

Poetry Series

# Theorem The Truth Serum

- poems -

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# Theorem The Truth Serum(1979-present)

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STARS

They wake up in the night  
When the sun is no longer bright  
They bring light  
To the pitch black night  
Cats crouch inside the shadows

STREETLIGHTS

give a bit of light  
But sounds  
Are all around  
They are unidentifiable  
They are defined not by what you see  
But only from what you hear  
Mystery is revealed when the stars come out

STARS

are worlds apart  
And so is your heart  
I'll blow you the kiss of the comet  
If you blow it right back

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Line

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Life is a line  
And I am drawing a fine one  
And I am writing a new one  
To tackle each step with intensity  
A fluid motion of comprehension  
A pretense of knowledge  
Swirling inside everyone's day  
Your knowledge is different  
My knowledge is mine  
I breathe in deeply  
I understand my definition  
What I say is me can only be me  
What you say is only a consideration  
Though one may know me well  
Life is a line  
And I am drawing a fine one  
And I am writing a new one  
I am defining a new life  
With every action that I take  
And every aspect that is real  
My perception is the hand that draws and writes  
What is real to me is all in my poetry  
The thing that solves everything is discipline  
The discipline of a soldier  
But with a better destiny  
I tackle my self to fall back on the line  
I look at this line  
I can see the chronology  
And I am the scientist  
Who measures my line  
Who measures it's distance  
Who creates it's distance  
Life is a line  
And I am drawing a fine one  
And I am writing a new one  
It is my definition

Theorem The Truth Serum

# 1

As the world's economy spirals in the toilet like a turd;  
I can only think of one sentence, we deserve it.  
Our hearts are far from pure and our water is dirty with man.  
The blood in our veins pumps a canal full of pain.  
Our conscience is perverted with drugs and greed.  
Our ears listen only to the selfish voice inside our own minds  
or to some vile creature who's whispering 'sweet' nothings  
of persuasion to follow their own selfish dreams.  
We are swept off of our feet by this unsuspecting broom  
and we realize that we are tripping and we are falling  
but what can we do when we are just one person?  
Well really we are one person in a crowd full of silent ones.  
Ones who cover their mouths with their own hand  
when their mouths can be speaking and their hands can be typing.  
One does not equal zero and one and one make two.  
Two and one make three, three and one make four.  
It keeps growing until it maxes out like a credit card.  
It shows that the power of one can be many.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## 41st Poem(For This Poetic Community)

I have surpassed forty poems  
that I have written for this poetic community and see  
the good news I have shed  
and the bad news I have shed  
I see that none of this has caused any movements  
but hopefully more minds are aware  
Hopefully more minds are open  
It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks  
It is hard to influence any dog that is not being overseen  
I cannot just simply take a man and force him to see the truth  
because for my forty truths there are a billion lies  
that contradict me

They divide us all

All I want to do is to say one thing for this forty-first poem  
Love is the most important thing  
Most poems and stories are about love  
There is no lie to contradict that

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Better Country

You say that the democrats  
are starting a political war.  
You have finally told the truth about something.  
It's been a political war ever since  
you denied slaves their rights.  
Then we picked a fight.  
You also later denied them everyones same rights.  
Then we picked a fight.  
These are all fundamentally moral things  
that as citizens of the US we are supposed  
to be protected from.  
You eavesdropp on us whenever you like.  
My life is not yours you punk.  
If it was I'd already be dead from  
not surviving another one of your whack crusades.  
It's time for the democrats to start a political war  
because they are doing nothing to suppress your actions.  
They too have been bending over like Tony Blair.  
We need a better country.  
We need a better world.  
Our rights are our rights why should some politician  
be able to vote them away.  
We should clean them all out and hold  
them accountable for their actions.  
We don't push them enough.  
We let them do things too freely.  
The power needs to reside in the people.  
That is what we are promised.  
That is what we aren't getting.  
We need a better country.  
We need a better world.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Biography Of One Man's Destiny

Destiny hopefully knocks on our door at the right time  
because I know I missed the train and forgotten my ticket  
when it has tried to give me a chance  
I have become ecstatic and full of light  
ever since destiny came together  
like a puzzle

I had the box and the pieces in my possession  
but I guess it took a little bit of time  
because I over think  
I over analyze

I have this unbeatable streak  
of missing destiny's knock on the door  
Well finally I answered and  
everything is coming together

No missing pieces no bent  
or child manipulated pieces  
Just a brand new box with  
the plastic wrapping right next to it  
with the steep price tag of 31 years

The pieces are all out  
like my exposed heart  
Everything is there  
Everything is fastened together  
Everything is great  
I apologize to myself  
for wasting so many years  
before I found my destiny

Theorem The Truth Serum



# A Buffoon

He walks with more than one  
shadow lingering behind him.  
He looks around anxiously  
with eyes that are set on  
finding his next victim.  
He carries a briefcase full  
of notes that boast his ego.  
He stops to look at you  
only if you have done  
something wrong.  
His words are judgmental  
and quite unfair.  
He knows nothing of fairness  
or level-headedness.  
He is a terror and will  
not acknowledge his own demise.  
He is a manager, a tyrant, and a buffoon.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Captive Who Is Not Captivated

Love is the only routine  
that I wish to live for  
Though that is impossible  
under the terms that we  
now live under  
I understand this

What I want to know is  
why is there no alternative  
Why are we all forced  
to live the same way  
I would have to live  
in another country  
if I really wanted a change

If I spoke another language  
I would get on a plane and go  
Due to our useless education  
that does not give us these skills  
I am forced to stay here  
like a captive who is not captivated

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Chemical Induced Lie

Lingering upon the mucus membrane  
it seeps into the blood like  
medicine being injected by a needle  
You smile and laugh  
and then it hits you  
Your on a freeway  
and a semi smacks into  
you going 55 mph  
and you are going 100  
Colors flood into you vision  
Every thought imaginable  
is thought until you come down  
or until you fall dead asleep  
Nearing its end  
you feel that you  
have learned so much  
about your present surroundings  
Wait until you wake up  
You'll learn that it is only  
a chemical induced lie

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Dancer Without Shoes

Each day is as disastrous as the next.  
I spend my time looking up at ceilings,  
looking up at the moving clouds.  
I fiddle around my brain trying  
to find an end to this crisis.  
My life is war between  
what to do and what not to do.  
The do's become mundane,  
the do's are just piling up like  
a garbage heap of useless trinkets.  
I have no where to put them put  
in the landfill of my head.  
It's full of uninspired babble  
looking for an excuse to do nothing.  
I'm a dancer without shoes attempting  
to go through the motions while I repeatedly  
stumble and fall as I forget why I get up.  
This dancer is only searching for that  
perfect performance that will keep me  
inspired to wake up and feel purpose.  
I can't help to feel purposeless because  
without shoes I can't walk without pain.  
The pain becomes blisters of an empty  
existence that only persists because  
I feel that one day there will be an end  
to all of this crisis driven suffering.  
Is it my middle age or is it all real?  
I see cars driving and going to jobs  
propelled to prevail in their search  
for security and comfort.  
I'm an old couch who's lost  
all his ability to make one fall asleep.  
I'm unrest and I am torture.  
Lie awake, look up and find some new  
imperfection in the ceiling and make  
it a metaphor for how you're feeling.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Depressing Figure Painted On Canvas

Life is so mundane and repetitive  
Sometimes you need a reason  
or a life numbing tranquilizer  
That becomes the balance  
to your overwhelming deterioration  
caused by this repetition  
It feels like an exile from happiness  
A depressing figure painted on canvas  
dressed in a black robe  
Flames flaring up the background  
of a man stuck in a corner  
he waits for the fire to devour him  
It could be any minute now  
He's probably sick of hearing  
the crackling wood thats smoldering  
I bet he just wants it to end

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Fork Stuck In My Ribcage

Do you really need a boat bigger than most houses  
to enjoy yourself in life?

Do you?

I feel sad if you do,  
because that chunk of money used;  
could save lives,  
could stop wars,  
could build schools (for kids without them) ,  
or millions of other helpful ideas.

I know it is not right to judge,  
but sometimes I can't help but speak out  
about what I am against.

How can people spend so much money on something  
that is fleeting like a one night stand?

What does it do for them?

I would like to know and I am sure I am not the only one.

If I was,

I would shut up as if I did not have a tongue.

These thoughts don't spring from jealousy,  
they spring from decency,

because poetically, I am inquisitive towards these rich derivatives. That make  
money off the walking impulsive convulsions.

Out of the womb pulsing,

to grow into your money making obsession, impressive.

Slaves to the obsessive greedy accomplishment aggressive.

Looking up as I lay on a plate with a fork stuck in my rib cage,

I am left with this all to contemplate.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## A Good Samaritan

Her skin is a dark caramel  
Her brown eyes are searching for the good in you  
Her smile is the door to the good in her  
She is a selfless one and serves Allah well  
Her love exemplifies that of the Mother Mary  
Her voice is a consoling wind  
And her touch is gentle and pure  
She is a good Samaritan  
She has no allegiances with you  
But she only acts in ways that help you  
Many people would say it is her  
Obligation as a doctor to act as such  
But many doctors do not act as they should  
I hope that she is very successful  
Because she will do good things with her skills

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# A Little Closer

Who the hell are you?  
Your molded with the beauty  
of our mother earth  
Whether you came from  
Adam or from Eve  
I care not  
I just want to  
get a little closer

Theorem The Truth Serum



# A Lost Retail Store Child

These eyes open up every day  
to megatons of trite and destruction  
They've seen tears flooding cheeks  
like a natural disaster does streets  
They've peered into the lives of various  
random characters that have happened  
to step right in front of them  
What they have seen so far has been  
dismal at its very best  
Behind them, hope has often been lost  
Every once in a while someone comes  
along and shakes its moral core  
They see an example that was  
thought to be a lost retail store child  
They cry out with every blink to find their mother  
Clutching to the air that surrounds them,  
they look around to see questioning eyes  
that are compelled by this entertaining scene  
Do they really care about the truth behind the scene  
No not really, they just want to stand and watch  
until a true mother comes up and tries to help the kid  
A true mother has come up and helped the kid  
She has helped him stay on track  
Even if sometimes he takes a step back  
How has she helped him...  
By simply being a good example.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Man Should Protect Love

Love is something that people have a hard time translating.  
I'm one man with one big incomplete translation.  
I try and try as much as the other guy but it is hard.  
Love is something that a man should protect.  
I am a human man and we are not 100% all the time.  
All we can really do is to try to be.  
A man should protect a woman's heart from sadness.  
The world is sad enough and will feed her plenty  
of unhealthy doses of sadness so why give her your own brand.  
A man should protect the ability for a woman's heart to  
speak with in its expressive tones so that it can be heard.  
A man should inspire their women to go after their dreams  
as often as possible because it is important for someone to have dreams.  
A man should never act as the superior over their women because  
what a man lacks the woman possesses so his ear should  
always be open to his woman out of respect.  
A man should not pour on jealousy heavy like a heavy cream.  
If you cannot trust the woman then what good is she?  
We get married to form a partnership as one not to have  
complete control over somebody because that is not love.  
I'll repeat; love is something that a man should protect.  
The want of control doesn't translate into dictatorship over anyone.  
That is fascism my friend and the world has repeatedly fought  
to erase fascism out of existence.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Never Ending Bloodbath

I'm an MC on a stage with a mic and filled with rage.  
Can't turn the page until this episode is over.  
Can't get lucky without a four leaf clover.  
So I stand and wait, for God to give me a clean slate,  
and I ask the world to erase the hate like pencil mistakes.  
It has already been too late, but it's never too late to be great.  
Like Alexander, on my music I meander like a creek dwelling salamander.

I wear my camouflage like a mirage to sabotage  
my flaws like my own personal plastic surgeon.  
Cuttin up my weaknesses so I can be a better version.  
We're all beautiful up to our last breath,  
but in death, we express the struggle to accept.  
Because our minds are inept to understand the concept.  
There is so much possibility, but we end it quickly  
by fostering a discouraging affinity.  
I just wish we would shine vibrantly, may humanity  
live as one, one day or some other way  
that no one has thought up so therefore, they would never say.

Why can't a genius be free of capitalism, rather than  
being a divided schism working for the men of the prism.  
But guess I can forgive them, they know not but I guess if they did, they'd be  
shot, or left in a ditch buried alive  
left to rot.

My paragraphs breathe life into so many wasted epitaphs.  
Too many people predicting life through graphs and math.  
Why can't we use it to take us off this warpath?  
Where the innocence feel the aftermath of a man's wrath  
that morphs into a never ending bloodbath.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A New Brain

I stand here one human being  
That doesn't like what he is seeing  
Our actions need cleaning  
Because of where we are leaning  
Letting these neo-cons  
Act like they are the last don  
Killing the innocent  
Just because they are different  
We sit and watch from our TV  
Just waiting for what is to be  
Another death on the worshiped screen  
What will really happen is yet to be seen  
World War three in high definition  
Another failed honorable mission  
The next time this government has a thought  
They should realize they are the ones that should be shot  
They started this race towards immorality  
And now everyone is on the train and that is reality  
How can we get ourselves out of this pickle  
When we are the seeds inside that are fickle  
So spend this new budget on a new brain  
And make sure that it is sane

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A New Light Bulb

I got a new light bulb today,  
the other one exploded in the  
arms of the lamp, turned out to  
be a standard gas-filled light bulb  
(shorter life span): but this new one,  
this new one works graciously.  
It impossibly gets brighter everyday.  
It radiates warmth that is beyond  
the capacity said on it's package.  
It reads lifelong light bulb, but  
that doesn't mean it isn't delicate;  
it still needs to be handled properly.  
It still can break like glass bludgeoned  
by a blunt-ended object (think selfishness, etc.) .  
I guess it is my job to be thankful for this light  
that has been blessed upon me; don't  
take it for granted and see how long it shines.  
Help her shine, handle with care.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Piece Of Hay

Why did I waste my thoughts on you?  
Why did I waste my time too?  
I thought you were a needle  
but you turned out to be a piece of hay.  
All I wanted was you in a good way.  
Now I say good night and good day.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Piece Of Paper

I let you get away  
like a piece of paper  
blowing in the wind  
I couldn't catch up  
I grew tired of your  
rude comments  
that went straight to my heart  
I opened up and you  
closed me back up  
That really hurt  
but I got back up  
after a few days

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Place That Is Pure

A grand building was built  
so that people could come to worship.  
The cup of blood was forged out of gold  
so that people would not mind drinking  
it in the early hours of the morning.  
A melodic song was written  
so that a band could be placed  
in the back of the church  
to make sure that everyone was entertained.  
Donuts were bought for after mass  
so that this church could be a socializing community.  
All of this money spent sickens me.  
All of the Catholics condone this behavior.  
I have even heard them say how beautiful the church is.  
This is why I can not be amongst you anymore.  
I choose to worship alone in a place that is pure,  
my heart.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# A Shy Tulip

She's a shy tulip, she won't open her petals easily.  
She'll only open up for the sun and there is only one  
who can inspire photosynthesis. She waits in a bed of soil,  
naked with yearning. Will the sun come and shine for her?  
Will she be stuck with the moon forever, getting a tease  
of sunlight through his lonely reflection? She hopes that one day  
the moon will one day turn into a sunrise,  
so she can be free from her prison, her garden.  
Then her roots can become legs and petals arms,  
ones that she can use to walk to her beloved sun  
and fall into his warm embrace.  
She can then look upon his face with an everlasting smile.  
Her sun can evaporate water and rain on her,  
the fountain of youth, and her beauty shall be  
revered forever by her sun, her protector.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Simple Life

I can see it in your eyes,  
we the people want change.  
No more do we want to see  
the banks and the corporations  
running our lives like a mass  
produced fiefdom.  
We're not serfs,  
we are people.  
They take advantage of the ones  
who just want a simple life.  
The life that has been lived  
billions of times.  
A life that is provided,  
a life that is predictable.  
One that has love for  
the people that surround us.  
I don't need much more than  
what I have represented.  
I don't need control over millions  
and I don't want to be controlled by few.  
I just want what you want, a simple life.  
I don't want to constantly guard my  
millions of dollars of worth.  
I just want to guard my self worth.  
It may take the right to bear arms.  
It might take my life some day.  
If you push me in a corner,  
I'll become that wild animal  
that has been kept suppressed.  
I have rights and the few better  
stop trying to take them away.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A State Of Entropy(Poetry Slam)

You better back you actions with morals  
But instead you are a chief  
who cooks up inedible morsels  
Laser points aimed at your torso  
Just step aside cause no one will take the bullet  
You're as fresh as an uncut mullet  
Swept into the dust pan to be thrown away  
But somehow you stay  
Yo serve us the beginnings of the Apocalypse  
Our seas become blood  
And begin to flood  
We are the ruins that we serve on a platter  
Filled with saucers and cups  
thrown around by a mad hatter  
Who's ego won't shatter  
Stones thrown at this stubborn window  
That stands as a symbol  
Of tyranny and purgery  
We need to remove you by scalpel and surgery  
I put on the mask and begin to breathe  
But some how this blade goes dull and you will not leave  
I would pray but they are never answered  
You keep on growing and it grows like cancer  
With murderous results  
Revolt  
Turmoil  
We are in a state entropy  
I feel evil souls trying to enter me  
But my will won't allow it  
The strongest thing that I have control of  
And my will chooses to love  
So be at peace and maybe one day you will learn  
that the world is not here to just burn  
It is here to live  
and we are here to give  
Not take  
hopefully one day,  
this habit you will break

## Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Struggling Human Being

A struggling human being  
is going to make some  
bad choices no matter  
what color their skin is  
so deal with it

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Victim(Song)

She grabs my legs  
With an outstretched arm  
When I awake  
She holds me down  
with her mammoth grip  
To keep me trapped  
I try to pivot my body around  
To make my escape  
But her grip is so strong  
I'm left here defenseless

I'm a victim in your world  
Plastic cards and technology  
These are the things that plague me  
In my infinite

Gaia is cruel to me  
She has it out for me  
She keeps me locked  
In her round prison  
A begger dressed in rags  
I cant ever get ahead  
I'm haunted by my past  
An alien in civilian clothing  
I don't want to understand  
Why we are all bound to the man

I'm a victim in your world  
Plastic cards and technology  
These are the things that plague me  
In my infinite

Theorem The Truth Serum

# A Village Princess

The sun shines down upon this small village  
The golden locks of wild grass on irrigated land  
illuminated like an accentuated contemporary painting  
Small adobe houses upon acres of land  
spread out like poppy seeds upon a muffin  
The small general store with bushels of food  
is the place where everyone gathers  
Secrets fly like birds heading south for the winter  
Everyone is known and everything is known  
A woman with the features of someone  
who has already come of age walks up holding  
a basket ready to be filled with essentials  
walks up to the front of the general store  
whispering sounds of the entrance of this enchanted beauty

'There is Ms. Vasquez... she is such a good daughter.  
Her mother lays in bed with countless ailments and  
she stays even though she has a bright life  
hanging over her head.'

