

Side A:
, Ain't I?

Like a phantom limb
An unsung hymn
Or a prophet whose disciples
Have cut out his tongue

Selling off true desires
To those who would conspire
And waiting for a messiah
Who is fat with their cries for help

Like a heap of gold
Under a house that is sold
It is the poorest man who
Knows not what he possesses

Beneath Hell there is something worse
A circle not written of in Dante's verse,
A daily damnation right on this earth

Pestilence of the penniless
Execution by destitution
Tortured by visions in high-definition
Of every single blood-soaked gear

A man bereft of hope
Can soon find death so close
When an empty wallet matters most
And what really makes him human goes unnoticed

Goes unnoticed
It all goes unnoticed
Every one goes out unnoticed

Unless your death sparks a realization
One worthy of monetary donation

Worthless life Stolen death

Like a phantom limb

Side B:

That's Your Decision, Man

If you look close you can see the imperfection
But it passed without detection
No mirror can cast a true reflection
But it passed without detection

PANIC should have come so long ago to
DESPARGE and wipe away the layer of grime (that coats the)
CITIES with selfish people, selfish minds
CLAWING to make up for squandered time

Swallow your hopes for a messiah
Its place is in the holiest of fires

Though it can conceive infinity
The mind has boundaries
Certain things that it can never know
It's time to let these myths go

EQUAL now no being is greater than the next
EQUAL the way it should have always been

Beneath Hell it's clear there is no plan
So make worth of the life put in every man
Trust your heart to never steer you wrong
In the land man built where no gods belong

Music written and performed in January 2011 by Mean Streak. Recorded and mixed by Tim Beck.

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