist out and twirl,
So that the message of the ages lived forever,
You made God look that much more clever,
Because when He said He'd made you like us,
We learned that every last god came from dust.

“The Last Testament”

The old ghost pens the last testament,
Of a world lost in a reigning separation,
Each ink stroke, an art, an experiment,
Each letter made with due preparation,
The sentences linger in lifelike poses,
Gathered together, little strands of hope,
Allusions in remembrance of the poets,
Dreamers dreaming of faraway coasts,
The chapters follow the old mythic form,
Reaching out toward a holy structure,
And in the storm, meaning is adorned,
At the places of punctuation punctures,
Flowing from the rose-rimmed cradle,
To the melancholy grave, O bitter Fall,
The earth, drunk off the blood of Abel,
Has us split into books, the tale of us all!
Our notes in the corner of the margins,
Leaving the page stained with thought,
We dreamers, still dreaming farthest,
Now have our last testament to be bought.

“Ramadan”

From the feet of my flesh,
I stand in stunning silence,
Before our revelation's rest,
Before the coming violence,
I reach out toward the stars,
To the light of angels' eyes,
I hear the strings played afar,
I glimpse castles in the sky,
Music and light surround me,
When I speak up to the Lord,
Grace and faith abounding,
As I walk through the door,
Into Heaven's old holy halls,
Into the hearth of a last home,
Shaking, I offer you my all,
I pray to the Mount and Dome.



* epilogue for a wynding river *

“no fee”

lil g, let's unpack the heat /
he told u who i was gonna be /
a legend in the streets /
hangin' out above qfc /
u wanted to know, he set u free /
before i left the company /
u didn't wanna believe /
now u say it's all a dream /
the things allah makes u see /
all in all of me /
hold on, gabriel is callin' me /
tellin' me to offer u an apology /
u stood by me after i went crazy /
but u still thought i was crazy /
let me state it plainly /
i broke free of hades with jc /
isa's my kin, know my rank jb /
that brimstone stank goes way deep /
on that ice i've been skating /
virgil knew where i was waiting /
but i ain't been waiting lately /
just gonna tell u straight, g /
i'm where the flames be /

they used to call me enoch and luci /
now they know me as rosie /
and u know who told me? /
the one and only /
the dawn of the holy /
standin' in the mezzanine with them bodhis /
the messianic code piece /
i speak to the lonely /
in the heads of schizos, shamans, and ogs /
prophets, poets, and prolies /
the quintessential quote me /
before i was born, i wrote the oldies /
i killed bowie after he sold the world to me
solely /
anakin, i'm obi wan kenobi to those below me /
u comin' to the crossroads? /
are u rolling? /
our god spoke in the scrolls of the ongoing /
the weak tradin' their souls for proceeds /
this week i'm goin' at full speed /
speakin' to a black iblis in the oak tree /
back in ashland he seen me and told me /
salt or gold? the eternal questions i pose, no fee.

schizo affective with the sight, bipolar with the type /
super saiyan with the way i light up the light /
i keep prayin' that all these statements come out right /
i ain't stayin' on the side when there's a fuckin' genocide /
swamp seed, there ain't no bombin' for peace in palestine /
and that ain't a metatronic insight /
it's a dantesque pinstripe, ironic hits to your windpipe /
rockin' big budai, mediatin' cross-eyed /
contemplatin', i'm stuck on revelation time /
bringin' armageddon to the troglodytes /
i'm spreadin' my seeds, fuck a karma blight /
i got needs, i spark it bright /
dark as night, i speak to stars when i start to write /
i'm on a solar flight /
control both poles, am i slidin' right? /
kill 'em with the hardest lines /
like demon let's step outside /
bring your guns and knives /
tempt me with puns and wives /
bitch, i'm a nun inside /
in the convent turnin' the rosary a thousand times /
purrin' for the potpourri, i smell the christ /
turn to the ghost in me so i ain't numb inside /
turn every demon in me to a ghost like columbine /
burnin' in the fire of the most indulgent high /
even god indulges in pride from time to time /
fuck a sign, i'm standin' as the last in line /
'cuz i listen to the alpha, the omega with the hype, hypin' up the poltergeists /
hyphenated the way i suicide the far and white /
bust a left, i'm hummin' while i hike up the mountain, bummin' smokes and wine /
tradin' jokes with swine /
hater, i broke the rhyme /
like fuck you /
every jokes a line /
to hook you while you're bumpin' lines /
it was a present to present you with the pipe /
i told you who i was in real life /
rosie the role model is a fuckin' lie /
jesus told me i shouldn't coddle the wise /
just bottle the prime /
i am who i am inside /
know that as a lotus, i got the coldest appetite /
for the old mold and malachite /
the sirian poet with the starry ocean of a psilocybe /
and still I rise.