This type of sacrificial beauty never seen much  
but still exists with in the heart of a village princess  
Who smiles and walks around as if the world is the grandest place  
Beauty sets upon her tanned face

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Abandoned Sheep

If only people were decent,  
we'd have more heroes  
rather than fictional ones.  
Instead, we bicker over  
altercations between stubborn  
men and women in our congress  
over ideologies that render us useless.  
We have this 'perfect' political system  
that has transformed into a paraplegic  
disaster that needs someone to pick  
it up and move it in another direction.  
We need to stimulate something.  
Our factories are broken beehives.  
Our workforce is full of fellatio  
giving secretaries that can  
no longer think for themselves.  
Our primary objective is to service  
the people and create nothing new.  
We are a temporary boost to China  
while they climb the ladder by selling  
us inferior products that we gobble  
up because it is cheaper and showcased  
all across the country in a Walmart store.  
Walmart is the biggest traitor to America  
and you are all grabbing your shopping carts  
every day and filling them up with crap  
that will maybe last for a year.  
Whatever happened to the American  
product that we once all bought  
because it was the best?  
I guess this is what we get  
for strong arming the world  
and squeezing whatever we  
could out of it like it was a towel  
that we needed dry for our own purposes.  
We can change it around and actually  
care for our people in this country.  
We are now this American brand  
that sold us out to make



a bigger profit for the one percent.  
We fill the pockets of these individuals  
while they are traitors to our people.  
Those are our jobs, we are the ones  
who buy up all your useless crap  
that makes you traitors rich.  
We are a bunch of abandoned sheep  
herded and created to make these  
traitors more powerful and they  
look at the chess board as they  
drink their wine and watch us ease  
ourselves into checkmate.  
Man we are stupid.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Abuse Me

She just wants to use me  
You don't mind if you lose me  
So charge me up and abuse me  
She just likes to confuse me  
You just want to refuse me

She really didn't care to begin with  
She chewed me up and spit me out  
Threw me away into her trash bin  
And left my heart for dead  
Just like all the other ones  
I'm left with my failed sensitivities

She just wants to use me  
You don't mind if you lose me  
So charge me up and abuse me  
She just likes to confuse me  
You just want to refuse me

I could get angry but where will that go  
I could ball up and hide but what will that do  
I'm left here crushed like a recycled can  
Just to be recycled so I can do this again  
Please don't tease me  
Just release me

She just wants to use me  
You don't mind if you lose me  
So charge me up and abuse me  
She just likes to confuse me  
You just want to refuse me

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Accept Thyself

Reality cannot be defined  
There are almost six billion  
different definitions of reality  
walking around this earth  
to face its cruel entanglements  
There is only one true thing about reality  
We must find out our own reality  
for ourselves above all else  
Accept thyself

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Accepted And Respected Lies

Words have struck again  
Poems with symbols  
That are defined as horrific  
Have been stripped away  
Their offensive nature taken away  
Deleting out an emotion  
Tyrannical poem gods from above  
Have cut them down with the mightiest of axes  
Maybe raw emotion is hated so much  
Or maybe it is just not understood  
Miscalculated numbers  
Totally misunderstood  
There is beauty within them  
They can be used in good context  
Who cares about these easily offended rejects  
To accept things you must embrace both the good and the bad of it  
We have divorced our own language  
Harvested it and cultivated a new understanding for it  
This is unacceptable, we do not live in a dream world  
Fabled fairytales are just fables  
They don't deserve any respect  
That is why we have accepted and respected lies

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Airbrushed Painting

I saw an airbrushed painting  
below a highway ramp,  
below the clouds end.  
The sun still had a little influence  
left in the days sky.  
It wasn't ready to give up the day  
to the night just yet.  
This was a miraculous window  
into the pan browned yellow sky that  
was mixed with the urban tones in  
which our civilization now reflects.  
To me it symbolized our current state of being;  
Even though we are shrouded by darkness,  
we can still find beauty underneath its blanket.

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# All I Know Is Love

I wish that I could mend the broken end.  
You weren't my best friend,  
but you were worth more than that.  
A name I will never forget.  
One as sweet as your eyes when ours first met.  
A smile so beautiful it's worth more than this poet,  
who wrote it but you'll never notice.  
You try to forget me and I, you.  
This is hard to swallow; this is hard to chew.  
Tough like metal breaking teeth,  
if only I can exhale you like I breathe.  
I wish my mind could release,  
it does most of the time.  
More and more like a rock climb,  
I'll one day be at the top.  
The key is to never drop.  
It was hard not to fall like rain,  
amidst all my sustaining pain.  
Dropping onto the concrete,  
blisters formed on my cold feet.  
I don't want to walk anymore.  
The farther I walk, the farther  
it takes me away from you.  
All I know is love.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Am I A Good Shepard?

My hands will probably be forever molding  
Because my life will be forever changing  
An episode  
is a stage  
and a stage  
is but a page in a chapter  
of forgotten words  
New experiences  
come from old experiences  
Mashed together in this shepard's pie  
your thoughts create your pie  
and your mind is the shepard  
Leading everything into the pie  
unlike pi  
there will be an end  
What will my pie look like  
Will it live forever  
Am I a good shepard

Theorem The Truth Serum

# An Apple Fallen From The Tree

In a gangsta saloon  
under the moon  
Hearin' gun shots go bomb  
Louder than an orchestra  
of people in a crowded room.  
Fat rims and lights dim  
come out and play on these  
concrete jungle gyms  
Prayin hymns out on a whim  
playin with skin let 'em live  
Lost boys forever kids  
Dilated inside their eyelids  
Candy paint moral faint  
everybody needs a saint  
Examples trample like a stampede  
A full course meal but it's just a sample  
Ongoing restlessness endless  
a diverted path helpless  
Burden is tremendous  
Pillars are pretended  
Love forgotten now it's rotten  
an apple fallen from the tree  
Lawlessness roams free  
Segregated away from  
the cream of the crop  
Jobs drop on the floor  
like the tip of a mop  
Not enough janitors  
to clean up the slop  
Scenes of excuses  
disregarded influences  
looked upon as a nuisance  
Nothing will change  
while we are useless  
and not thinkin' positive

Theorem The Truth Serum



# An Arrow

There is an arrow  
and it is pointing  
towards the east  
It is not an arrow to blame  
or an arrow to shame  
It is an arrow to the game  
and they have started  
to monopolize on it  
It is because we divide  
but who really cares because  
the top is a lonely road  
A road to jealousy  
and a road to corruption  
so let the arrow point to  
the most prosperous  
and the most corrupt  
Let it shift to the east  
because I have seen  
what it has done to the west

Theorem The Truth Serum

# An Aware Spirit

I'm on a mission  
to find my conscience  
joining together with  
my subconscious  
If this happens  
I will become  
an aware spirit  
One must be aware  
of everything in order  
to do the right thing  
all the time

Theorem The Truth Serum

# An Old House

Everything comes and goes  
but I still stay the same  
I have the same clothes and  
the same emotionless expressions  
The same car and the same pointless  
outlook upon our existence  
I'm just an old house upon  
a lonely hill waiting to be  
occupied with something different  
I have the same white paint  
that is ready to peel completely off  
I have the same windows half of which  
are shattered and scattered pieces  
I have the same door that now  
lays upon the floor sad and useless  
When will this change?  
When will I change?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Anomaly

Mimimize me  
And make me whole  
Simplify me  
So we don't get tangled  
Justify me  
And let me in  
I welcome in Apherdite  
On my way to you  
I will burrow in deep  
Before we sleep

theres more to us  
sit back and watch it open  
like a generous explosion  
on a wayward path to your arms  
merciful in your arms  
loving you til shutdown

Draw a line through me  
Check if I'm symmetrical  
Look in me  
Is everything there  
Collapse against me  
You'll be well received  
I call out to the muses  
Inspire me a love song  
I will take it deep  
Before I sleep

sit back and watch it open  
like a generous explosion  
on a wayward path to your arms  
merciful in your arms  
loving you til shutdown

Your beauty is dilated  
Appreciated  
Symmetrical  
Electrical anomaly

Whenever you touch me

sit back and watch it open  
like a generous explosion  
on a wayward path to your arms  
merciful in your arms  
loving you til shutdown

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Another One

'Do I have another one in me today? '  
I ask myself.  
I suddenly take over this screen  
and every second that goes by,  
black lines take over the white.  
These words are my language.  
Sometimes I guess only I can interpret it,  
but most of the time I'm sure it is fine.  
Really I don't care either way,  
because I am still going to write.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Another Season

Nothing is as pure as a rainy day  
because with each trickling drop  
it sustains our lives for another season  
Life will end when the water decides  
to not fall from the sky again

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Another Turn

I can't crawl forever  
One day I am going  
to have to walk  
Whether those footsteps  
take another turn or  
head towards you  
is entirely up to you  
Right now they  
are facing the door  
I'll give you a little hint  
All you have to do is smile  
Smile right at me and hold  
it as if you were  
in front of a camera

One smile and I would  
march my ass right over to you  
I will hold you close  
and never let go  
That is all it will take  
Your beauty hinders  
my ability to be strong  
I'll give you one minute  
to make up your mind  
and then I'm gone

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Anything For You

She has those beautiful eyes  
that make me weak  
I can't say no to anything she asks  
She just bats those eyes  
and looks into mine  
My lips tighten up and say 'yes'  
'Anything for you'  
I think to myself  
man why did I say that  
I could get in a world of trouble  
with that one

Theorem The Truth Serum

## As I Sit With You...

I see the moon as I sit with you  
The darkness no longer outlines you  
The comforter is the dark night  
Our sheets are the moonlight  
You are the blanket that keeps me warm  
You've come alive because we are born  
Your eyes blink and talk so sweet  
Without words your lips just breathe  
I see your chest rise and fall  
I hear your heart and its beating call  
We are the night and we are silent  
No need to fight or get violent  
Our song sings like a violin  
We are two lovers smiling

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Asian Girl

Dark eyes accented by black hair,  
she is an Asian girl  
that happens to be  
one of the most beautiful females  
that has ever been seen by these eyes  
It took two steps for my heart to explode.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Balance

How can we put the care in health care  
when nobody really cares in Congress?  
Nobody really cares in the health industry.  
These collective decision makers are  
a bunch of male lions eating their own cubs  
when there is plenty of food being passed around.  
These ungrateful lions have sicked the  
Republican pride upon us when they are  
no longer the kings of the jungle.  
The problem with our government is that  
they are backed by the media.  
We have all these pro commentators like  
Hannity, O'Reilly, Cavuto, Olbermann, Dobbs, Maddow, etc.  
They think they are intellectuals when  
they are a pile of hindering arrogance.  
They occasionally report the truth but most of  
the time they are dividing mathematicians  
calculating what words they can use to divide America.  
They say that they are patriots but a patriot that is for  
America would commentate on how they can change  
these institutions which are all corrupt instead of  
saying that they are the best in the world so  
they shouldn't be changed.  
These lies add to the problem and the sad thing is  
that many people believe these lies.  
A pride that works together and not against  
itself is a successful pride not the other way around.  
Repubs and Dems need to work together and not  
against each other because it is making matters worse.  
When the two parties come together they form a balance.  
That is what this country was meant to have, a balance.  
That is why this country was made the way it was made.  
Take the arrogance out of our politics and replace it with balance.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Banana

Split like a banana with no middle.  
You have the left peel and the right peel.  
Unable to come together even with  
the help from glue or duct tape,  
you're just a side of the peel.  
I guess the actual banana rotted away.  
It was sick of waiting around for you  
to cover and protect it again.  
All your bickering made it sick  
of being a part of your petty grobbling.  
When both sides come together  
and embrace one another.  
A banana is made and when they  
go home in a splitting fashion.  
The balance is made and we  
are all protected by their cooperation.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Barbaric Animals

I am a white man of European origin  
built of bones enriched by the rubble  
from cities of old imperial empires.  
I am encased in skin created from  
blood from the 'enemy', countless  
innocence, and 'just' causes.  
My mind has been filled with the idea  
that an empire is the only way to exist.  
When you live in an empire; you live  
with all the fruits of luxury that serve  
us the 'happiness' that we all deserve.  
The word guilt has been written on the foreheads  
of petty thieves and small time murders.  
The word guilty has been given to those judged  
to be a threat to the strength of the empire.  
I am a white man who is asked to give  
this tradition of controlled genocide  
to my own little rubble boned children.  
I am supposed to feed them food and  
give them gifts that were hoarded off  
the innocent victims who have been  
chosen as our new targets.  
We target them with laser point  
and we target them in our  
newspapers and in our telecasts.  
We fight them for fighting and what  
have we been doing all along for centuries.  
They call us human beings, the highest form  
of life upon this earth why?  
It is because we can write about and  
communicate about the blood we have  
flooded into our daily lives for centuries.  
We are walking talking barbaric animals.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Battered

She feels love and she's battered.  
Now her brain is skattered.  
He drinks beer and sits peacefully  
until he is reminded of something he hates.  
He rushes her like a bull bludgeoning  
her with his cowardly fists.  
He feels empowered and angry.  
How a man can grow with such  
anger and never come to grips  
with it is foolish.  
He lives the life of a fool  
and she is a fool for him.  
She forgets that the love that  
surrounds her is more powerful  
than any love he can ever try to give.  
For every sorry and forgive that  
she accepts will turn into another  
bloody episode that she rejects.  
Be strong and move on  
he lives to destroy his life and  
anyone who crosses paths in this life.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Batteries

Tired and close to the end of my shift  
I feel like giving up  
Maybe if I close my eyes  
they will never open again  
Maybe if I blow out the candles  
next year with this very wish  
then it will come true  
This thought is an abomination  
of the very nature that lives  
inside each and everyone of us  
I contemplate the end  
because the end must be near  
There is so much that I still want to see  
and feel and touch  
Sometimes batteries run out of energy  
during a time when you need  
them the most

Theorem The Truth Serum



## Be Patient....

As I walk out into the cold that is night  
I see no defining light  
The lamp posts have all gone out  
Cars have become extinct  
Sleep has taken over their market  
If the world was deserted  
this is what it would be like  
The moon in the sky is almost full  
Times aren't dark but the surroundings are  
Times from the past surface  
but only as a reminder of what you learned  
The world rolls on its axis  
I stand on top of it nearly still  
and go where it takes me  
Learn each lesson that it gives  
Live each day that I'm called to its service  
Help each human being that needs help  
Hoping that the karma comes back to me  
It hasn't yet but it will when it is ready  
to peek its head out from around a corner  
Throw me the Willow-like love powder  
and he'll say...'This is the right one, this is the right time.'  
Be patient....

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Be Yourself

To be fake or not to be fake

You may smell like flowers  
but there is no flower in you

You may be painted with the colors of a Japanese garden  
but there is no color within you

You may think that you look modern  
but you smell of sins from the past

To be real or not to be real

You may think that the truth is hard to face  
but the lie your living is worse

You may think that this is you  
but you haven't even looked inside yourself

You may ask who you are  
but only you can answer it

Be yourself

Inspired by Herbert N.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Before I Am Dead(Poetry Slam)

I fell from a crater and stepped off  
It was burning in the sky like a heaved Molotoff  
Crashed onto the earths crust  
I tried to move my muscles but it was like moving a hinge with rust  
I stood naked looking up to the moon which was full that day  
Its eye looked like slow tooth decay  
I smelled the burning of the forests  
One of my biggest tests  
Sent forth to preach love and happiness  
This delirium has become my reality  
Here to fulfill the written prophecy  
Written by the hand of a Nordic man  
Written by pictures with swirls of the hand  
Many colors depicted the coming of the soldiers of peace  
Walking below the moon in a torn white yarn fleece  
Thoughts being sent out to the messengers  
From the almighty in the heavens to his passengers  
That come to save this world of the sun  
Oh yes I am one  
I am part of the eternal sun  
Sent to shine happiness to all  
Not to institutionalize us like Paul  
But for us to be sent free to do God's work on our own  
After all we are materials made of flesh and bone  
One day we will disintegrate  
And be fed to earth the great  
We are meant to become one with it  
So why do we try to fight it  
We just become nihilistic  
Read the statistic  
My light shines more than the intercontinental ballistic  
Feel this warmth as it transitions into the light  
I'm fighting the war we all should fight  
The separation of all the races  
We will see the Lord early just because of the color of our faces  
Religions that institutionalize us to gain more power  
They all have our ears so that they can devour  
What makes us different between all animals  
We have the ability to love but still we are cannibals

Made up of syllables  
That define us like solutions on the timetables  
Reach in and foster your true ability to shed light  
I'm through with shedding tears from fright  
Some days we're orange and some days we are red  
I want to shed as much light as I can before I'm dead

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Beware Of The Red Dress

Beware of the red dress  
that is filled with lust and pride  
It will take you for a ride  
that will turn you into a mess  
Fuckin' red dress  
Your beauty is proclaimed  
but if you turn it around it is stained  
You can't wash it, there is too much dirt  
and because you tried to undress it  
you're in a world of hurt

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Birds And Bees (Song)

Her hair's black and silky satin  
It drapes onto her shoulders  
Her eyes black like obsidian  
She smoothly smiles me into oblivion  
I don't even know that I am giving in

You're a blossomed flower  
And I am a tree  
Maybe we can be like birds and bees  
Are you attracted,  
Attracted to me  
Maybe we can be like birds and bees

You move quiet and subtle  
A sleek and perfect lioness  
Let me hear you roar  
We're always hungry  
Look into my eyes  
and maybe you'll realize  
We may be a puzzle  
That fits perfectly  
Like birds and bees

You're a blossomed flower  
And I am a tree  
Maybe we can be like birds and bees  
Are you attracted,  
Attracted to me  
Maybe we can be like birds and bees

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Black Plastic

Another one thousand left today  
They embarked on danger  
walking side by side with it  
waiting for it to come  
It explodes and it chases  
in the desert it is winning the races  
There is too much fear on our faces  
Its the man in the white house  
He takes people away from their spouse  
Bring the one hundred thousand plus home  
because the only ones that are coming back  
are the ones covered by black plastic

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Blanket

Her smile glimmers like the sun's reflection  
off the surface of the ocean;  
a blue blanket mixed with light.  
Comforting when we speak,  
I feel wrapped in a warm embrace  
like a kid with his blanket  
rocking on a rocking chair.  
I guess I've feared to move on,  
I don't want to shovel pain  
like coal into a fire pit.  
I guess when the right one comes,  
my fears will be blanketed  
by your light like life is  
by the blue blanket that reflects light.  
What is there to fear?  
Why do we fear?  
I guess it is normal here  
when the blankets before  
shredded by wear and tear.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Bloodline

cypher divine

I call upon your bloodline  
may it combine with mine

so I can refine

these words in my own design

May they capture your hearts  
and awaken the right parts

your soul and your smarts

cause mcs are held captive by beats

and continuing an image of the streets

but life is more complex

it sucks you in its infinite vortex

and takes you to planet x

x is the variable and you are the mathematician

the planet becomes your state of experimentation

Hurry up time is a wastin'

cypher divine

I call upon your bloodline

may it combine with mine

so I can refine

these words in my own design

This is the invention

of a new dimension

and I wouldn't change a thing

maybe these words are puzzling

it is up to you to decipher their meaning

it may mean craziness to you

or something completely different too

all I ask is that you read and think it through

there is no maliciousness in my view

I'm writing this to challenge you

So now what you gonna do?

