

Bury Me In Gold

I was told to kiss ass
to live in the shadows
to pipe down
to not ask questions
to lower the drama
to add arts to fully hide
to stop fidgeting
I was shown how to do it right
I was led to believe in one way
I was guided along the grain
I was formed within a mold
I was scolded for choice A
I was scolded for choice B
C D E F G
Paramount raised a brow at my schemes
Nothing was grade A

No scars, no bruise
Without a grandor story
No hesitation nor regrets
In chosen tracks

No color unwelcome
In the life story rainbow
No deposits made
Without interest paid

Before you place me in the cold
And leave me for naught
Fill my bed with Gold
So my happiness can be bought

Lower me down inch by inch
Slow enough to sink in
Turn my ears down so I can listen
To beating heart of the earth

Roll till my heart is down,
So I can love the ground's natural thirst
Allow my face to greet Earth first
My adulterous face to meet its final mask

While you peer down and ruminate
“she wore this—
• — looked like this”

Let the sun beat down
And magnify how you judge
Effecting the way you sweat

Let the sun beat down
And meet my Moon.
Enjoy the reflection the Moon offers you

Don't break your downward gaze,
Rather bend and bestow a peck;
Please bury me below the sweet green grass
So the critics have to bow down to kiss my ass.