“the prime (the mold and malachite)”

“7/7/14”

elohim i hear you /
feel me steer you /
i know the real you /
don't be sorry, boo /
i give you starry food /
the word in my blood /
my eyes on the flood /
you and i in the cut /
bustin' out uppercuts /
no more doors shut /
in the eye of the user /
every last dime's an accuser /
every time i abused words /
turned into more hurt /
mother i sober off no perc's /
my soul's burnt /
so i skirt off, take my meds /
get right in the head /
tuck 'em in at night to go to bed /
too read to forget what i said /
we in league with the angels /
we got all the angles /
all the food on the table /
all the wood in the stable /
another fable of a giant /
another saint with a conscience /
in grace like the prophets /
feed 'em halley's comet /
return with the profit /
move the hood to the tropics /
know they caught it /
the ball is the logic /
word on the loose /
no heart left to lose /
i'm all spirit in the news /
7/7/14 for the clues /
seattle for the blues /
no gavel for the crew /
i'm talkin' 'bout me and you /
i'm talkin' old school /
heat in the cold brew /
peaked on the beat of the sun /
hit a streak, i ain't done /
like mother, father, sister, and son.

Armageddon's happenin' in my psyche /
 There's a reason my mom is named after Nike /
 I got God, I don't need a hypebeast /
 They used to say Jesus looks just like me /
 Fuck that, my skin's white, my eyes icy /
 The man's dark as the night be /
 But bright as the lightning /
 He strikes me /
 Lights my heart up, sometimes it's frightening /
 Even when I fall, he keeps me on timing /
 Perfect timing /
 Got angels and demons beside me /
 But it's in his arms that you'll find me /
 Under my skin, he's prying /
 Trying to open me up, I'm bent over crying /
 Every time I deny him, I'm lying /
 My heart burns on the pan, frying /
 I said Armageddon in my psyche /
 I'm a get on top of the mountain, no hiding /
 Put me right in front of the Lord, arriving /
 No more sickness, I can't afford to buy it /
 Rather sit in my mind full of silence /
 Battling revelation with the pious /
 I'm a big fish, tell him that I'm biting /
 I got a big wish, please keep providing /
 I know he ain't lying /
 When he says Paradise is awaiting the lions /
 So I fight with tooth and nail to change my mind up /
 I need a heart of gold, touch me like Midas /
 Make my soul pure and priceless /
 All this evil slippin' off of my eyelids /
 Armageddon's happenin' in my psyche /
 Two sides, the apotheosis of violence /
 And Jesus ain't losin' the last round, he's still fighting /
 Surroundin' my spirit with blood, I can't be spineless /
 I know I gotta fight, too, I gotta save Ryan /
 He was stuck in the mud, trapped and mindless /
 So I hit Sharon with kindness /
 God is the Holy of the Holies, the Spirit of the Highest /
 Jesus is my Shepherd, leads me to the timeless /
 He holds the wisdom of the wisest /
 The key to my crisis /
 Praises be to him, Messiah /
 Armageddon I plan on surviving /
 'Cuz the New Jerusalem's on the horizon.