cypher divine

I call upon your bloodline

may it combine with mine

so I can refine

these words in my own design

may they come to define

the properties to an open mind

can cause a man who sees to go blind  
if he chooses to stay confined  
inside his own opinions as well as his mind  
We are all victims of our bloodline  
we are victims of our timeline  
we are all victims of our own mind  
I ask you not to watch the tv for your point of view  
I ask you to watch and think it through  
otherwise we are all convenient fools  
who live and die to follow the rules  
if we did we'd still have slavery  
if we did we'd be bending over and taking it freely

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Bobbing For Apples

I disappear into a myriad of thoughts  
Every waking moment  
makes me conscious to about one hundred new ones  
It can be overwhelming  
but it can also be inspiring  
In these thoughts there is production  
well at least of some sort  
In these thoughts there is also confusion  
Everything is mixed up in this barrel of a mind  
but finding the right thoughts  
is like bobbing for apples  
It may take a few tries before I bite into the right one

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Book Of Matches

Being lonely is a curse that  
I cannot rid myself of.  
There are times when  
I am so close to being matched,  
but then the book of matches  
suddenly combusts because  
they find something about me  
that they feel needs burning.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Bored Of It All(Song)

Born on a gumball machine  
Made of gold, silver, and green  
Now quarters evolved digitally  
Making our lives a bit too easy

I didn't know that I'd get bored of it  
Bored from it  
Computers have turned our lives to shit

We could go outside  
Cause we had nothing to hide  
We were all once neighbors  
But look at our behavior  
We're all just mice looking for the easy cheese  
Now we're caught in a trap

Bored from it  
Bored from it all  
Computers have turned our lives to shit

Once easily pleased  
But now our minds are seized  
Taken away by technology

I didn't know that I'd get bored of it  
Bored from it all  
Computers have turned our lives to shit  
Bored of it all  
And there's no escape

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Born A Fool

I struggle like a baby in a pool  
because I was born a fool  
Whose eyes are closed  
and whose brain has decomposed

There is really nothing I can do  
but take a bite from this life and chew  
I'm never constructive  
only objective

I wish this was easy to grasp  
because I would put it all in the past  
but sometimes it is rough  
and one is not tough enough

Born with a lame mind  
Sometimes I wish I was blind  
Then I'd have an excuse  
to why I'm obtuse

But really I'm just left with these lines

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Bring Them Home(Song)

verse1:

oh how I tried  
to change this evil  
that's taking over

too many crow  
squawkin' freely  
they have to go

we need to  
take back the earth  
and claim it for the humble

greedy hyenas  
laughing with their money  
creating more weaklings

the price of life  
is too expensive  
even the fittest will die

chorus1:

how can you ask  
me to understand

your greedy tendencies  
I am human too

your mistakes  
need correction

need correction  
need correction

verse 2:

what do you want  
you need to be more practical

what do you need

it can't be greed

because you are sending life  
bring them home

bring  
them  
home

bring  
them  
home

they fight for you  
and not the people

I support them  
bring them home

chorus 2:  
how can you ask  
me to understand

your greedy tendencies  
I am human too

your mistakes  
need correction

need correction  
need correction

bridge:  
I don't want your false knowledge

I'd rather be dumb

Your the scum

I am the soup

Clean up your act



And bring them home

short verse:

Bring  
them  
home

bring  
them  
home

bring  
them  
home

chorus 3:

how can you ask  
me to understand

your greedy tendencies  
I am human too

your mistakes  
need correction

need correction  
need correction

verse1 ending:

bring  
them  
home

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Broken Home

One boy torn from his parents  
As they rip themselves apart  
By the will of his mother  
His father  
He respects  
But his mother  
He has no respect for  
After limber legs aged like wine  
Open up because of loose ends  
Broken and shattered  
Was their American dream  
But she presses on  
Just because she wants  
To taste the American dream once again  
Meanwhile  
Her son loses his grasp on reality  
And creates his own dreams  
With the use of lies and deception  
Goes here and there to find himself  
But he doesn't  
Not for a long long time  
His father  
Broken and dreamless  
Struggles to stay alive  
But soon dies  
Of a broken and lonely heart  
The mother  
Remarries and erases her troubled past  
Pulls the curtain to cover the window to it  
That lays in her mind  
She lives on normally  
And somewhat happy  
The son  
Lives on and finds himself  
He has learned that he is quite smart  
And lives out his days the happiest of all  
These are some truths of a broken home

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Broken Wing

I cannot fly with a broken wing.  
Put me in the green trash to see what it will bring.  
Recycle my content giving it back to the earth.  
What will become of my next birth?  
Reincarnation spreads to my peripheral.  
We always are forced to live with a sense of differential.  
Mind explodes on aspects of the mental.  
Knowing in my heart my feelings are more central.  
How do I live free of petty judgments?  
How do I move on from certain segments?  
When is the line flat like a plain?  
Where everything in my life is self sustained?  
I want to live in this life with more happiness than pain,  
But I see the poor and they are so colorful.  
I look into their eyes and its color is more beautiful.  
I know in this life perception is key.  
But when in this life will I become who I'm supposed to be.  
Its hard fighting battles when there is no victor.  
As I walk down this path I'm suffocated by a constrictor.  
My movements fall short of true north.  
Because of this I can't truly move forth.  
I am the hero and I am the villain.  
My innocence is gone and now there is only sin.  
Let me jump into the ocean and form gills as I swim.  
May the water cleanse me so my life can begin.  
I'm stuck in the shadow of my former teenage self.  
I keep walking on even though it is bad for my health.  
I know there is hope and there is so much potential.  
I sit idling waiting for my soul to show me my inner intellectual.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Brush Of Lightning

Last night the lightning tried to touch  
the peak of the highest hill that  
commands the picture that paints the horizon  
It looked like a brush that was  
painting graffiti across the sky  
but it could not land on the hill  
the lightning went sideways  
The lightning tried once again  
but it split into two pieces  
both going sideways  
It kept trying but each time  
it fell just a little bit short  
It was an amazing fight  
but the painting won  
because the lightning brush  
never got the chance to make its  
mark upon the hilltops

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Burning Bush

His hatred lingers deep in the depths of his soul  
A soul supposedly ruled by religion(Christianity)  
Where the New Testament teaches peace, love, and unity  
He mocks every step that Christ himself took  
He's erasing our Judea-Christian laws  
He's erasing second chances  
He's erasing the progress we have made towards racism  
He thinks he's a burning bush that everyone should listen too  
but hopefully this bush turns to ashes

Theorem The Truth Serum

## But I Can'T....

I can't tell you the truth  
I can't tell you that you are amazing  
I can only tell you that you are a good person  
I wish I could move in close  
to the edge of your ear lobe  
and whisper in your ear  
with lips that brush against your skin  
and hands that graze over the skin of your back  
with slow affectionate movements  
But I can't  
I should just get this out of my head  
but my head is soaked with these feelings  
I don't know if it will ever dry up

Theorem The Truth Serum

## 'But I Care...'

Illusions are everywhere...we perma like everclear...I'm just happy  
with some moon shine...I like work just fine...You can fine dine...Drive your cars  
with that gold shine...In love with your gold shrine...When you can do something  
positive for mankind...You got time...And come out with dope  
rhymes...Ghostwriters write your rhymes...You can't be ontop...Like Fetty  
Wap...with substance... only thing you do is fill yourself with substance in  
abundance... it's always somethin'...Creatin' nothin'...Steady dumpin'...vocal  
humpin'...record company lovin'...these easy plug ins...filled there pockets like  
grandma fills ovens...You always make  
somethin'...What it is, I got no gumption...All I know is it's destruction...Not  
reconstruction..

Not reconstruction/It's man slaughter/Like the General's Daughter/Barely above  
water/Poetry needs steady motion/Complete devotion/Like how we caused the  
earth's erosion/But it's still in motion/I got a notion/You don't care/You don't  
care/But I'm gonna say it everywhere/Cause I care/But you don't care/You don't  
care/

Now look there/You caught in a nasty web there/I see only lies there/You take  
the lions share/And leave us drownin, it's not fair/You don't care/As long as these  
bullets are bought by them/As long as these bullets are bought by them/Use  
them/Use them/Addicted like heroine/We addicted to them like heroine/Down  
south be heroine/Because of them skinny jeans they wearin/But they sharin/East  
Coast is fallin back cause they not carin/Cause them OGs are treated like they  
got a lepar's skin/Feral kin/Not respectin' anythin'/Them young ones don't  
care/But I care/

I'm tired and I hurt everywhere/I still care/No problem there/I look  
inward/Within my innards/But I'm still an intern/But I care/

Theorem The Truth Serum



## But I Do Hope That She Will Become Mine

Her dark eyes have a joy in it that it's color cannot express.  
Her dark hair, braided laying upon her shoulder like a  
piece of golden rope, it shines and it glimmers.  
It has wrapped itself around me and pulled me in like  
a cowgirl with a lasso and horse.

She can pull me in, as long as it ends in a kiss  
or in love by some shape or form, true geometry,  
graceful and symmetrical as our bodies crash  
against each other like two dancing lovers.  
Is she my love? No, but I do hope that she will become mine.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Can Life Be A Fairy Tale?

Can life be a fairy tale?  
Can it really always be happy?  
The cold lonely frosted mornings  
while the whole world is asleep.  
I am the only one awake until  
I step into the outer world.  
I can hear the wrestling cars  
fighting the stoplights.  
There isn't many but there isn't few.  
Throughout my lifetime, it grew and grew.  
No pause of growth.  
Wealth fed to a select few  
because they want it all and the rest  
don't really care too much.  
They care for much, much more.  
Can life be a fairytale?  
Broken down slums  
and cities filled with bums.  
Can life be a fairytale?  
Love affairs mixed with alcoholism  
bred this unmoral society.  
Life is far from a fairytale.  
I wish that Hollywood would realize  
this and become more real,  
because the fairy hopes that they  
feed us are getting old.  
Can life be a fairytale?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Cataloged In An Article

The look in your eye was of sweet surrender  
cataloged in an article of search,  
but beggars can't be choosers.  
Nor do you want a loser.  
People have changed  
into animals that lack  
the compassion that  
once separated us  
from other walks  
of life.

Our true wants are exposed like a black and white  
picture from the past that turns into a club.  
It beats you over the head and takes  
you back to the cave.  
These sins we  
once made.

We stand tall at full height with tears from the past.  
Photographs remind us of evil deeds.  
We chased the physically weak ones  
and threw them words of the  
ignorant ones.

All this from one picture.  
All this from one face.  
Your face reminds  
me of our past  
sins made in  
desperation.

I desperately need you.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Challenge Yourself With Meaning

Challenge yourself with meaning  
You must understand meaning in order  
to look at yourself and see how you are living  
What do your actions cause  
I said look now without letting  
your ego get in the way  
Do not feed your inconsistencies  
and your hypocrisies  
Let those things die  
Consistently be yourself  
hopefully it is not at the expense of others  
If it is then start being selfless instead of selfish  
but I know all of us can't contain a constant state of selflessness  
The world doesn't afford us this state of living  
What if it did and what if we wanted it to  
We are the world because we are the people that live in it  
Our leaders are people we choose to lead not people  
that they choose to lead though it seems this way right now  
We are letting evil men all over our world lead us and destroy us  
Our goals are the same so let us all co-exist shall we  
That is meaning and that is the challenge  
Challenge yourself with meaning

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Challenges

Challenges, life has many, if you allow it to.  
You can also walk away from it like a schoolyard fight.  
If you choose to put on the gloves, I promise you,  
there will be ups and downs and twists and turns.  
If you walk away from them, you might find yourself  
traveling down a straight but narrow path.  
Narrow because it leads you down a tunnel,  
and a tunnel has no sides, it makes you feel trapped,  
focused on this narrow-minded-mediocrity.  
It has no end, it will put each day on repeat  
like a bad reoccurring childhood nightmare.  
Challenges will be thrown at you everyday like  
a person walking down the opposite side of a tunnel,  
walking into the traffic, let it hit you, you might  
find that it will buckle around you like you are Superman  
standing in front of a train, but if it puts you in the hospital,  
on life support (depressed and confused) - you just have to  
recover and do it all over again. Our strength lies within  
our ability to get through the hardest challenges in our lives.  
I think there is no challenge that we can't face, but we'll never  
know for sure, unless we face it head on, let's face it head on.  
We can all do it together in a parallel dimension, our lives all  
on a line traveling side by side, we are not alone.  
Let's live through our challenges together as one society, one  
global village and smile, embrace this domino effect.  
Others will be inspired by your willingness to obliterate your will in turn,  
decimate their own like a bullet through glass.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Chess Pieces

The summer comes with burning consequences.  
Another battle fought and lost.  
War was waged the day I came out of the womb  
and drew in my first gasps of breath.  
The world gets hotter and the seasons become confused.  
The consistency that once was has been compromised.  
There are so many people saying different things.  
Who do we believe? What is important?  
Our world has become one big forest fire  
and someone needs to put it out.  
Lies have become the flames and the  
confusion that is our evacuation overwhelms our minds.  
Our ignorance is preyed upon.  
No one wants to understand because no one really cares  
about anything but themselves.  
We are all selfish chess pieces moving about strategically.  
I will show no mercy because mercy no longer exists.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Child Of Joy

Full of joy in every footstep  
she is just a child  
and all she understands is joy  
and how it makes her feel  
Her lips only know how to smile  
Her legs only know how to run  
blissfully with the wind  
Sometimes she runs to your side  
and looks up with hopes of being held  
How can one turn that down  
She is only three years old  
Oh lovely niece  
if only life  
was this way  
all the time

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Childhood Fears

I'm standing at the crossroads of my life  
staring into the clouds watching them  
move as I stay stagnant with fear.  
To take a step forward could mean  
that I can finally reach some kind of  
success filling in my pockets.  
If I stay where I am at, I can be  
worry free with minimal responsibility.  
I know I am going to take this step  
that feels more like a leap to  
the other side of the world because  
for once in my life I realize that  
I need to show some courage  
and move away from my childhood fears.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Chirping Birds

Spring has brought chirping birds  
and heaved the sun to our horizon  
It took many great storms to create  
but now it has finally come  
In my lifetime this is the 27th coming of spring  
A small number with little significance  
other than individual  
I feel at home in the spring  
and I shall give thanks and spend  
sometime with it outside  
with a fishing pole

Theorem The Truth Serum

# City Nights

The obscurity of night  
turns into sirens of  
troubled crimes and health  
It seems that everyone dies  
in the night in more ways than one  
Their judgment as well as their lives  
Without a consciousness of self judgment  
a person might as well be dead  
It gets darker and darker  
and the night is lit by the moon  
blazingly awakening this untamed beast  
People seem to be so sane during the day  
but as the night and drinks go on  
I guess their fears and frustrations  
nourish this nocturnal beast  
This nocturnal beast murders  
and gives up on all hope  
Maybe there is no hope to begin with  
Perhaps some are born with hope and some are not  
Either way there is a life to live out there  
for all of us to experience  
We shouldn't take it away in punishment  
for our over lived misjudgments  
We should never give up because  
it seems like there is only down  
Life is a mountain that was meant to be climbed  
It was not meant to be an avalanche that  
collapses at the presence of sound

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Clothes And Bows

She's a gift and I want to unwrap her  
I'll take off the bow and rip through the paper  
I hope she is ready for it  
because I'm going to see what is inside

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Coal, Oil, And Black Clouds

How black is you soul?  
Is it blacker than coal?  
Is it so black that it is like oil  
it seals up all of the holes?  
Are you a black city  
mugging someone walking  
through your streets with a black  
blade ready to stab them with  
your black heart?  
Are you blacker than a  
starless sky because you  
are a big black cloud that  
wants to block the light  
of all the suns in the universe?  
Are you as black as a tyrant,  
wanting to subjugate your people  
in your black propaganda  
and your black plots that  
secrete from your black thoughts?  
If yes, you must be a black hole,  
you are here to swallow up all that is good.  
Your good is our bad.  
Polar opposites that must co-exist  
to bring balance to our world.  
If you notice the night sky,  
there is more dark space  
but the light that punches through  
is really what we see.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Coins In A Fountain

coins in a fountain  
that could've been  
used for wishes  
that were not  
so selfish

coins in a fountain  
waiting in the water  
just wanting to be  
spent once again  
maybe they will  
fall into the hands  
of the right person  
dropped for the right  
reasons and left with  
the ones who were  
used to commit treason

coins in a fountain  
wasting away

coins in a fountain  
there they shall lay

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Cold Somber Tones

Somber tones  
evaporating into the air  
whispers past the mountains  
and through the wind  
Into the atmosphere  
it appears  
Trickling into the stratosphere  
it quickly disappears  
Burns like American Flags  
bringing self to disgust  
October lust  
turns into November rust  
The words become clouds  
and the storm rolls in  
A baker comes to the mountains  
and frosts the tops of them  
Cold somber tones  
that shivers and groans  
freezes as soon as it hits the air  
They become icicles and fall like feathers  
so that all the world can see them  
Forgotten syllables  
that should've been heard  
Listen once in a while  
because words are precious

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Come Take A Picture

'Come take a picture'  
'Take off your clothes'  
Says Mr. Photographer  
'Go get into the water'  
It's freezin' cold  
'Go put on some lingerie'  
He's kind of bold  
And your beautiful  
Your body is thrown  
Onto a roller coaster  
I'm here waiting  
Waiting for you  
Everyone has seen you  
Everyone except me  
You are supposed to be my love  
Some may say this is being too needy  
But I don't care what they say  
It doesn't change my way of thinking  
Nothing really can  
My thoughts combust randomly  
I'm supposed to make sense of the infinite  
When I can't explain it  
All I can explain is these thoughts of you  
It's the only thing that makes sense  
Out of all my thoughts that are out of control  
When I look into a magazine to find you  
I can't...it's like trying to search  
For a lost diamond in the forest  
When I hear your voice  
I just think about how I want you here  
Laying across the soft white linen  
Naked but there are flames in vision  
Because that would be hot  
I'm just asking for a simple life  
That is enough as long as  
It is with you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Comforts

I can't always do what you say is right.  
Your just an opinion to me,  
but you are an opinion that I am supposed to follow  
with every step.  
Each inch I get closer to my death,  
but you grow because they made some 'improvements'.  
I am forever blue collar,  
so none of your laws can help me.  
Some may call me a rebel to society,  
but I know I'm just a quiet  
and nice person.  
Trying to live in a society,  
where I can't afford it's 'comforts'.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Commercial Lie

Where is the honor in telling us on live television  
that we need this thing you are trying to sell  
Why do you say this when you and I both know it is a lie  
It is a commercial lie

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Compassion

It is what keeps me alive  
To feel it's warmth  
It's like that blanket  
That we got when we  
Were kids  
It gave us security  
So that we could live  
With good dreams

Compassion

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Confused Headless Chickens

it was a barrage of many bad things that fell from the sky.  
in lines that came down in streams, they took the land.  
they ended up taking almost everything.  
the so called intelligent scrambled for their pocket watches  
to look at the time in which the whole thing lasted.  
they didn't try to predict what was going to be the end result.  
all of their thoughts stopped on a dime on the ground.  
there was nobody their to light a damn fire beneath them.  
they were a bunch of confused headless chickens.  
people were pulverized by their shallow dreams  
that surrounded them in view of the horizon.  
Now its all past photos copied onto postcards  
blown all over the street in pools of water and blood.  
See how your dreams can just shatter easily  
like a single pane window?

