



The Server

I don't want no trouble, don't wanna bust your bubble and tell ya'll the truth.

Ain't nothing to this but some evil spoo

Of a jealous friend, hating to the end, the you, the me, the new of everything.

The goodness that God brings.

No wish to smile, not even for a while, not in the direction of the someone. The someone on the list, the list for people to hate.

The people demonstrate, never alleviate, the feelings, the concerns, always wanting to right someone else's wrong.

But the mirror never lies, the conscious never lies, the ocean always tides up or down.

No matter the more the freakish fools clown.

Mark me, mark me, the shining light will come through. It's God, through and through. He's just keeping an eye on you.

Souls swelter left and right, ready to fight to punish the punishable, to hurt the weak, to bury the strong, all the long, seeking the throne.

No truth in sight, just a little more might, than the other one.

Bolder than thisser one. And thatter one.

No wins, no losses, just more video bosses.

Pointing and clicking your smile, targeting, marketing, delivering, a staged production, of a great big lie, served with apple pie, and carrot sauce.

Not tasty, just delicious. All the syllables pronounced and spelled correctly.

And matter of factly, speaking the truthful lies.