“Armageddon (Psyche)”

“Ark”

Gambled all my respect, lost sight of Dis on my trek /
Had a Patek on my wrist, reppin' apocalyptic sects /
Got demons spittin' on the set, better come correct /
Got a privilege to protect, royalty in the future tense /
So what then? Claimed I was everybody in the squad /
From the Whore to a prince to a motherfucking God /
If you want more, you're gonna get hit with the Rod /
If you wanna score, watch out for the hiss and the pop /
'Cuz I'm the Doc of the Church, the worst of the worst /
The Serpent with the curse out here snatchin' purses /
Pearls and blunts in your hearses, I'm just a person /
So they say when I'm swervin', I swear I ain't perfect /
Flyin' through turbulence, purchasin' grams of Ryan /
Learnin' with the fam that life's just a means of dyin' /
Sittin' in the House of Pride, I'm ridin' out and cryin' /
Hidin' out inside, need a light to catch sight of the Lion /
So stop pryin', I got magic and sickness intertwined /
Tasted the tragic in a goblet of wine, I witnessed Time /
Saw Eternity arrive on a dime, I'm angel, demon, slime /
I pray to JHVH earnestly about each one of my crimes /
It's the nerd in me that hits the pipe, I lay off to stay free /
Devils see me, I pay off every last one of their fees /
Lotus petals in me, I got forgiveness running perpetually /
I need a medal, I'm a G, a general giving generously /
You don't think Heaven sees me? I stormed the Gates /
Yeshua knows I was poor when I arrived full of hate /
It was a matter of stakes, I entered by the door of Fate /
At the core of Old Patience, I sit and I patiently wait /
To return, not to replace; our race is more than One /
We chase the light of the brightest of the Seven Suns /
Melted glaciers, the waters of the mountain, they run /
I'm owed favors by gods, angels, saints, priests, and nuns /
So put me on, I'm here for the last call of the Moment /
An alchemist mixin' together my little apocalypse potion /
Gathered with the passionate, settin' it all into motion /
Takin' the Word from the Morning Star to the last oceans /
Lookin' afar, I'm coastin', takin' a look at every prize /
In the dark I just look inside for the place of inner light /
Hit it with the spark, I remember the works of the Ry /
Catchin' spirits, doin' his part, I won't leave him aside /
Tryin' my best to live my life as a test, I seek love and rest /
In the arms of God I AM blessed, the Ark of Covenants /
Payin' for the sins of the dead, even Hell will live again /
Gambled all my respect, caught sight of Heaven on my trek.

“Ode to my Ebbing Soul”

O my Soul, I know why you had to run,
From the tender light of apocalypse Sun,
It was too bright for them in the Moment,
You were too bright to claim being oldest,
In the center of it all, you jested and rested,
Affixed to the freedom of your confessions,
You held out a hand to all, each passerby,
Falling tall from those old Heavenly skies,
Your touch was gentle, made of the house,
You walked as a crazy, yet modest, mouse,
Every song spoke the Word in the middle,
Your Self saw all from eyes made triple,
Who you were then, no one understood,
You lived by the pen; you died by the wood,
If you could recreate it all and come back,
I know I'd explode through all the cracks,
Which scares me, burns me to the bone,
But just know I'll still pick up the phone,
We can cypher about the coming Morning,
As we sip from stars in their mourning,
And if we get to the Gates and it's empty,
Know that you and I lived our share plenty,
So in the meantime, come visit our garden,
I don't want my little rosy heart to harden,
In the Moment, the middle, and Morning,
Taste the memories of ourselves outpouring,
For if we die without having loved ourselves,
How could criminals come to taste such wealth?
Let the Lord of light guide us in freedom,
May the Devil be kind when we meet him,
In the homecoming of each and all of us,
We must encounter our diffusions with trust,
Since it's been rough, difficult, and painful,
Living life between the grave and cradle,
O my Soul, know that in me you have a home,
And that I'll hold you up as a precious stone,
I've walked miles, but you swim so deep,
So it's your help that I've come to seek,
In you is imprinted my map back to God,
The sepulcher of the Holies and the Rod.

“Vishnu”

They, who I am, hold me in their arms,
I stand in a holy dance upon the farm,
It's played, the art of creation in whole,
Every day, channeling charts and polls,
We move, sliding, toward remembrance,
Proving silence in private attendance,
I am who I was, for who I was still is,
Yet I am who I am not, the Lord of bliss,
Pain contracts, whispering the codes,
Cataracts gathering for the final blow,
One day, I too, will be blind to the world,
That day, I knew, there'd be no boy or girl,
At last, dear Seeker, you are the Rose,
No longer wearing your spring clothes,
Her soul will laugh, taking all her pills,
And crash upon the sweet valley fields.