Now look at all your dreams seep through the cracks  
The western dynasty could easily end  
Maybe it should end, who knows  
He who creates b.s. will create b.s. again  
I'm just sitting back and watching our so called dreams subtract

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Consumption

I am drunk  
Liquid poison  
Pushing my blood away  
As if it was a rising sun  
To the dark mooned night  
Yes I drink alone  
Lonely like an empty bottle  
Drained for its last drop  
Sucking on the womb  
That has saved me  
Lifted me from the ground  
Now a leaning tower  
Its much easier  
When you are not moving  
Especially because movement  
Usually has purpose  
But what is mine  
Drunk with misconceptions  
Gathering me in like the last  
Feast before the coming winter  
Eaten up in desperation  
A last ditch effort to feed my purpose

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Conveniences(Song)

We love everything in front of us  
Chosen by corporate complications  
Eye soars with no imagination  
Melting into our reality  
Diverting eyes away from closed doors  
Demand to open them  
Unlock the gate to their lies  
A product of their convenience  
I hope you like this all the time

Convenience is king  
Crowned the apparent heir  
To rule over all our lives  
With a scepter that aggravating  
Bloodies up our faces everytime

No more single purchases  
Rung up pieces worthless crumbs  
Left over bullshit as a child  
Stringing up old ideas  
Running them into the ground  
There is no difference  
Only this stupid fucking convenience  
In my head all the time  
I guess I'll have to rip it out

Convenience is king  
Crowned the apparent heir  
To rule over all our lives  
With a scepter that aggravates  
Bloodies up our faces everytime

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Coward

The man that whips  
is the one without a soul  
They sold theirs away  
to watch the blood of another  
spew out of their own skin  
because they are  
too cowardly to produce  
their lives with their own hands

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Creating Minds

We are creating minds  
not empowering them.  
We don't want them to  
create or to be exercised.  
We want to have total  
control over all of the best ones.  
We want the plain to stay level.  
We want the world to stay level.  
We want our lives to stay level.  
May there be no bumps  
or anything that will drastically change it.  
The world is an established vampire  
sucking away at each individuals rights.  
It keeps us all under control.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Cynic

I know that some people  
are getting sick of my cynicism  
that is building inside of me  
I'm sorry if it has hurt a few people  
but I am not ready to conquer it  
I do not know my enemy enough yet  
It does scare me  
because what if it goes too far  
I know I'm just part crazy  
and that most people are  
That is what really scares me  
but I know that I'm not really crazy  
I'm just searching for the truth  
which is more than most of you  
will ever conjure

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Dark Forest

I have not written for a long time  
I have felt lost in a dark forest  
surrounded by a dark thicket of trees  
as far as my eyes can see  
The wind brushes against the leaves  
and the sounds flutter through my ears  
The sounds of the whistling wind  
The sounds of branches hitting each other  
as if they were cheerleaders  
with palm-palms beating together  
without any cheers

I cannot say that I am back  
because my time is spread out  
like the trees in the forest for which I stand in  
But I can tell you that I am lost  
in this forest made up of my dark past  
Trees rooted into my very soul  
Trees that I can look at and just ponder  
about how they grew so tall  
I can only wish to find a reason  
to why these trees are really here  
I can only wish to find meaning  
within this forest of my past actions

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Darkest Cloud

The darkest cloud in the sky  
looks down and starts to cry.  
She knows that it is winter once again  
and that it will be three more months  
until it ends.

Poor cloud, she cannot control her sadness  
she's getting caught up in all this madness.  
She's lonely cause she tries to stay away  
because once she connects with another  
the night lights up like day.  
Don't worry you will be white another time.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Day By Day

The school bell rang  
and my eyes were bloodshot red  
like a bleeding sunset  
It was another hopeless day  
Devoured up by paper hell  
New ditto here and new ditto there  
until I just gave up  
and took a bathroom pass  
so that I could get high again  
It was the only plausible escape  
The great escape  
that took me away  
from this fenced up prison  
Sure I could cut school  
but I tend to just live through it  
with chemical induced smiles and laughter  
This is the only way  
that I could live through the same thing day by day

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Definition

We're all just people hoping that one day  
we will be able to define life and our existence  
You try defining life right now  
You try defining existence right now  
For every definition there is a thousand questions(probably more)  
You can't define anything until you can define yourself  
Define yourself before you even try  
Try to open up a dictionary  
Try to find the words that defines you  
It will take much more than eyes  
that dart from page to page  
and a finger that runs across line after line  
Define yourself and then you can take as much time  
and define a country  
and then the world

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Devilish Plans

It's funny how Protestants(all Christians)  
are so quick to say that this world  
is spiraling into disarray.  
When they are backing the men  
that are leading us into this plunge.  
How dare you attack people other than  
yourselves because it is yourselves  
that dwell in these devilish plans.  
You may think that you are letting them  
attack one of the roots of the problems  
but they are only making the innocent suffer.  
We are turning the innocent into soldiers  
by backing them into a corner.  
You attack the liberals because they  
are fighting against this evil movement.  
It's funny a lot of these liberals are  
atheists and they are better people  
than you when your whole life revolves  
around making yourself a better person.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Difference Of Opinion

I can guess what this cause and effect  
Is a result of  
Our blundering  
Our pillaging  
Cause now that  
We've blundered  
And pillaged ourselves  
What's left?  
The Earth  
The sweet, sweet earth  
She gives us her breath  
That keeps us alive  
You take away it's pores  
The forests and the animals  
Extinction  
Distinction  
Yes  
Tale of a difference  
One being the way we live  
And the other being the way  
WE SHOULD LIVE  
Preserve  
Destroy  
Capitalize  
Enjoy

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Diversion

We have been wandering the world  
trying to look significant so it looks  
like there is a plausible excuse  
for all this tomfoolery

We act as if this whole planet is rightfully ours  
We acted as if this continent was ours  
We acted as if Africa was ours

Take the diamonds  
Take the land  
Teach your kids  
to smile about it in school  
with a well placed story  
Nothing short of a lie

We kill the animals if  
they get in our way  
Who are we to decide which  
life is more important  
We deserve to die only  
because we are not improving  
the world we are living in  
We have the power to  
because we are the only  
creatures on this planet  
that can use our will  
to create enormous things  
that could be beneficial for the world  
but we do not we create things  
that destroys the thing that nurtures us  
I don't care if it was created by God or not  
It is the true mother of us all and we are  
treating it like it has been a bad mother  
when that is clearly not the case  
Divert from the truth and call this liberal bullshit  
but that doesn't change that it is the truth

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Dreams Of Spontaneity

I believe it is my duty to write about  
What this silly mind comes up with  
It is a record of a human life  
Though my life may be more under scored  
Than somebody else's  
I like it that way  
I'm just a man that pilots his eyes  
To beautiful things of my interest  
They are mostly dark haired  
Or their engine roars  
Like thunderous desert clouds  
Sometimes it grows from the ground  
Formed shaped and molded by entropy  
There is no formal code of consistency  
But that is what I enjoy  
Things that are the same are boring  
And uneventful  
The first might have caught my eye  
But the second, third, and fourth  
Draw little interest  
Things that are the same have a disease  
Cause once spontaneity  
Can no longer be established  
Life becomes less like my dreams  
And I like my dreams

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Dried Up

I am a dried up piece of fruit  
that has fallen from the tree.  
I created a thud when I hit the ground  
and felt the moisture evaporate from me.  
Here I lay until I decompose.  
Here I lay like a trash can, empty  
and left behind so that another one  
can be empty and empty it shall be.  
I'm not the only soul that lays  
dried up and unable to nourish.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Drifting Out To Sea Like A Message In A Bottle....

I'm full of encouragement  
and I use it freely  
Everyone that I meet  
will get a little dose of it  
It is funny how some people  
just don't want it  
They throw it away  
by shooting rude comments  
Some people just don't have  
enough manners to accept gifts  
They know nothing of kindness  
How dreadfully sad this really is  
Wasted gifts are like infant deaths  
given to the world just to be taken away  
Drifting out to sea like a message in a bottle  
that will never ever be found  
they are wasted

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Drill Baby Drill

The blackness rushes through oceans  
killing or inconveniencing all that it touches.  
It spreads to the coastal beaches and swamp lands.  
It crawls up rivers and into the gills of surrounding sealife.  
It represents our greed and the lengths we will travel  
just so we can illuminate it in our banks and pockets.  
There is a big spotlight shining on the corporate world.  
See how they respond to such selfishness?  
BP's selfishness could fill up the Pacific Ocean.  
Drill baby drill even if it kills!  
Drill baby drill even if it spills!  
They try to cap the top of the breach to collect some  
of the oil that is rushing out like an evacuating civilization.  
I wish we could cap their minds so we can collect some  
of their undesired thoughts of greed and power.  
Drill baby drill and take a bath in your own filth!  
Drill baby drill and get screwed up the bum like a porno MILF!

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Dripping Crimson

I wrote you a letter  
and I wanted it to be  
in your hands today  
but you left swiftly  
after you punched in  
your departing numbers  
You didn't give me a chance  
I wanted to give you  
an ink filled parchment  
that would put me on  
the road toward the vault  
that holds your very heart  
I want to put on a mask  
and creep into it  
and pull it out  
I'll run away with it  
in a bag that is  
dripping crimson  
I might set off all the alarms  
but I don't care I want you to know

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Dry Up The Good Hearts

Love is often misplaced  
Given and not received  
Because people do not care  
But I do  
Yes I do  
And they don't understand why  
So they belittle a caring heart  
They love to shoot that heart  
Till it is bled dry  
Dry up the good hearts  
Keep the bad ones pumping  
Because mischief creates profits  
And good deeds come at a loss  
This is what they understand

\*Inspired by the many good hearts that have given their lives to morality and been shot and killed for it.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Dualities

Dualities

Black

White

Love

Hate

Good

Bad

Dark

Light

Life

Death

I choose a life under the light that dwells on the good,  
I don't care if it is black or white just as long as it is good.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Dwindling American Culture

I open the glass door that is full of stained rejection.  
The bitter smell of urine hits my nostrils and my  
stomach grumbles to me, 'it is time to go.'  
But I do not listen, I keep walking forward  
breathing in the urine smell of dwindling American culture.  
There are forgotten people shuffling around.  
Some with blank looks and some still aware.  
One old and misfortunate lady walks up to me and says,  
'Do you know where my husband is? He's supposed to be  
getting the car. Today is our check out day and I don't  
want to be charged for another night.'  
I smiled at her with deep sympathy and answered, 'No, I'm sorry, I do not. I will  
tell him you're looking for him if I see him.'  
She smiled and pinched my cheek, 'You're such a sweet boy.'  
I looked around at the place and it looked like a heap of crap.  
I came here as a volunteer and I wondered how could someone  
put their loved ones in a place like this?  
I understand that a lady like that saying things of that nature everyday  
would be a bit much to handle day after day but they dealt  
with your crap and urine and your crying the least you can do  
is to give them a home where they will be loved and respected.  
Maybe love and respect is lost in greater amounts when you get older.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# El Rancho

The sun breaks through the trees  
landing on the tan dirt under my feet  
I inhale deeply to taste the air  
Goats wrestle around the hills  
as they talk amongst themselves  
Men on horses climb  
up and down the hills  
overseeing their herds  
of sheep and cattle  
A gunshot violently enters  
my ear canal and keeps  
on repeating  
I turn to walk inside  
as the dogs begin to bark  
One being a silvery-brown  
pitbull and the other is a  
golden retriever-colored  
herding dog  
They were running after  
a goat but I didn't know this  
yet until I heard the screaming of it  
The dogs went full on after it  
cornered it until my friend  
went after them and came back with  
a goat that he was holding by the horns  
Farm life is cool and simple at the El Rancho

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Empty Hall

When you wait so long  
and you can only bleed

There is so much more  
that this heart needs

Some compliance  
would be nice

But defiance  
is my vice

It's not like there was a no  
There was no answer at all

It is like I am walking and walking  
ending up in an empty hall

Walking and walking  
with no one at all

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Enjoyment

Prying eyes looking to interpret  
Lines written by foreign hands  
From an unknown origin  
The only thing you know  
about them is their  
symbolic name that they chose  
to represent them but even still  
you must decipher that as well  
A phrase is vague  
but as soon as you read on and on  
you find out what this person  
has gone through  
Metaphorically and all  
It's good to enjoy that once and a while

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Entertain Us

Life is a struggle  
With no rebuttal  
That has become a puddle  
It's growth is not subtle  
There is no huddle  
There is only one man  
With the mic in their hand

There are many storms  
That precipitate from many ideas  
That rain on many different venues  
Disastrous man made hurricanes  
That destroy numerous villages

Life is a struggle  
With no rebuttal  
That has become a puddle  
It's growth is not subtle  
There is no huddle  
There is only one man  
With the mic in their hand

Now entertain us  
It will get our minds  
off of it

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Eternity

Sometimes I wish I was with you  
But somewhere along the way  
A wall was built to keep me from  
Going to your right side  
To connect my bad side to your good one  
My good side will connect with your bad side too baby  
It will be a smooth operation  
We could be like Siamese twins  
Unseperated  
We could spend eternity together  
All we have to do is just think of it that way  
And our wish will come true

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Even If You Don'T Forgive Me

Give me a break  
I have chosen this door  
I turned the knob  
and walked right in  
Your arm might have grabbed me once  
and tried to keep me from entering  
You might have totally disapproved  
but the choice has been made  
and I don't have a time machine  
that can take me back  
so that I could fix it  
I know that you don't either  
so let's take a look at this now  
What can we fix  
Our emotions  
that is the only thing  
The way that we think about what happened  
Can we except it  
There is so much to think about  
I'm sorry for the things I said  
but I still love you  
I don't care to say much more  
other than  
I'm sorry  
I'm really really sorry  
but you were stubborn too  
I wasn't the only stubborn one  
You wouldn't let me go until I felt sour  
and I wouldn't let you go until you felt sour  
Just apart of the cycle of our youth  
We have learned so much  
We cannot hate each other  
All I want to say is that I forgive you  
even if you don't forgive me

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Example Of A Mother

An open field surrounded by grass,  
there sits an hourglass, soon they  
will construct a cement overpass.  
Congestion is frustrating, thinking  
of ways to solve it is 'useless'  
costing too many resources, time,  
maybe even cut out a section  
of their personal leisure lines.  
Meanwhile, the world, we mistreat her.  
Her blood drips from her mouth,  
our mother now turned into a mistress.  
I just wish she was victimless.  
If we don't get nourishment from  
our mother's, she provides.  
She is a pure gift given to us,  
the greatest example of a mother.  
Whenever we need something,  
she has us all covered.  
Now why would you want  
to mistreat your mother?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Faking Enjoyment

Two bridges meet  
like the yearning arms  
of two eager lovers.  
They come together  
on a road that goes  
through an ample breast.  
They are gray like the fog  
that has chosen to roll in  
with an open mouth  
as it begins to ingest.  
All the while, thousands of ants  
are crawling on this road.  
Their antennas look more  
like headlights searching for safety.  
These ants are wishing that  
the sun would point at them  
like a magnified glass directed  
by a child with the intent to burn.  
The fog is more like the Berlin Wall.  
It keeps out the light to keep them  
trapped in this extended darkness.  
These big tall buildings peak through  
looking spider-like with a thousand  
windows spread out for eyes.  
For these were the spiders that  
ultimately had them stuck in their  
webs for the duration of the work day.  
But unlike a real web, these ants were  
able to escape after their time was up.  
With their expiration they did not find death,  
they felt as if death dangled in front of their  
face like an inescapable bad romance  
comedy that was forced on them by the  
shackle of the arm that was monitored by  
smiling lips with a pair of beautiful brown eyes.  
All you can do is smile back at all  
the rest of the other smiling slaves.  
The only difference between you and them is,  
you know that you are faking enjoyment.



Theorem The Truth Serum

# Fallacy Of Greatness(Song)

He came upon a rock  
and hammered it to bits  
He watched it crumble  
as pieces flew into the air  
It came from will and  
conquering minds  
with determination  
Who'd stop at nothing  
to see their plans  
all fall into place  
At the same time  
they fell from grace

Why does it all have to happen this way?  
We should all see this fallacy of greatness  
We should want to break this  
And not move forward  
Its not forward  
Its only backward

We constructed some cities  
and marveled at them  
They seemed like achievements  
but they were all just built in vain  
To show some kind of glory  
greater than ourselves  
We wanted to be greater than the greats  
We found our egos and fed them  
till they formed obesity  
A life of disorder  
A life of a hoarder

Why does it all have to happen this way?  
We should all see this fallacy of greatness  
We should want to break this  
And not move forward  
Its not forward  
Its only backward

It could be so much better  
If we didn't forget how to love  
It could be so much easier  
If we spoke up against ourselves  
I'm in a room with windows looking out  
I can see what this is all about  
Our legacy will end  
If we keep on with this trend  
Just let it go  
Just let it go  
This born child needs to walk away  
It needs to get away  
To find a real solution towards salvation  
Salvation is not defined by violence  
nor is it happy in a state of silence

Why does it all have to happen this way?  
We should all see this fallacy of greatness  
We should want to break this  
And not move forward  
Its not forward  
Its only backward

Theorem The Truth Serum

## False Prodigality

We were not meant to be menial people  
that work for a collective few so that  
they could get all the credit for everything  
that has been produced by these efforts.  
We slave away just to survive so that  
we can watch our meaningless television  
shows that entertain and occupy our minds.  
We are slaves towards these minor goals of success.  
We succeed only to be forgotten.  
We are so many and our owners  
are so few and they live long lives  
because we put ours on the line  
so they can sit to think about their false prodigality.  
They own all the land and they own all the people  
only to mistreat them as if they were caged mutts,  
but they are great because their friends own the newspapers.  
If they would only give back, I would not complain.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Farewell

You do not want me to dip into the depths of my past.  
How I had some fun here and there, yeah it was a blast.  
I waisted time and felt like slime.  
These words thankfully have an is an end to despair.  
Some words just don't go there  
and there are some situations that need to be left behind.  
There are somethings that I just don't want you to find,  
but of course I will still talk about them.  
I'll one day set them free when I am completely happy.  
I will take out the trash and leave it all in the past.  
Just a mere cent of a thought that was already spent.  
Gone and goodbye.....  
Oh and farewell too.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Fear Not Fear...

