

Seat.

By Samuel Gordon

Here is where I sit.
That is all there is.
Here is where I sit.
That is all there will be.
Here is where I think.
My thoughts, eating away at my happiness.
Here is where I think.
My thoughts, a rabid dog with an appetite for emotions.

What if?
There's no way to know, to understand
To know if my whole lifes planned
I can't believe in something I can't see
What if?
There's no way to know, to understand
To know if my whole lifes planned
The end is always creeping up on me.

I'm stuck in this rut and there's no way to escape.
I want to shut their mouths but I don't have any tape
No way to block out these knives that keep attacking my joy
I tried so many times but there's still nothing to destroy
I sit still almost to the point of tears
My fears crowding around me like photographers to a celebrity
The celebrity being a washed-up, broken down freak,
who has no life left, but only a seat.

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Up down left seat. The directions the thoughts come from
This false faith, furiously forced on me without question
The world is stuck with this obsession, an oppression
The thoughts will come nonstop, no exceptions
Like a disease with no cure, fleas in my mind, feeding all the time
Biting and scratching, crawling all over me
Don't they see there is a common enemy
Not the one thinks but the one who made his hysteria
A bacteria destroying my inferior interior
Crack!

Then my mind stops.
A broken leg, a defeat
No more thoughts, no more knives,
No. More. Seat.