These chords could change this room around.

He could change a room around with just a couple chords.

Done wrong

Done wrong by

Done time

Done good

Done wrong

Done trying

Done dying

Done lying

Terror death, terror of birth

Write my name in cigarettes and knives.

Time ain’t nothing but a lonely beast.

Ol’ King Nebecanezzer cursed by a priest. Time ain’t nothing but a lonely old beast.

Emeral water round my wrist.

Sunlight on a river fish

Golden on his silty bed.

Joshua and my Babylonian coat

Stoned to hell in the Achor Vale

Waxen eyes and nose and lips

Sandusky at twilight, the sweet husk in your voice.

Legacy of greatness-

Wealth beyond comprehension, beyond desire.

Pull your coat close, a bottle,m a ghost, a marching band,

A carnival barker.

After the deluge the rust red spikes

And taut rat gnawed ropes hold back moldering canvas from collapse.

In a dirt lot come archipelagio of smash bottle diamond dusted mounds and irrediscent lowtide lagoons

Undeserved suffering, renewed exceptionalism, triumphant crowing. We claim our American exceptionalism once more.

Mass movements absorb individual angst, alienation, suffering.

I’ve been called, I’ve been called

Herald of the coming Lord

I’ve been called to return with him to glory

I have wondered, I have played I have whiled away my days

But by the blood of Christ I ride on glory bound.

I have preached, I have prayed

Wild locust and a bed of hay

But by the blood of Christ

I ride on glory bound.

**01/06/2021 “Marcus Song”**

E / AM

I don’t really know where this song’s going to go

It might just stop or it might flow

But I bet if we just laid the bones down bare

We could pair and see where it goes from there.

Keep it to a couple chords to please the Lord

Get the first verse down

And the pen becomes sword

Flesh and blood, fleshed out in the proud light of day

Hey it’s January 2021

And I ‘m just singing in the afternoon

I’ve been down to Gethemene Gardens

With my silver spoon

Digging in the dirt looking for worth and worms

It never hurt to get your derserve.

Get your deserve

I was waiting for a minute in the back of a hearse.

Swearing out inside the memory

The memories of a partridge and a pear tree…

staying alive feeding on the memories of me.

Left side reaction,

I was called back

Symmetry is sarcastic when it doesn’t react.

I was wasted in the light of the coming dawn

Keep it coming, son,

I don’t know to turn this one off.

Oh… oh…. Oh….oh….

She came on quick

She was trigger happy

Daggers leveled at my aorta

Could not have been happier to see you in short order

we were understaffed and overloaded,

just about to explode

Just about to explode

I was waiting for a little while, my child

came down in a minute and crossed me down the aisle

Caught me on the flip side of cross-eyed Joe

Picking up what I could from every third row.

Lift the spanner and hit it against the ages

Pray your rages come across as courageous

Cancer determines the answer from the eyes

The sun’s eternal rays are burning my child

Look away from all these earnest, worthless distractions

I can’t be expected to come back to collect you,

It’s now or never,

If its magic we might have found salvation after all,

Walking down the hall, got shoved up against the wall

I was lazy and down at the moment of birth

Curling verses in cursive just for mirth

I was confused, I might have been abused,

See you later alligator, don’t hate on the shadows escaping,

The neon and sleeze, the memories, the memories,

Worn and diseased, ashes in a coffee can

Post marked for the sea

The salaries, the subtlities the allegories wrapped up inside riddles,

Playing second fiddle to the pope, propped up with

His mutt louse with fleas.

Earnest orbits in outer space

I was lost, nearly erased.

Nearly erased,

I waited just a little while longer than I wanted,

Then I came on just a little stronger than I wanted,

Cause I come back, baby, I’ll come back, maybe I’ll back,

Back stairs wit,

Back stairs wit,

Bastard wit,

Back stairs, wit,

Chip Baskets wit,

I was waiting for a little while

Loing than I was comfortable waiting for.

I waited for a little while.

I waited for a whilte.

I waited for a while.

I waited for a while.

I waited for a while.

I waited for a while.

**01/09/2021**

Come on in just a little while.

What’s your favorite book?

What makes you smile.

There’s a picture from another land that just might be my favorite.

I thought we had an understanding.

But then you went off the rails

You hurt me with your branding.

I screamed at you for your tone and after all that’s been said and done

I don’t regret it one iota.

I moved to another country

I moved to another state of mind.

Beyond the county line

Taking my time with my modes.

Feeling our where the notes go

Just so.

Needed to make a space for other people.

Have to tighten up my process, my position.

And I am there now.

I am at the center.

I have been to the mountain and the mountain is everywhere.

This unconscious process has been difficult to delineate, but we are getting there.

Finding our footing as we go. Making sure to consolidate along the way.

When we slide back, we’ll slide back, but we won’t slide all the way back.

Compared to where I was a year ago, we are golden!

I truly have grown a great deal in this last year and the fact that I am now mailing our letters and postcards is a huge milestone. I had to retreat into myself and sort some things out- my body, my mind, my soul, before I could confidently communicate with other people.

Your ego is but a lawn ornament on the infinite plain of humanity.

A lot of my writing is just ego release. We need to understand this and understand how to mitigate this emotion management aka existing as a human and not allowing the challenge of being a human overwhelm the intrinsic joy of it all.