Death is to fear  
as flour is to bread.  
It sits at its very core.  
It's the foundation,  
it's the cement.  
It gives fear the strength  
that is needed for it  
to touch the world  
like a religion.  
Many people feed fear  
to people as if it was a  
meal that cannot be skipped  
in the <beepin'> day.  
Fear is as nourishing as poison.  
It kills thoughts because  
thoughts are being targeted.  
Fear is one of the main tools  
that is swung in the hands of  
a swine-like politician.  
Fear not fear, fork it  
and <beep> it out.  
Don't let it contaminate you.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Fecal Legs

The clouds of rising smoke disappear  
revealing mountains of sandstone and clay rubble  
The footprint of victorious soldiers paint the ground  
The blood of thousands of dead lay on every square inch of space  
The blood of the innocent was shed  
The blood of the defenseless tried to defend  
The anger of two men clashed on the wooden chess board  
It was a quick game, checkmate in a matter of minutes  
It was virtually a retard versus a genius  
The retard and the genius lost everything  
The retard lost his life because his mouth was too big  
The genius lost his credibility because of the lies that he told  
It doesn't take a genius to win a war  
All it takes is strategy and this genius's strategy was to  
pick a fight with a near defenseless opponent  
He just knew that his opponent was a weakened wingless bird  
who was already given a chance to fly but he went to high  
It the way of geniuses, he's up there with a piece of feces  
that has found out a way to spawn legs

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Finishing Touch

you could be the finishing touch  
the varnish on the newly sanded wood  
to give me my shine in my steps and in my smile  
the person who has my arm hooked around her back  
but sometimes I release it for just a few seconds  
so that I can twirl your body and admire every inch  
as it spins around me like a moon in orbit  
as we dance with each other  
like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rodgers  
we are made for each other  
our chemistry is so hot  
it doesn't need a bunson burner to boil it over  
we could make such sweet potions

Theorem The Truth Serum



# First Stone

The first time I saw you  
was the first time I felt alive in a long time  
I felt like I was Romeo reincarnated  
I didn't have a stone to throw at your window  
because I was afraid that it would ricochet  
and come back to hit me on the head  
You threw the first stone  
and no female has ever done that  
for me before  
Thank you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Fishes

Most of us can't imagine  
the crash of a nothing maker.  
The heat that consumes everything  
around its effective circumference.  
The flames gutting away every fish  
that is swimming in its pool.  
All the fishes die together  
floating to the surface of the water.  
Who were the fisherman?  
The ones that voted for the catch?  
Would you vote for the death  
of the fish in your pond?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Flashback(Reggae Song)

I know....

I want to go back

I want to go back

I want to go back

I want to go back

To the day

With me and you

Under the light of day

And the darkness of night

Shrouded in our own little world

I want to go back

I want to go back

Right now

I want to go back

Flashback

Oh yeah

Hungry for your face

In your arms I'll stay

Hungry for that place

I won't go away

I promise you that

I want to go back

I know

I know

I know

Kinda tricky

But...

I want to go back

Take me back to that place

When we were warm together

In that place

Anyone would be jealous of our shoes

Step into to them

Step into love  
I accept you  
And I need you

I want to go back  
I want to go back  
I want to go back  
I want to go back

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Flatulence And Rot

I am done with American politics.  
I flush it down the toilet like last nights dinner.  
It is a complete waste of time because  
no one will admit we are heading into disaster.  
They all think they can get us out of it.  
The truth is it is the people who are going  
to get us out of this mess not you  
unworthy bunch of cheats and liars.  
Pull your head out of you back side  
and stop living the American dream  
because all you nincompoops can't  
even come up with a good idea  
that doesn't smell like flatulence and rot.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Flesh Eating Piranhas

When a man has no drive, he is nothing.  
An eye soar that doesn't care about anything.  
Maybe this man is defaulted to fail.  
Maybe your unwanted pressure  
is the only thing that is absorbed.  
It creates a habitat for piranhas  
who eat you alive as you try to swim  
in their territorial waters.  
The world is full of these flesh eating piranhas.  
Hunters of these piranhas are very few.  
The piranhas are few too, but the hunted are many.  
Prey that stands still waiting to be preyed upon.  
Knowledge of their role that is to be played,  
they follow through like a bunch of yes men.  
They don't need a script because it is  
particularly bred into this unfortunate population.  
But man, they are entertained though...  
enough so that they do not care.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# For Moments Of Pleasure

Will I ever get to see her in her entirety  
Naked like a birch tree without bark  
Shed your clothes and I shall  
Shed my own on the floor  
In front of the fireplace  
We will crackle and we will burn  
Ourselves into exhaustion  
We will knock the earth off of its axis  
The oceans will flood the shores  
The volcanoes of the world will all erupt at once  
For moments of pleasure

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Forever Lost

One route taken  
Is another route  
Turned down  
The other one  
Better be the  
Right choice  
Or the right one  
maybe forever lost

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Fragile

You seem so fragile  
But it is quite hard  
To see through your radiance  
That has delicate written all over it  
I know that if I said the sweetest of words  
That you would crumble like a cookie  
But I also know that if I said  
The shallowest of words  
You would go stale  
I want you to stay forever fresh  
Locked up in a zip lock bag  
That happens to be my embrace  
I promise to show you an affection  
That cannot be broken nor pierced  
It is my gift to you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Free Individual

I curse an education by an institute

I curse your religions because they are institutes

Mine is taught by my heart and referenced from a book

Your institutes are poison and follow traditions even if they are wrong

I stand alone because I choose to be a free individual

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Free Will

Free will is a beautiful thing  
You can either use it to do good  
or you can use it to do bad  
The usage of it varies  
but sometimes it is used wisely  
We have the power to do anything  
that is in our power  
Our actions are only within our limits  
We have many limitations  
but we also have the choice  
to spend some time to eliminate  
these limitations by creating  
limitations of our own  
We have showed time and time again  
that as human beings we can control  
many different types of situations  
We discover things by wanting  
to discover them by experimentation  
How come we have never discovered peace

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Freedom Of Speech

My heart was once in a tabernacle  
Locked by doors of gold  
Until I drank from the chalice  
And took in Christ's blood  
He stormed my heart  
So I turned away  
What the hell is the church today  
We have right winged lame ducks that won't fly south  
They think they are shedding God's love by word of mouth  
Go home in your suburbans all of you  
Because you're all corrupt  
Wearing a cloth or wearing a robe  
I'm sick of what you try to feed our ear lobes  
Close the book that you mock with your churches of gold  
I do not fit this mold so this story has told  
I'm sorry Lord if this insults you  
But everyone else...freedom of speech

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Front Doors

What a bunch of scavengers,  
the picture takers and the writers.  
May their dishonesty drown in ink  
along with their merciless bodies.  
It goes back to the question,  
'Would you jump off a bridge  
if they asked you two? '  
The answer is yes.  
It is survival in this cruel and greedy world.  
Nothing is spared and no one is free.  
Now go sell some more papers and magazines.  
We'll all be waiting to find it in our mail  
and on our floor mat as soon as the  
morning light pokes us in the eye.  
We live to open our front doors.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Frustration And The Puppet Master

Why am I easily frustrated  
I step outside  
And feel that my line gets all tangled  
After all  
I am just like everyone else  
A puppet with a puppet master  
Who is a puppet to another master  
And so on and so forth  
I just wish you would  
Take your hands off of my controls  
Because I don't want to be a subject  
To your throne  
That looks like it is gold  
But if you really take a good look  
Behind that gold paint  
Is some bronze rust  
Now  
Don't think you are better than me

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Galleries

Its funny how mere images from the past  
can come back and create galleries.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Ghetto Blaster

I cut down whack mcs like Brazilian trees  
leaving them to their fake possibilities  
They think they nobility  
as they orchestrate their lack of ability  
Creating songs that sound the same  
masking them with a different name  
Biting off people's shit like seagulls  
I see through them like seeing through holes  
They are all about the rap game  
When their words just bring them shame  
There is nothing they have said  
that hasn't been said before  
But still you're buying their shit  
so they come out with more  
Proclaiming themselves to be kings  
by these whack rhymes they bring  
Cause the hustle themselves so  
they think they deserve some respect  
You like a pozi scheme for the old people  
but instead you target young people  
So what if you know who to go after  
you still aren't as cool as the music  
I heard as a kid through a ghetto blaster

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Ghosts From The Past

It's funny how we interact  
Our lips dance to a rhythm  
That only we can follow  
When you look at it  
It looks unusually eerie  
Like we are ghosts from the past  
Meant to find each other again  
Under this same circumstance  
I wonder if you want to dance  
My ears are tickled  
And your eyes are glittering  
Like second grade art  
You have asked and you shall receive  
My hand falls onto your hand  
And our lips dance to their own song

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Girls Do Not Get Me

Most of the time girls do not get me.  
I hold my emotions back like a dam does water  
until I see the perfect moment to give myself up.  
After all I am just a prisoner in this world of boundaries.  
My turtle-like movements ask for very little progression,  
for too much progression causes things  
to progress towards the end.  
Too little movement, which I usually subject  
myself to, also usually progresses it towards the end.  
I just want you to know that I am not done yet.  
There is no towel in my hand to throw away.  
I haven't quite felt the need to go to  
Bed Bath And Beyond, atleast not yet.  
I am a measured man, a balanced man  
who is looking for only longevity.  
Gravitiy may pull me towards you,  
but you and I both got to be ready for it.  
Right now I am when before I was not.  
I do not rush, but the flood gates are ready.  
I'll push the button if you turn the key.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Give The Dog A Bone

give the dog a bone

let him come into your home  
watch him beg and whimper  
for some food and some clothes  
give him a job and pay him  
in bones

give the dog a bone  
because he will survive alone  
give the dog a bone

you can pay him less  
come now put your morals to the test  
give him seven give him nine  
but never more than ten  
because the rest is mine

give the dog a bone

let him work and then send him home  
he'll come back but his cover was blown  
misers prevail running this slave trail

give the dog a bone

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Giving

I give everything that I can  
Until I am no longer capable  
There comes a time when  
Excess can paralyze you  
If you are the type that  
Gives and gives  
Well then expect it to end  
When the other party  
Refuses to give back

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Good Things To Come

There are two lives in my hand  
One is a females who has  
Shown me her compassion  
And her surrender  
I have caressed her lips  
and her entire frame  
I wanted to show her  
That I was here  
Right here and now  
And whenever  
She needs someone  
The other is her son  
He seems like a good kid  
Full of life and energy  
Like all the rest  
At his age level  
I want to help them both  
Maybe I will love them both  
For their sake I hope  
That I love them both  
But I can't make up  
The decision for my heart  
It has to make the decision  
After all it is early yet  
But I feel that there are  
Many good things to come

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Gorge

Gorge away you fat pigs  
while others are starving  
and in need of medicine  
You damn pharmaceuticals  
we don't need your advertisements  
we don't even need most of you  
There is something  
called the immune system  
There is also something  
called compassion and empathy  
You will of course have none  
as long as you are making top dollar  
Gorge yeah gorge away you fat pigs

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Guapa

Esperanza has a beautiful meaning  
And that is hope  
Hope that I get to kiss your lips  
Hope that we can find a way to converse  
There is a wall of language  
That has me bound in chains  
I cannot move closer to you

It is as if you know that I try  
You want it all to happen  
I can see it in your eyes  
I can hear it in your giggles  
There is no hiding this  
I wish I spoke more  
Than a handful of words in espanol  
But I don't and it makes it so very hard  
To find a way to be with you

I will not give up  
I will learn the language just for you  
Guapa Esperanza

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Guns And Bullets

The gun  
an international weapon of choice  
to stop the heart and voice  
Loaded with bullets  
that run out of the barrel  
like a thousand men coming  
to kill just one man

The bullet  
a metallic death encasing  
housing explosion set to deplore  
with only one result  
gore  
Yet everyday we still make more

The pacifist  
born to the earth to end suffering  
Yet we go into one ear and out the other  
We try to stop the voice of the crying mother  
because they sent the corpse back  
of my dying brother

The fascist  
born to the earth to create havoc  
Though they are never prepared to give a good explanation  
they say it is for the good of the nation  
What about the good of the world  
Doesn't that count for anything

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Have No Expectations

A bullet runs out of the barrel  
like a prison break.  
A lady is standing still.  
She is an innocent bystander,  
she gets caught by the net of life.  
She had her grocery bags in hand.  
She was on her way home.  
She could've driven but it was a nice day.  
Man, how these nice days turn on people;  
it's horrific and quite unexpected.  
Many people go out enjoying these  
nice days with no expectations other than  
some sunlight, some happily ever after kids  
walking home from school, and whatever  
else can be molded into happiness by  
the hands of a nice spring day.  
You can't go out anymore without thinking about  
well-fallers and innocent victims.  
You can be the next one you know.  
Go outside, live in fear, think like a victim.  
How else are you going to survive?  
I'll tell you how, go out like this lady.  
Have no expectations.  
Maybe it will produce a cop looking  
over your dead body as he shakes his head,  
'Poor lady, she had nothing to do with it  
and she got killed.'  
The cop takes notes of the scene.  
Sure there are casualties but don't  
turn yourself into one prematurely.  
Go outside and enjoy your life.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# He Made You Leave

She left and that was that  
A few broken words  
A smile and a wink maybe  
I don't remember that much  
I was a bit tipsy you see  
There was no escaping  
There was no way  
That I wasn't going to flatter you  
Straight up  
I wasn't given the time to  
Because one man insulted you  
The one sitting right next to you  
He made you leave

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Heartfelt Idioms

Deep inside my chest  
behind the rise of my flesh  
My heart resides  
An address without numbers  
A body quake that reminds  
me of my own stability  
When this one is done  
hopefully the aftershock  
of my heartfelt idioms  
will still exist  
More traffic jammed  
minds will be unclogged  
The artery of free thought  
will again be enunciated  
by a free world full of intelligence  
The match that burns the ignorant  
will hopefully one day be struck  
by the hand of understanding  
Misunderstood lives will finally  
be cherished and admired  
Poverty will be given a watchful eye  
and a pocket full of support  
I'm hoping for a realization by the rich  
They will see that they hold so much  
and that they can help a lot too  
When will the world sleep with mostly good dreams?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Hearts Of Gold

For hearts of gold  
souls are sold  
To fit the mold  
souls are sold  
Everyone wants  
a piece of technology  
Everybody needs  
something new  
Colors and frames  
inserted into our brain  
Comfort and stability  
confused illiteracy  
definitions lost  
redefined to limit  
our ability to find the truth  
For hearts of gold  
souls are sold  
To fit the mold  
souls are sold

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Heated Exchanges

I like your dark hair, eyes  
Amongst the shadows, covered  
By each other's arms, for now,  
Away from harm; soakin' you in charm.  
Smilin' in an audible rain of giggles;  
I make you squirm with my nibbles.  
Feel my loud heart beat, it echoes  
Through my skin and swims through yours  
Like a dorsel fin in a sea of heated exchanges.  
I don't wanna rearrange this, can this last forever?  
Because my heart is soft for you,  
Doesn't mean I'm soft all the way through.  
Just means I can't take my eyes off of you.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Hemingway Approach

100

a very big number

it is the number

associated with the population

of a small little town

It is the age of an older(not old) human being

It is the length of time that some towns

have been in existence for

but for me it is the number of poems

that I have written here on this earth

I hardly doubt I will ever reach one hundred years old

but you never know anything can happen

I'm more likely to take the Ernest Hemingway approach

for my ending and my exit stage left

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Herded

Ah the Beatles, such a great band.  
Music from a time that we have to repeat, I guess.  
There is protesting on the streets with steaming potholes.  
Tents are pitched like an Indian tribe.  
Minds are furious symphonies of thoughts.  
Anger pours in like homeward bound traffic.  
We all just want to be home and our home is burning.  
Our dollars are rolls of toilet paper soiled by the dust  
from the empty safes in Fort Knox.  
It was herded away like the intelligence of our citizens.  
The government is the shepard of our lawless minds.  
They are the billy clubs slamming our backs  
and the boot tips kicking our ribs in.  
Can't you see it?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Heroism

Why do we care so much about how we look?  
There are so many people who worry about  
their futures and forget to live life.  
Too many people care about how much money they make,  
how many titles describe their name,  
and how many people they have had sex with.  
There are way too many worries to list on paper  
but these are definitely a few trivial ones.  
People secretly want to be elitists.  
They want to be thought of as being important.  
This is our deep selfishness flooding out into every  
action that we commit even if it is an action that  
may be helping others unselfishly.  
The day we commit actions without pity  
and without self gain is the day that love  
will show us the light on how to truly live.  
We have to learn how to love first before we  
try to commit great acts of heroism.  
Because then it is not heroism it is selfishness.  
Are these acts committed because you see the good in them  
or are they committed so that people can see the good in you?

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Hope Will Not Make Me Happy Today

I can't stand feeling  
That time is running out  
But I do  
And I don't think there is much  
That I can do about it  
It is engraved into me  
It is apart of my genetic structure  
I'm in a panic searching for a heart  
That is not beating  
Well it is  
It's just not in earshot yet  
I can complain and complain  
But where is that really going to get me  
Well I'll tell you where  
Because I have been there before

It gets me thinking about  
How life is hopeless  
And I am hopeless  
But in all actuality  
It is not and I am not  
But I am not one who believes in hope  
Hope is a long term word  
It is the future  
And right now my mind is fixed on the present  
Hope will not make me happy today

Theorem The Truth Serum

# How About Salt And Pepper?

leverage, out to get you  
stab you in the back  
so far that it comes  
out the other side  
you can see the hand  
you can see the knife  
with its gored up blade  
what won't we use  
against each other  
swords and knives  
axes and arrows  
piercing through our politics  
cutting and slicing it all up  
there is nothing left  
just a bunch of chaos  
butchered up chaos  
how about salt and pepper  
to go with all that

Theorem The Truth Serum

# How Can I Be Involved With You?

She's so sweet  
My eyes are begging please  
But she's from Mexico  
I don't know her lingo  
It is kind of hard  
To say the words that I want  
So I say nothing at all  
When I pass her in the hall  
But my mind keeps telling me  
How beautiful she is  
When I already know this  
My heart beats faster  
Every time she walks by  
All I can say is 'hi'  
'How's it going'  
'Is it busy'  
And that is the extent  
of our conversations  
It leaves me with equations  
That I can not solve  
How can I be involved  
With you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# How To Control The Beast

I took a pencil from out of the molded pottery casing,  
it had no eraser, but I put it on a piece of blank paper anyway.  
I then began to write our history, chronologically,  
I stopped and read some of the things we did,  
I scratched at my facial hair and thought,  
it all makes sense now (all the division) .  
I wish I could erase it, but the eraser was gone.  
Beyond flat, disintegrated, a rubberless top.  
I squished the metal that once housed some.  
I kept writing until I came to modern times,  
the vampires that still live today, passed down  
their disease like an heirloom.  
This legacy lives on, hundreds of years of slavery served.  
Some get paid, some worked for free, but either way  
we're all indentured to the same masters.  
We're all worshipping the economy like some  
kind of evil deity to be feared.  
We can control this deity by what we buy, that simple.  
The economy will then be at the whim of our needs and desires.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Can Only Be Real

I can only be real  
Because what thinks my thoughts  
And speaks them  
Are all real  
To lie about my thoughts or myself  
Would be like saying that I am not real  
But I am not made out of wood  
I am made of flesh and bone  
All of which  
Can be injured or eradicated  
Telling lies would be doing this to myself  
I refuse to do that to myself  
I can only be real

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Can'T Believe That You'Re Single

I can't believe that you're single  
Your personality blooms like a flower  
And your face is so beautiful  
That you cause mirrors to grow legs  
Just so that they can be a reflection of you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Can't Deny My Attraction

She looks better than she knows  
This is such an incredible quality  
She doesn't even know that she has it  
She walks with such grace  
and resting upon her shoulders  
is a beautiful face  
I can't deny my attraction  
I'm just looking for her affection

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Could Write A Love Poem...

