

Rob Mangs - XXX

Ballad of a Tin Man:

born in a hospice but he grew up in the country
he takes his dedication and he brings it to the foundry
turns it all to money and drags it down the mountain
specie wont lose its shimmer and is damn sure worth the bounty
he claims hes 38 but with the same breathe says "who's counting?"

Well, he pages through bukowski taking time to read each slowly
he bought a second copy cause he knows that dark is lonely
when the verses lose their sting he calls it time to change the author
loves to death to analize and will take it to his coffin
what is less than real is written and he accepts that offer
stopping once an hour to insure that he'll stay concious

His walls remain white because he doesnt like the colours
he doesnt really see them, says he gets it from his mother
he doesnt like the modern world, equates it all with torture.
waking up regardless, i'd consider him a matyr
turning blue eyes to the ground
he got them from his father

and his house is made of plaster;
plastered on the earth that bore him
his alarms been quiet for some time, has no bearing on his timing
he oils up his tin joints, to stop them from grinding
when i ventured the question "what stops you from dying?"
he gave the knife another spin, another drink
and then starts crying.

hes looking for the wizzard to obtain a certain organ
but the calm face of the water just keeps on talking
she asked him for a kiss, hes too tired to ignore it
but that lady is a snake, in the water drinking poison.
it was too late or maybe too early
the riptide pulled him towards her
hes now another dead relic on the shell of our tortoise.