I could write a love poem  
I could also 'preach'  
But I just want to reach to some others  
And put some volts to their chest  
To resuscitate their hearts  
And bring them back to life

Theorem The Truth Serum



# I Guess

I guess people hate the truth

People don't care to look for the truth

I guess I'd be this way too if I was married

People don't read the bible nor the Koran nor any other religious book

People that do don't really read it

People that are radical follow their wicked hearts

I guess people hate the truth

People will find out the truth one day and they are not going to like it when they find out about their stupidity

People glorify stupidity

People are dumb to everything that isn't significant to them

People look at the news because someone else is finding the truth for them

People don't like to do anything that is outside their lives

People don't donate money they let others do it for them

People that donate for them keep some for themselves

I guess people hate the truth because people don't want to know the real evil truths that float about us

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Have Done Some Pretty Stupid Things.....

When I was young  
all I did was search  
for euphoria  
and I wish that I did more  
Sometimes things  
don't work out  
as planned  
but there is no need to worry  
I know that I don't worry  
I don't worry about much  
I wake up and know that  
this mind of mine  
is going to think new thoughts  
These ears are going to hear new sounds  
These hands are going to touch new things  
That is all that I know  
My memory isn't so great  
I've had a rugged past  
and it has affected my insides  
I have done some pretty stupid things

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Know That I Could Love You

There are so many things  
I want to say to you  
Though I haven't gotten  
to talk to you much  
I have seen everything  
that I want to know  
in your smile and your eyes  
They tell the truth  
about you having a good heart  
I see that you are  
a person full of energy  
You flat out intrigue me  
I want to get to know you  
and do things for you  
that no one ever has  
because I know that  
I could love you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Listen To Rush....

I listen to Rush...  
to see what the  
dumb shits are  
listening to.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Live In The Ghetto' Diabolical Man....

People are so stupid  
and I am sick of them.

'Oh he's a chink.'

What a horrible thought to think.

He has a name and he is a human being.

He's quite nice, a lot better than you are.

He's said nothing against you.

Why do you have to be like that?

Go find somewhere else to be,

or better yet, isolate yourself away from the world.

We don't need your stabbing words.

Our hearts have enough wounds.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## I Miss....

I miss seeing you

I miss the way you used to come up to the front desk like an eager school girl

I miss saying hi and seeing you smile

I miss helping you out and seeing you smile

I miss the way my heart skipped a beat on that first day that I saw you

I thought that you were unbelievable when I first saw you

I still think that you are unbelievable and I hardly even know you

I guess some may think this is weird and some might even think it is absurd but

I can't help it

I want to take care of you and if that is the only thing that I accomplish in life

well I wouldn't really care

I'd be happy because I want to make you happy

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Truly Do Hate The News

I truly do hate the news  
It's full of half truths  
And disposable heroes  
It ruins the lives of many  
The media swarms the story  
If your the story  
Then stay home and stay inside  
Though from the media you cannot hide  
They'll look over your fence  
Or through your window  
For that one snapshot

People say gunshot's kill a person  
But so do snapshots  
Once your famous  
You can never live a normal life  
It is cruel how we know more  
About celebrities than we do of ourselves  
How does reading garbage make us better

A man makes a profit  
Off the magazine  
Who is unfit to have that money  
He ruins lives and me and you  
He tells us how to look  
And what we should be interested in  
I truly do hate the news

Theorem The Truth Serum

## I Try Not To Lie.....

I try not to lie  
But my soul is always asleep  
And my heart is a mute  
I've made promises  
That I did intend to keep  
But I didn't follow through  
Why you ask  
Because I like to go down the road  
Of wines, beers, and liquors  
I'm an alcoholic  
And it is the only luxury I seem to be able to afford

Theorem The Truth Serum



# I Will Never Do It Again

Cut straws

Draws

A cut nose

With a #2 pencil

This is supposed to be pleasure

But it is really a hassle

Constant thinking

Becomes a headache

I come down but it is too late

Depressed and unforgiving

For giving in

But an addiction is a vacuum

It sucks me in

I'm sorry but I will never do it again

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Will Never Forget

I feel at home  
sitting at this desk  
watching dvds  
and writing poetry  
I work with a lot  
of good people  
and I hate to say good-bye  
We all need money  
just as much as air or water  
but sometimes I laugh at this  
though that is another story  
on another page of poetry  
I really do love these keys  
for they have forged the very creation  
that I have needed in my life  
They have allowed me to tell the story  
of my struggles and frustrations  
For this  
I will never forget

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Will Never Have You

I know I will never have you.

You're like; snow in LA,  
a rose bush in the desert,  
a gun that doesn't kill,  
an ice cube that doesn't chill.

You're like; darkness during an Alaskan summer,  
an Olympics without a medal,  
a runner without legs.

You're a war full of happiness,  
a celebration without any people, an Autumn without falling leaves.

You're an hour without passed time,  
a car driving without an engine,  
a stream without water.

In the end I still think of her but yet I never got to have her.

She's a perfume that has never left my nostril  
because she was a flower who's scent is impossible to forget.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I Write

I write to know myself  
to understand my feelings  
I write to tell you about myself  
Maybe someone will understand too  
I write and write  
Because it is a letter to someone  
I write because I have to  
It's the only way I can communicate

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Idiotic(Song)

We'll never get over how idiotic we are...  
We start Holocausts for tax breaks  
Wars to make a better living  
We are obtuse, we are not straight  
So don't expect a straight answer from me

We're idiotic like an oxymoron  
Part of your pun that was intended  
But you act like it's not  
I guess I'll just laugh

Part of being an idiot  
Is not knowing when you are  
Whether your in your office  
Or driving in your car  
We're all idiotic  
So don't take yourself too seriously

I don't really care honestly  
I'm as idiotic as anybody  
But I can't stomach  
A person who has no clue  
That's as idiotic as a panda  
only eating bamboo  
Because we're all this way

Part of being an idiot  
Is not knowing when you are  
Whether your in your office  
Or driving in your car  
We're all idiotic  
So don't take yourself too seriously  
Cause I'm an oxymoron

Theorem The Truth Serum

## If I Could Have Her

If I could have her, I would give thanks everyday.

If I could have her, I would show nothing but love.

If I could have her, I would never need anything else.

If I could have her, I would only try to fulfill her needs.

If I could have her, I would spend the rest of my life happy.

If I could have her, I will be sitting on top of the highest mountain.

If I could have her, I would be complete.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# If We Could Hear God...

If We could hear God...  
He'd say stop trying to play  
my role and bring the troops home.  
Satan wants to occupy the whole earth  
and so does America currently...  
you want to be like Satan?  
God gave us free will and it is Satan  
who tries to take away your freedom  
just like the Patriot Act.  
Politicians go to church to gain  
the church communities votes.  
Just because they say they  
worship and go to church doesn't  
mean that they are religious.  
It is one's actions that defines their faith  
not how much money or support that  
they give to one given community.  
Stop these hypocrisies...all of you.  
No one lends an ear to my voice anymore.  
You are all too worried about who is the best.  
I am the best...so you can all lay that to rest  
and stop this global playground fighting bullshit.  
Some of you politicians are almost dead  
and you still haven't figured a thing out yet.  
Selfishness is not the way...is Ayn Rand  
god or am I God?  
I think that question answers itself.

(this one goes out to all you retardicans and hypocrats)

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Ill Fated Spider

Many people are compelled  
to fly the American flag when  
they do not know what it means  
to be an American.

They do not know about  
how we killed millions  
of innocent people to  
forge this great empire.

They do not know about  
the manipulation that has  
alienated so many.

If only they knew  
the price of greatness,  
they may not wish  
for it to continue.

One day the rain  
will fall upon this great  
society of cheaters and  
wash it down the drain  
like an ill fated spider  
who chooses it's home  
by the drain.

The water will come with more  
force than any web of power  
can sustain and it will end in  
innocents dying with pain.

What will this act of violence really do?  
Will it end imperialism all together  
or will it feed this monster and cause  
it to continue?

Theorem The Truth Serum



# I'LI Smoke Weed

They say you're different

How different

Different as in completely the opposite

Different as in mustard and ketchup

Different as in dumb and intelligent

Different as in clumsy and graceful

What does this mean

No answer

Just a pause

Well you still need medication

Would you give me another opinion

No

We don't believe in 'spiritual' enlightenment

Thanks for nothing

I'll smoke weed

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Illiterate

Illiterate as a man that cannot read  
but books are not my vice women are  
I think that I'm being egged on  
to pursue her by her smiles and words  
but really it is nothing of this sort  
I can't read them

I have tried for a long time  
I know that I am part picky  
and my choices are part unlikely  
and sometimes part inopportune  
but come on now  
I got to get one of these right

I'm great at reading people  
if they have problems  
that I can help solve  
but when it comes to women  
I am as illiterate as a new born baby

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I'M A Pancake

I'm staying on my feet  
standing on a log that  
races down the river  
at high speeds  
hoping that I will live  
Unfortunately there is  
no time for a happy ending  
for this story because  
I am falling five hundred feet  
and catapulted in the air  
as the waterfall wrestles  
its way through the rocks  
along the cliffside  
I'm a pancake

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I'M Gone

With a wink and a whisper  
it was all sent in motion  
Smiles and laughter  
built up a comfort zone  
The next thing you know  
we were on our way home  
Collisions and friction  
a natural addiction  
our comforts were granted  
everything was done  
The bed and breakfast  
placed under your naked breasts  
There was a cry through the walls  
that sounded child-like  
Here was a mother  
a mother that didn't listen  
She let it go on until  
it got quite angry  
Then she yelled back  
She closed the door  
and it was just more crying  
You don't want to be in charge  
of taking responsibility  
for a life you created  
What a useless quality  
I'm gone

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I'M Nothing

I'm a completely hopeless  
bag of excrement  
bathed in my own failures  
and filtered through  
the sewage that becomes me  
I'm nothing

Theorem The Truth Serum

# I'M Sure You'LI Shed A Tear Or Two

I have looked into her cold blue eyes.  
I have argued with her about life.  
I can go now and seek the essence  
on my own then, okay.  
I'm sure you'll shed a tear or two,  
but really you know that it is the end too.  
I know you'll chastise the relationship  
when I am gone,  
but for now you'll  
lie and say that you'll  
miss me.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Imperialist Pigs

No one can see the snubbed noses of the Imperialist pigs,  
how they march around after rolling in the mud.  
They go to other pig's slop and eat it all up  
leaving them to starve, coldhearted.  
They love to kick mud in the eyes of other pigs  
making them blind to what they are really doing.  
They're just a bunch of school yard bullies  
dictating too much policy with pig mud for brains.  
Just take a whiff of these heartless bastards and  
you will smell the smell of their own feces.  
Oh, how they love the smell of their own feces.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## In A Lonely Alley

In a lonely alley  
fermented by piss  
and human excrement,  
a man slumped  
on the pavement  
held a cup with  
a little silver  
and copper change.  
His eyes were half open  
and his breath smelled  
of dog and liquor.

What a hopeless old fellow,  
who looked to be in his wrinkled  
up old age without an idea  
and without a penny to call his own.  
Everything has been donated  
and he just exists on the edge of life.  
The man must have beat him down  
long ago with a billy club.  
Something bludgeoned  
him down and took away his will.  
Whether it was him or whoever,  
something happened to this man.

You have lost, but it isn't over yet.  
You have got a few more punches  
to take and the real killer is the weather.  
Give him a blanket  
Give him a smile  
because this man has not seen one  
in a while.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# In A Tree With A Bluebird

I was sitting in a tree with a bluebird.  
Her songs sang sweet with every word.  
I watched as her blue wings flapped  
as she rose herself from a branch,  
my heart sank deeply into an avalanche.  
She continued to sing with her head  
pointing to the heavens proudly.  
She flew to my side as she giggled loudly.

My hand slowly plotted it's decent  
to the tip of her wing.  
I would do anything  
to fly by her side.

We would sing songs as we woke up on an early morning.  
We'd sing a song of our total yearning.

In time learning,  
this is the place  
where the fire is burning.  
Then I woke up from a dream  
and the world was turning.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# In Front Of A Tv

There was many days that I spent  
when I was younger  
in front of the tv  
I thought that  
it was the thing  
that mattered the most  
During the morning  
it was cartoons  
During the daytime  
it was animals  
and civilizations  
During the evening  
it was sitcoms  
Back then  
I didn't know  
that feeling  
the wind  
is much better  
than seeing  
other things  
filmed in color

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Injustice

A bulky man in black and a badge  
Took a man's necklace  
He clasped his hand around it and asked  
'What are these crack rocks? '  
His face was red and full of temper  
And he replied  
'No they are pieces of my  
Grandmother's grave stone.'  
He laughed at this black pigmented man  
And replied 'Oh is that so? '  
He threw them to the ground and stepped on them  
Saying 'What do you think about that boy? '  
'I think I am black and under attack.'  
This white man with a badge only laughed  
To anger this pulled over man  
Who had not been drinking  
But who smelled of smoke  
He was angered so much that  
He threw out some fighting words  
He was charged with assault  
Under bogus pretenses  
He was allowed to fight the charges  
But he would have to stay in the pen  
Until the trial was over  
He decided against it  
His charges were virtually all dropped  
But he got probation

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Insomnia

I am worn out  
My eyes burn from being open too much  
I lay awake at night  
Wishing to catch a dream  
Or some kind of nostalgic feeling atleast  
But insomnia is a tricky thing  
It is like the bite of a pitbull  
It's jaws lock onto you  
And they will not let go  
Unless you get them surgically removed  
But you can't surgically remove insomnia  
And it is most difficult to rid from your mind  
That is where it likes to dwell  
It is that jobless man who likes to sit on the couch  
All day and drink beer  
And your mind is the living room  
The longer it dwells the dirtier it gets  
Dust begins to cover the furniture of your living room  
It gets so thick that it is near impossible to clean up  
Time to call the maid because I am getting sick of you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Intangible Struggles

My fingers hit the keys  
And words start to grow  
Lines become poetry  
Lines become an explanation  
A paradox of life  
Broken homes  
Become broken tones  
Confusion becomes the language  
Don't deny this downward spiral  
There is no such thing as denial  
After all it is false  
You reap what you sew  
You pay what you owe  
Inescapable is the cumulative  
Negativities that freeze  
And make a person  
Go into a period of intangible struggles  
For a while they are hard to handle  
But that is because you got one hand on the ledge  
You need two to pull yourself up  
You need vision  
You need goals  
You can find something better than this

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Intolerance

The wickedness, it is in us all like water.  
Like water, we can be filtered, purified.  
We are mostly water, water gets dirty,  
but again it can be purified.  
Dirt will always find it's way into the clean,  
and make it unclean again.  
Like a house, we must constantly  
clean it, otherwise we'll get sick, contaminated.  
Negativity is like bacteria, it multiplies,  
we can clean it by having a focus on the positive.  
Racism is nasty, unclean, a disease that  
affects the minds of the unbalanced.  
We can cure that too, with intolerance.  
We should teach our children equality,  
so they will learn to love and appreciate  
everyone and everything that they have in their lives.  
Then maybe we will all learn to love the Earth,  
treat her better and have intolerance towards her abuse.  
The wickedness should not be tolerated,  
it should instead, be cleansed by intolerance.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Invader

Seen by the eyes of the wilderness  
I kept wandering through the forest of mossy trees  
The birds chirped and flew from one branch to another  
The deer came and then quickly went  
My voice cried out from the depths of my soul  
The creatures of the forest stopped to look  
They looked at the origin but knew not what to do  
Some ran eastward, northward, southward, and westward  
Some stood quietly like a stone in an upright posture  
The needles of the trees fell like green snowflakes  
The crunch of the ground felt as if I was walking on bran cereal  
Pine cones aged slowly near the trees  
As I got closer to the animals of the forest  
They scampered off abruptly scared  
I've interrupted their paradise  
I've invaded their homes

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Invent Peace

We have invented medicines to prolong our lives.  
We have created all kinds of weapons to end lives.  
We have created convenience in mass production.  
We have soaked our minds with fear through entertaining images.  
We have blasted our minds with conquering civilizations with reverence.  
We have taken it upon ourselves to control this world because  
the people of the world do not try to control themselves.  
We have chosen to destroy people's hearts everyday;  
what they have fought to protect and provide for their families.  
We chosen selfish actions over well thought out humility.  
When will we invent peace?  
When will we fight for peace without incorporating violence?  
There is no violence in peace.  
Note our hypocrisies and change them, everyone, all of us.

Theorem The Truth Serum



## Is This What You Want?

What makes you think that you love him?  
He's got a good job that you can respect.  
He drives a nice car that you can admire.  
He's bought a new house where you see possibility.  
He's got down on one knee and stuck it out with you.

What good is that all going to do you when you become his trophy?  
Do you want to be just another trophy wife that is all alone?

He's going to want to have kids.  
He's going to want you to stay home.

Is this what you want?

He's going to make you stay home while he is off on business.  
He's going to make you wonder what he is doing while he is gone.

Is this what you want?

If so...more power to you.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# It Drowns Me

What am I worth  
What do these poems do  
They are a place to vent  
They are a place where  
I can express myself  
But what is this expression worth  
They are priceless to me  
Do they mean anything to anybody else  
Or do they just mean something to me  
They are expressive writings  
of the tears I have poured into my lake of sorrow  
They are also a part of my lake of happiness  
and lake of frustration that bears no other  
action but these very writings  
I want to erase all these frustrations  
of politics and dishonest entities  
but it is not as easy as putting rubber  
to a group of graphite written symbols  
or putting white out over the paper  
It doesn't exist on paper  
it exists in my mind and in the world that surrounds me  
It drowns me and I gasp for air

Theorem The Truth Serum

## It Is Sad

My muse has been stolen  
My fingers can't do anything anymore  
There was once such life  
but now it is gone  
because my friend is gone  
She was fired out of a cannon  
and stuffed with gunpowder  
just like a grape shot  
She fell to the ground and exploded  
in a frightful fit of tears  
What about her daughter  
How is she going to live  
I can help her only so much  
I'm not feeling too well  
I can't think about this anymore  
It is sad

Theorem The Truth Serum

# It Just Popped In My Head

It just popped in my head  
After I read a Charles Bukowski poem  
Things could be worse  
There is not more death  
Than life  
Suicide is not the talk of the town  
Drugs are back  
But only those who do not want to grow up  
Take them  
I assure you that one day  
They too will grow up

I can smile without making myself  
I can find beauty everywhere  
And see it everywhere  
I am diurnal and nocturnal  
A dark hill in the night  
Is not less beautiful  
Than a bright green one in the day

It is these premonitions  
That make me go through times  
When I feel that I am invincible  
It is almost like I have reached  
My full potential

And it feels great

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Judge Me

Drop your political affiliations  
and stuff them in Uranus.  
Do not judge me  
unless you got the guts to make a go at me.  
Your inoperable opinions  
makes your mind one with the minions.  
You couldn't lead yourself to the ocean  
while standing with your feet  
dug in the sand on a coastal beach.  
Who you trying to reach?  
You're not going to reach me cause  
I write what I write.  
Freedom of speech gives me the right to fight  
people's off colored political insights.  
I'm against Fox News cause in the end they lose.  
Nothing that they do coincides  
with the bible of their constituents.  
Yet they call themselves the party  
of 'family values' when in their mind,  
they want to take food off your table.  
I do not follow the small business fable  
of another hungry party coming at us  
like starving Donner survivors.  
Wake up all you nine to fivers.  
They still write bills with corporate America.  
None of you can judge me  
cause you can't even right yourself.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Just A Fantasy

Some days I feel like I can fly  
Like a bird in the sky  
Circling around and soaring high  
It seems like fun  
I won't deny  
If I could fly  
I would never walk  
I would gladly give up  
My ability to talk  
I'd be the human hawk  
Just a fantasy  
That anyone would fancy

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Just Be Patient(Song)

Mystic eyes traveling into mine  
Panning through my soul  
Searching for the gold  
So it can be extracted  
You want to bring it out  
You can see the shine in the water

Its there I assure you  
Deep within the mud brown  
of my own eyes  
Just be patient

Carribbean eyes of the ocean  
Coming like a pirate  
to pillage me for my worth  
Cannons pointed at my heart  
They could do me in if they fire

There is gold I assure you  
Deep within the mud brown  
of my own eyes  
Just be patient

Everything is loaded  
Everything is underway  
Mold the clay with patient hands  
You demand my attention  
Your smile so inviting  
I'm reluctant and distrustful  
The damage has been done  
My ship has many holes  
From fending off intruders  
Who come to destroy me

If all you want is my gold  
Then turn back around  
My eyes are looking, questioning  
The motives of your gaze  
Just be patient

## Theorem The Truth Serum



# Just The Way I Dreamed It

I'm starting to think that  
we only get what we  
want in our sleep  
Our dreams fills us  
with smiles that have  
never been witnessed before  
Hair blowing in the wind  
as I drive a convertible Ferrari  
through the Midwestern plains  
of the United States  
No foolishness or derogatory rhetoric  
Just one experience just the way I dreamed it

Theorem The Truth Serum

# 'Just....To....Find....You'

I've broken bones  
I've traveled through perils  
Into the forest  
And through the mountains  
I have become a champion  
Just to find you  
'Just....to....find....you, '

My breath is finally caught  
My wounds have finally healed  
Time is no longer needed  
She gives me infinite surrender  
We both surrender

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Knight

I wonder what it would be like  
to be an honorable knight  
Who fought for truth  
and that is it

Who stayed away  
from the political bullshit  
Who only fought for his friends  
But what would my wife think

I would have to leave them  
Like a modern traveling business employee  
But instead of a plane  
I'd have a horse

I'd name him Goliath  
He'd be as mighty as his name  
He'd be a wild mustang  
That I would tame

I'd carry a lance and a sword  
A shield that was metal  
And not a wooden board  
I'd be Sir Lodwogo

But instead I am a poet  
I can be anything I want  
I can write myself  
Into any situation

And I like it

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Knowledge Of Love

Lavish was her dress  
that fluttered in the wind  
like a red colored leaf  
in the autumn season

I asked her who she  
was trying to impress  
and she reserved herself  
on a seat of silence

I was just aiming to  
fire at human reaction  
but she didn't like  
that very much  
and rose to her feet

The next moment  
I found out that she  
wasn't impressed  
so she got up  
and walked away

I smiled and noticed  
the lack of communication  
if only she would have stuck  
around for a few more moments  
she would've found out

People write you off  
so quickly because they  
see dollar signs  
because time is money

Money is so overrated  
because there are people  
with it and without it

They are all equally miserable

There is something missing  
Ones that truly know of love  
do not miss a thing  
because they have everything they need

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Left With Bad Weather

The fog shrouds  
every morning  
I wake up to  
The wind glides  
against my skin  
The cold seems  
to dig deep within  
All I can hear  
is your voice  
It deafens  
my attention  
Days are forgotten  
Days run together  
I stand here  
left with bad weather

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Libertarians Unite!

We deserve our own party

We are constitutionalists

We make more sense

We combine both liberal social life  
and conservative fiscal responsibility

None of which either party is doing at the moment

Give us this third party

it just makes sense

Libertarians unite!

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Life Is Everything

Diplomacy has gone  
with the wind  
encased in bullets  
and strapped on bombs  
Life is worth nothing

Money is everything

Blood soaked money  
in chests locked up  
in vaults guarded by  
expendable life

Money is everything

Rehabilitation has failed  
addiction is my prediction  
Social programs in decay  
what do these presidential  
candidates have to say

Money is everything

Life is everything  
Without it we'd have  
nothing to fight for  
There would be nothing  
we wouldn't've survived  
the tests of time to  
presently fail.  
It is life that  
we live with  
Stop death  
Diplomacy now

Life is not worthless  
Money is not everything  
Life is everything  
Protect life first



## Theorem The Truth Serum

# Life Isn'T Over Yet(Song)

I attempted to find a star  
Not far from where we are  
But it supernovaed in my face  
I wasn't patient, but I was bored  
It got the best of me  
I was ignored  
I'm just a little star  
Not far from a broken hearT  
Wind me up  
Get this clock tickin'  
Then wind me up again

This life isn't over yet  
I have some time  
Calculated histoy  
I'm ready to start over again

Over and over and over  
Life repeats rewinds  
Hand over the remote  
Cause now it's my time  
Controlled by outside influences  
Erasng their mainfraME  
I saw this coming  
It's a revolving door  
If you stay inside it  
The vortex is cement  
You need couraGE  
And a reboot  
to contine on my friend

This life isn't over yet  
We still have some time  
Calculated decisions  
Built you this end

An end of an idea  
Time to come up with another one  
Your life might feel empty

But don't give up before it's doNE

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Life Never Wanted Her To Be Happy

Grab a hold of this hand  
because I am here for you  
You have gone through so much  
in your life and I'm sorry  
but I could never relate  
I wanted to but I was too young  
You were much older  
You were like my sister  
I saw more tears  
than I saw eye boogers  
You didn't sleep much  
You did drugs  
You left to the Navy  
You became a respectable person  
Now you are unhappy  
because life never wanted  
you to be happy

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Like A Board Game

Here in this white room called a bedroom,  
He lays upon the sheeted bed.  
Covered by satins threaded in doubt,  
He stays motionless and stares blankly.  
His presumed failures weigh him down  
Like the fat of a man who lives off a solid fast food diet.  
He has broken his own heart a million times.  
The adventures in woman made the cracks  
Of his broken heart much bigger.  
But his heart was stitched together by a last glimmer of hope,  
He could still pull through by finding his stride within himself.  
One foot on the stepping stone,  
He had to stay on the stepping stones,  
But he lost his balance here  
And he lost his balance there.  
How much longer do the stepping stones  
Last for, he asked himself.  
He knew the real answer,  
They don't.  
These are the stepping stones of life  
And they run out when it is all over.  
Wherever you stop is how far you got  
Like a board game played by a family of four.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Like A Tornado

What am I going to accomplish  
that will make people think  
that I was a good person  
How can I justify this  
I would like to be remembered as  
a good person  
but sometimes that is impossible  
Sometimes you have hurt more people  
than you have helped  
I believe that I have helped more people  
but sometimes people take things  
the wrong way  
They can often twist your words like a tornado  
which essentially has the same effect  
It is destructive and all together  
unneded  
But I can't change the way people think  
I can only except it

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Like A Victorian Dress

She is truly lovely  
like a Victorian dress  
set upon the right pair of breasts.  
I respect her as if she was divine,  
because to me her beauty is divine.  
She belongs on Mount Olympus  
with all the divine gods and goddesses  
that represent beauty.  
I'm afraid they will all lose their spots  
because she is a new piece  
of my mythical expertise,  
but she is truly real  
like the new skin donned on Pinocchio.  
She is no fallacy,  
atleast that is the way she appears to me.  
Stop me if I push the podium in front of her,  
atleast until I find out about the real her.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Like An Old Tree

I have once seen  
the face of happiness.  
It was my own face.  
Happiness felt somber  
like an old tree with  
deep roots that reach  
out to everything.  
The gleam I had  
was like the oxygen  
that emits from this  
old tree. It gave life.  
I once gave life  
to everything that  
was around me.  
Now I can only try,  
but before it was  
effortless.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Like Water On Trees(Song)

Open the envelope  
take out everything  
Let me see what's inside  
Riding on the respect  
I have for you  
Take your time  
I'll be right with you  
Helping you along  
the way  
What can I say  
I like it this way

Warm like spring  
The sun is shining  
Even in the winter  
I'm right with you  
Like water on the trees  
You nurture me

Alright now you know  
Combine these lines  
Step to these times  
This offer stands  
No written proposals  
No business  
Just straight up  
Me and you  
Like birds and the trees  
Flowers and bees  
Helping each other  
along the way  
What can I say  
I like it this way

Warm like spring  
The sun is shining  
Even in the winter  
I'm right with you  
Like water on trees

I'll nurture thee

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Little (Song)

Focused on the process  
That is limitless  
Everyone's gotta try just a little  
Some zig and some zag,  
We've got no direction  
Everyone's a little too far from the middle  
It numbs us,  
it numbs us all  
Everyone likes to lie just a little

It is all little  
Tiny particles  
Heat sensitivity  
between you and me  
We are little  
Far from big

So these delusions  
Act like contusions  
Everyone's got to lighten up just a little  
Too many serious expressions  
In confined spaces  
I need to step aside from being in the middle  
It numbs me,  
From head to toe  
Everyone likes to lie just a little

So make this our space  
When I need your face  
We can lie down for a little  
And we'll play the fiddle  
Everyone has to give up time, just a little

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Little Pygmy

Life is a tiny little pygmy.  
You better enjoy it while it lasts.  
Many people latch onto the sad parts  
and let it drag them into the dirt  
for a lengthy period of time.  
You got to let go because happy  
moments are short and they  
need to be worked at to be created.  
Happy moments are also brought  
upon by points of view.  
If you drop the cynicism you'll be in a better place.  
Cut away your depression with a sharp knife  
and let it drift into the sky until you can no longer feel it.  
Create your happy moments.  
Seize your happy moments because  
after all they will always be waiting for you.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Live

You can destroy me  
We all have free will  
Anything that we want  
to accomplish will happen  
Everything can be good  
Everything can be bad  
Frowns or smiles  
Give or take  
Live

Let's flap our wings  
and flock together on  
a southbound course  
Where it is warm  
and where we can share  
Let the wind guide  
my movements  
Live

Let our hearts beat fast  
in unison to each other  
Buh boom buh boom  
Our mouths will take  
a turn towards  
one another  
Live

Our hands will wander  
Our bodies will move together  
This way and that way  
Until we stop  
but even then  
it isn't over  
Live

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Lived To Tell The Tale

Footsteps superseded a cough  
Gunshots were heard outside  
and the whistling bullets pushed through  
the air destroying everything in it's path  
until it's velocity reached zero  
The fires ceased so  
he got up to go look around  
He pulled out his .44 magnum  
and slowly crept up quietly  
through the wood cracking ground  
There was some kind of movement  
and he knew that was a lot of automatic fire  
that was coming from outside  
Something was waiting behind door number one  
'Door number one of the mystery doors. I think it is instant death.'  
He suddenly hears a crowd laughing  
There's three other doors  
His eyes dart past the windows and the doors  
Then coming back down the same path  
Shadows emerge from the window  
He gets low and studies the shadows  
then lets two shells bull out of the gate  
Two men dropp one of them starts swearing profusely  
Little did he know that there was one man standing  
Right behind the door ducked down and ready before  
the two stairs of the porch started its climb  
He unloaded in a horizontal stream  
hitting the house owner in the ankle  
The man was falling down and started to fire off his magnum  
there were three shots fired leaving one remainder  
Shit he was at a disadvantage  
He started to crawl to the back of the house  
He smacked into a plastic garbage can  
The aggressor kicked the door down and started firing  
Spray and pray  
Spray and pray  
Ducked behind the kitchen he waited for him to reload  
Click clack chu  
He rolled out of the kitchen

and out into the main lobby of his house  
he fired a well aimed shot and it was all over  
He had a license to kill in self defense  
He saved the day and lived to tell the tale

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Look Where Greed Has Gotten Us

I have walked the earth,  
but I have never seen  
more animosity than  
in a workplace.  
People will gut  
you there with  
dull knives that  
take hours to penetrate  
all of the way.  
They belittle or praise  
sometimes twice  
hailing from both ways.  
It is greed, it is greed.  
They want more and they  
want to get more.  
Sell your arms,  
sell your limbs  
they'll fly away  
from you just the same.  
The poor have many layers  
that they have to break through.  
A cocoon of 100 inches of steel  
with out a drill, with hope going against us.  
They want to raise our tuition.

LOok WHerE GReEd HaS GottEN US

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Lost Forever

I am a tragedy  
Written by hand  
Scribbled for the interpretor  
Dropped on the ground  
Stepped on and ripped  
Blown in the air  
Landing on vermin  
Splatter lands a tear  
Moistened black puddle  
Whipped away clear  
Lost hopeless verses  
Thrown in the trash

Lost forever  
Until someone rummages through  
And wades through  
With a paddle  
Discarding  
Regarding  
The nothing  
That makes us all the same

This world thinks we're weaklings  
They think that they know everything  
Feed us fear and we will not struggle  
We'll wrestle free from your grapple  
Individuals taking down false ideals  
Selfish ones  
Unacceptable ones  
Unrepresented ones  
Where's our representation  
You can afford your war  
But you can't afford respect  
Even though it is free

Lost forever  
Until someone rummages through  
And wades through  
With a paddle

Discarding  
Regarding  
The nothing  
That makes us all the same

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Lost Maybe But Never Forgotten

Come say goodbye  
You didn't know that  
they would be gone  
tomorrow

You didn't get to see  
them ever again  
Left with good memories  
left with an imprint  
of unforgettable importance

You died forgetting  
to say many things  
but I now understand  
what you would've done

Sometimes we all  
still miss you  
We won't forget  
You did so much  
for us all  
Lost maybe but  
never forgotten

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Love And War

Life is love and war...  
A struggle we all explore...  
Our soldier's deplore...  
Always prone on the floor...  
Waiting for gore...  
Breathing each breath...  
We can't ignore...  
Invading the shores...  
Fight back if you want more...  
Because you'll find out...  
Life is love and war...

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Love Trumps Loneliness

The power of sex has taken away the power of love.  
This is clearly a piece of evidence that supports  
how we are living in a world of sin.  
Lust is sexual greed after all and  
sexual greed is the killer of love.  
Sexual greed is not bad to have  
when you are young and  
have time on your side.  
When one matures, one usually  
thinks about how they do not  
want to be alone for the rest of their lives.  
Love trumps loneliness because love takes  
you out of yourself and puts you into someone else.  
Once two make one, you will never be alone.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Lucille Ball

I am bored out of my mind  
thinking of old 'I Love Lucy' episodes  
and how Lucy once burned her nose  
One day she some how  
came to the conclusion  
that vitametavegemins  
would be any good for her

If I worked at a chocolate factory  
I would be eating them  
as I worked just as she did  
I would've also loved  
stepping all over the grapes  
especially if the backdrop  
was sweet Italy

I think it is really funny  
when Ricky goes off  
on her in Spanish  
I love the Spanish language  
and furthermore  
I love Lucy

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Mad Scientist

Lovely intervention by the corrosion of thought  
Selfish dialect to convey personal accomplishment  
Accomplishments that market destruction  
Of mind body soul and surroundings  
Came out of college  
After learning how to cultivate death  
In a plastic container that shall be preserved  
Intentions to find a cure for death  
But instead I marketed it for self enrichment  
Now I am a rich man

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Magnet

She flooded on my screen through rubber insulated cords  
causing the copper to come to life with sparks  
that generated images of beauty and grace.  
It was like looking at happiness in 3-D.  
She stood up against the hills and the sea  
looking as if she had the face of a thousand ships.  
She set herself down on the sand looking up, a smiling youth  
with black satin pigtails draped down her shoulders.  
She was a fearless beauty in her youth  
under the light of the Australian sun.  
I wish I knew this girl from start to finish.  
I wish I was her betrothed neighborhood boy  
who just happened to be her soulmate.  
We talk the night away about needs and love.  
We bounce off our ideas and enjoy our chats.  
She inspires me to be a better person.  
She inspires me to be the kind of man I want to be.  
I thank her for this, she has shown me the light that  
shines from within myself, my soul.  
She has confirmed that I am the man I want to be.  
This is the man that everyone should be,  
the one who is always there to pick up their  
loved ones when they are at their lowest points.  
She is this magnet that pulls me along to tell me  
where to go without saying a word because I know where I want to go  
and that is in love with a woman as beautiful as she is.  
One who is as complete as she is.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Magnificence

I sat upon a tree branch and spread my wings.  
Upon my wings were feathers of white.  
Many people looked up with curious eyes  
to see of what kind of creature I was.  
They squinted and squinted but could not define me  
with simple vision that bounced back my colors.  
I seemed like an ultraviolet ray purely from the sun.  
My light is white and warm as people gathered around to embrace it.  
I asked them not to gather around me but I guess they couldn't resist  
because suddenly my wings were penguin-like and I was  
forced to stay upon land.  
I have flown away from land so many times some  
could call me an escape artist in the form of a nomad.  
I've cloaked myself in robes to hide my true identity.  
I just wanted to live with myself in a paradise of survival  
where I ate off the fruits of my own labors,  
but like many animals with wings, we too can be injured.  
In order to get them back, I must teach others to fly  
and then shall they be nursed back to health  
so for now I must climb down from this tree  
and manifest wings from within your hearts.  
Hearts can be persuaded by greed, lust, and love.  
Unfortunately love is overruled by many other things.  
Many people become judges and voted against love  
like it was found unconstitutional by the US Supreme Court.  
Right and wrong can be twisted around and taught to be  
viewed in numerous ways in a sea of situations,  
but love and hate cannot be.  
Right and wrong is taught to us but  
love and hate are not.  
They are both instinctual and can be felt.  
If you feel bad because of it, it has come from hate.  
If you feel good about it, it has come from love.  
Love has abnormal forms such as the love of murder, etc.  
But those who live with such abnormalities are born with  
a black hole that can never be filled or plugged up.  
This plug is essentially common sense without this  
there can be no true and moral existence.  
That is why I strive to be like Buddha,

but this world still tries to keep me on the ground  
when I want to soar into the sky with all  
the other birds of true magnificence.  
Magnificent is the truth, magnificent is love.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Man What A Blessing

With a wink came a blessing  
Soft and caressing  
Now she's undressing  
Cause I'm impressing  
For once I'm not depressing  
Now it's my endurance that she's testing  
Maybe she's just messing  
She came for one night with a blessing  
Now she is dressing  
Now this is just depressing  
But her smile is impressing  
Man what a blessing

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Many Days(Metal Type Song)

Injustice is breed  
like a species  
that's a-sexual  
That's not formidable  
But I still wake up  
and I still get up  
Hoping to find  
that this has changed  
with each blinking second

But there's been many days  
Spent in my life  
Nothing has changed  
It stays virtually the same

If it's not the same  
then its getting worse  
I'm sorry to say it  
But nothing has changed  
I have tried praying  
and talking and preaching  
But none of it works  
because no one understands  
One view against  
the marketed view  
I don't stand a chance

But there's been many days  
Spent in my life  
Nothing has changed  
It stays virtually the same

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Massive Hairball

She had a long lonely face.  
Her eyes were dull and unhappy.  
She laid silently lazy.  
Her purpose was undefined.  
She was like a statue waiting  
for some wandering attention.  
A piece of living and breathing art.  
She roamed the backyard and the side yard  
to remind us of our possessive spirits.  
She got about as much attention as  
a child gives to their broken toys.  
It is sad looking back at it now.  
She seems to be a massive rising and falling hairball.  
She might have barked at times  
but this doesn't mean she was a dog.  
A dog is a part of the family not to be  
shunned and always left outside.  
Where is the love in that?  
A pet is there to be loved.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## May One Day...

May one day humanity  
come together without  
destroying itself.

May the sun rise to a day  
where fear has dried up  
with the blood that it has spilt.

May one day come where  
lies are left behind  
and only truth is spoken.  
Let the lies of the past be  
only printed words from the past.

May one day come where  
people do not fight over  
different ideals and cultures.  
They are all beautiful birds  
flying in the sky meant to  
roam free because we  
are meant to be free.

May one day come where  
imperialism doesn't exist.  
We have wasted too much  
time with this demon and  
we fight this demon  
with the very same demon.

May one day come where  
there is only peace and  
tranquility left to experience.  
May we all live to be happy  
because we are all  
meant to be happy.

Maybe heaven is the only place  
where we can see this and hell  
is this reincarnated earth that we have  
not mastered because we keep

repeating our same mistakes.  
Peace and love is the answer  
I know that it is, not because some book  
told me this, but because my soul  
whispers this to me in my dreams.  
If you cannot hear this then your soul  
is now lost and you must find it.  
Do this for humanity...we can make  
our earthly lives heavenly if only we listened.  
If only we could learn from our mistakes.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Maybe I'll Get Stoned....

All I can come up with is questions  
during this period of writers block  
How can I come up with a question  
with no way to answer it other than  
a straight forward form of answering it  
Maybe I'll get stoned and this will all change

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Maybe Next Time

She unknowingly took my heart  
But I more or less  
Stuck it on her back with some tape  
Like a kick me sign  
But it was more like a love me sign  
Oh well  
Maybe next time

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Maybe She Can Do Something Better...

She is immense  
She can take my heart  
and I will gladly let her  
I've had my heart  
for so long and look  
what I have done  
Maybe she can do  
something better with it

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Mcs

Once upon a time linguists  
of a youthful piece  
of the black culture  
rip through the airwaves  
When real emcees touch  
the brainwaves  
Move morality forward  
and bring a point of view  
that the sun goes toward  
Illuminates the soul  
and opens up the mind  
like a potato about to get loaded  
I am loaded but let it drift away  
in a soft somber sleep  
The kind that sweet dreams take away

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Meant To Be Alone

Sometimes I feel like I am meant to be alone.

A hermit in the mountains living in a log cabin  
with nothing around to bother me but the sounds  
of the wildlife chirping and howling.

There are days when I am with people  
and I just can't stand it because they are talking  
and trying to better know me.

It just bothers me like being pricked by a thorny bush.

Maybe I should just stay alone that way I will  
never have to say hello and good-bye.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Media Hype

Media hype holds as much weight as a new born pup.  
Media hype is fed into almost every story from the fuzzy utters of entertainment.  
They might as well turn their reports into fictional stories that are based off truth.  
I've compiled these observations from what actually develops from their reports rather than what they actually say to sell their stories in the most entertaining way that is possible.  
Everything media should be live so that they can't change up their interviews and have the time to add in their clever metaphors and similes that are all baseless.  
Save similes and metaphors for novels and poetry because that is art.  
Leave them out of the news because we don't need different interpretations of the truth.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Medusa's Eyes(Revised)

Looking into your eyes  
is like looking into Medusa's eyes  
I turn to stone  
I am like a deer caught in headlights  
I don't know what to do  
You repulse me with every movement  
and your arms snake around  
like the snakes on top of Medusa's head  
I wonder if this imagery will ever go away  
You walking bag of repulsive skin  
If I was Perseus I would kill you too  
but I am not a hero  
nor am I a murderer

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Melody

Her name was Melody  
and her voice spoke  
a sweet sounding song  
with every word she spoke  
Please speak to me some more

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Mire Fragment

As black as the night gets  
Is the black of our weakness  
That shuts off the light  
That emits our progress  
We all have our vices  
That appear to make us look less  
We're so much more  
If you could look right past it  
It is just a piece of us  
A misunderstood fragment  
I'd erase it if I could  
I'd throw it down a bottomless pit  
So it couldn't come back to me  
It is undesired but it is me  
You can criticize  
Or you can except  
This piece of me  
A mire fragment  
I'll show you love  
I'll show you loyalty  
As long as you don't mind  
This one little piece

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Mirrored Image

I've been a tall white circling lighthouse  
on the highest cliff of the loneliest shore.  
Then your ship set sail on a journey  
that brought you to me.  
You hit a rock close to land  
and shipwreck floated to me.  
The light of my house brings  
out the color in your brown eyes.  
Your heart is a mirrored image to mine.

=====

Your heart is a mirrored image to mine.  
out the color in your brown eyes.  
The light of my house brings  
and shipwreck floated to me.  
You hit a rock close to land.  
that brought you to me.  
Then your ship set sail on a journey  
on the highest cliff of the loneliest shore  
I've been a tall white circling lighthouse

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Monetary Conclusions

I want to flood the airwaves  
And wake up the graves  
Bring back the slaves  
So that they can take revenge  
Against the south  
And the ones that are swayed  
We're all just getting played  
And not getting laid  
By this evil game  
I'll break this frame  
Of a picture that falsely depicts  
The American antics  
Our actions have become our fears  
Our people now shed many tears  
Bodies placed into pits  
Life gone to the shits  
But we don't worry  
So I get high and laugh  
as if I'm watching Bill Murray

Go get your money  
and buy all your false hopes  
Go get your money  
Then we can all smoke some dope  
Go get your money  
You are supposed to find happiness  
Go get your money  
Look we bought this mess

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Morning Birds

The morning birds chirp  
And sing their songs  
As I love you with  
Every greeting touch  
Of my fingers upon  
Your body  
Your eyes open easily  
And it is time for you to get up  
We both have to work  
And it is a shame  
Because I can love you all day

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Move Forward

I've never heard it  
'Nigger lovers'  
I've read it in  
'To Kill A Mocking Bird'  
But some day I knew  
that I would hear it  
I'm human and we've  
pretty much done  
everything vial that  
can be imaged  
Barack Obama  
Is bringing out the racists  
I thank him for that  
America will change  
Isn't that clear?  
Its time to stamp out  
the fire that is racism  
It burns inappropriately  
It is mocking everything that  
is just and moral  
Let's move forward  
and hope that the economy  
will get better as well.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Mr. Reagan? Time For Tea.

The Republicans care only about the United States  
but they care about it so much that they are  
willing to kill millions of people just to protect it.  
It's years lived behind these sentiments  
have started to rise an army in which we call terrorism.  
We have terrorized whole nations, but with the  
use of wonderful words like freedom and  
have gotten away with all of this.  
You talk about Kofi Annan in disgust?  
He's kept your parties boneheads  
away from any prosecution from  
their war crimes that they have committed.  
Every decision we make has been a blunder.  
Why don't we let the world be the world  
and the United States be the United States.  
We can make better use of our money  
if we spent it on the citizens that have earned it.  
It is a better solution than the one proposed  
in the continuing of disregarding innocent lives.  
When one country thinks that it is above everybody  
else and doesn't protect the value of life.  
That country has then become dangerous.  
Mr. Reagan...trade your views for humanity.  
It is these selfish imbeciles who believe that we  
should continue our economic oppression  
that we imposed on Latin America  
should be continued in the Middle East.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Mud

In through the vein,  
u give us mud.  
U clog our world with clouds.  
U make us a slave 2 u.  
We can no longer process,  
our mind has disappeared.  
We live off instinct.  
I can feel that we  
are going 2 die soon.  
We have ingested 2 much mud.  
We are no longer slaves,  
we are zombies that crave u  
more than the things we once loved.  
I ran out of money and started writing.  
I had 2 get my mind off of the mud,  
u take over my mind like a mudslide  
does a highway during a winter collapse.  
U do not care what u do to me as long as  
I am your devoted slave and zombie.  
How can we kill this mastermind,  
this viral controlling mainframe?  
Will the mud ever go away and leave  
our world alone or is it stubborn  
thinking it can control all of us?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# My Brown Eyed Lover

She's as beautiful as the first day that I saw her  
Possibly even more so with her short brown hair  
molded by the hands of an artist,  
her hair is even trimmed perfectly  
all around her pretty intelligent head  
Her brown eyes blink with determination  
as she walks with measured footsteps  
She is ready to take that leap of faith  
You know the one that men dread  
but women love it, commitment  
I am not one of those men  
I welcome commitment in my world  
like the three wise men welcomed  
Jesus into this cruel world  
I feel that she deserves gifts  
and I hope that I am the man  
to give them to her  
They will rain on her as often as  
a rain forest gets rainy days  
They will come as often as the postman  
gets barked at by the next door neighbors dog  
All just to make her happy  
All just so she knows that I appreciate her  
It wouldn't be all for nothing  
It would be all for everything  
My brown eyed lover

Theorem The Truth Serum

# My Palawan

My Palawan, my island, my paradise, my refuge;  
your love will never be forgotten nor turned away.  
I wait for the day when I am washed up on your shores  
and welcomed by your warm jewel colored waters.  
I am but a piece of driftwood, who was drifting  
around the world until I landed upon you.  
My love, my beloved, my shaded beach, my bright sun;  
your love inspires me and ignites me like a well-  
placed magnified glass onto my dried drifting wood.  
I have seen many things and many places but none compare  
to your paradise in which you have prepared for me.  
You've waited for me like a lone palm tree  
my dark cloud embraces you and precipitates my lips onto thee.  
Thank you for waiting for me, a lonely castaway  
now your hero waits patiently for my Palawan, my island,  
my paradise, my escape; the one for me.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# My Silhoutte

Step into my shadow  
Become my silhouette  
Be empathetic and compassionate  
Then you can see through my eyes  
Do what I do as time flies  
I'm no egomaniac  
Just trying to take society back  
It's a stolen relic  
And someone is trying to sell it  
On the black market  
It will then be gone like a rocket  
Sent to destroy humanity  
Just like Sean Hannity  
Whose name is profanity  
And I say this candidly  
No one cares and no one is observing  
How we're on fire and the whole world is burning  
Fix the small things to fix the big things  
Fix the big things to fix the small things  
Fix the economy pay off the debt  
Here's an ultimatum that better be met  
Nonsense to the tenth degree  
Anything higher and it will kill me  
I'll just spontaneously combust  
Disappear into a cloud of dust  
Will I be bak maybe someday  
Until then reform is what I convey

Theorem The Truth Serum

# My Telescope

my hearts beating  
noticably without warning  
racing this tune  
writing a poem

stuck in the underworld  
forever starless night  
light abandoned me  
then I saw the stars in your eyes  
you pulled me out  
like a lifeguard  
giving me back breath  
awakening my soul

Now I see  
A myriad of stars  
I look up  
I see you  
Flashing and blinking  
Your shooting  
Across the night sky  
In through  
My telescope  
My telescope

The universe  
Has never looked so grand  
In all my years now  
Possibility floods in  
Like molten lava  
You branded me a new name

Now I see  
A myriad of stars  
I look up  
I see you  
Flashing and blinking  
Your shooting  
Across the night sky

In through  
My telescope  
My telescope

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Nails

I feel like the world is a house.  
A house built of wood that  
is fastened together by nails.  
The wood is the intricate pieces  
that need to be shouldered by  
the average living soul that  
wanders the planet unappreciated,  
which means these souls are the nails.  
As nails, we get pounded by hammers  
and sometimes we poke out in time  
and need another pounding again.  
This means that the hammer is the  
executive who is essentially in control of us  
and is never really happy with anything that we do.  
Above the hammer is the controller of the hammer.  
The person that grasps the hammer and swings at will.  
This person is the real head of the world.  
Though there are fewer of them,  
we let them control us like light switches.  
They know that if we got together we'd form  
a nail gun that would overpower their hammer.  
We as the population, the nails, have got to  
take these hammers and overpower them  
for attempting to overpower us for the last  
century of this modern era.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Negative Energy

Child-like ones...

Grow up and grow up now.

Your years of calamity must pass.

Your years of decrease should cease.

It is like a war that cannot be won  
when it is only focused on negative things.

You are your enemy.

Can you not see your reflection?

The mirror doesn't smile back at you.

The eyes in the mirror flex murderous looks.

You drink and smoke yourself to oblivion.

You will cease to be who you were meant to be.

Are you not interested in seeing this.

Do you want to see the movie script of your life end?

Come now take control and be yourself.

You will smile and it may hurt at first,  
but trust me it will all be worth it.

Smile and release this negative energy.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Nepalese Short

I hope one day I shall see Nepal.  
With its snow frosted landscape  
colored by the brush of winter,  
I hope to stay till spring to  
watch the snow melt away  
and turn into blossoming wild flowers.  
I hope to sit down with the culture and  
eat its take on the wonderful curry spice.  
Then finish the night off with some Rakshi  
drunkenness while dancing with the night  
in a sea of candles and wood burned fires.  
One day I will be on their shores to explore  
and I hope they embrace me as I will them.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# New Horizons

New horizons await, each step purposeful  
like a sea turtles laying eggs on the beach.  
Each egg a possibility of new life.  
The vultures circle waiting for them to hatch.  
Each egg hatched is a possible meal,  
but some escape the talons and beaks,  
into the waters of safety as they learn to swim.  
We are all just eggs hatching trying to escape  
the vultures and make it into the water, to our safety.  
The vastness that is safety is something that  
is a tedious battle for all souls to suffer through.  
Instinct kicks in for better or for worse,  
guiding our desperation into risky waters.  
Wading through water and predators,  
our risks are calculated but don't always add up.  
Doesn't mean we should ever give up,  
our enemies bask in their victories  
over our shortcomings and weaknesses.  
Attack your enemies, make them live  
vicariously through your ambitions and dreams;  
don't let it become the opposite.  
Find the inner warrior to fight,  
fight for what you believe in.  
Because the vultures, they always circle.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Nice Guys Finish Last

Nice guys finish last  
Though really we are in first  
We live with altruism  
But most girls respond to assholes  
I will not change myself for anything  
Not even Jessica Alba  
I am who I am  
If you don't like it then that is fine  
It doesn't mean that I am changing  
Anytime soon  
If you need a man you can count on  
Then I'm that person  
I can erase those thoughts as men being insignificant

inspired by Susan AlldredLugton

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Nihilistic Idiots

Some of us are a bunch of nihilistic idiots  
And we don't even know it  
All of us are a bunch of nihilists  
You really can't show me one human being  
That has ever walked the face of this earth  
That isn't a nihilist in some way  
Jesus Christ doesn't count  
Because most of his life is missing in the written texts  
Which tells me that maybe there was something  
That he did that people don't want us to know about  
We are trashing the planet  
With no thought given to what we are doing  
The ones that are thinking are destroying too  
So really I have come to the conclusion of this  
We were put on this earth to destroy it

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Ninety- Nine Percent

You can't tell us where to protest  
while you push us around by using  
men clad in bullet proof vests.  
They look behind a clear shield  
that is full of disgruntled saliva.  
They spray the eyes of the desperate  
because they do not sympathize  
while having a pay check in their pocket.  
People in blue hiding behind their  
gold shields of jurisdiction,  
who are you really serving?  
You are no where near the one percent,  
yet you are ordered to protect them.  
Why don't you stand up against this  
inequality that is clearly among us all?  
You pathetic little sheep being herded  
by these money eating machines.  
How can you wake up and think that  
this is the right thing to do?  
You've been herded for so long,  
I think you aren't really capable of  
thinking for yourselves anymore.  
Who should you really protect?  
The one percent or the ninety-nine percent?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# No Excuse For Such Behavior

What consumes a man  
to hit the one he supposedly loves?  
What bogus rage boils within him?  
I think there is no excuse for such behavior.  
No, temporary insanity plea.  
No, I forgot to take my medicine.  
Because when you open you hand  
or close a fist and hit somebody,  
you have given up your right  
to be able to think for yourself.  
I would never do such a thing.  
I don't understand why someone  
would want to do such a thing.  
It doesn't make any sense  
because we have the power to silence the animal inside of us  
Some of us need to concentrate harder than others.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# No More Worthless Hoes

If I had a diamond ring  
I would give it to someone  
who deserves it  
Lustful relations do not count  
They may be numbers  
but they are invisible  
because they mean nothing  
My inner spirit wakes up  
when it is supposed to  
and for someone  
who can collect these ideas  
If you aren't worth a chat  
Then you're not worth my time  
I'm sorry but that is the way that it goes  
No more worthless hoes

Theorem The Truth Serum

# No Way To Live

A ten year rut is empty  
like the garbage after the pick up day.  
When will someone come to pick  
up the garbage in this trash heap?  
A rut is so empty it leaves you exhausted.  
You don't want to get up, move, sneeze, or  
do anything that tells you that you exist.  
You want to just be left alone.  
I would not wish this on anyone.  
It becomes harder and harder to  
make something happen year after year.  
Please no one follow my path of self destruction.  
Walk away from my course and find a good one.  
Us mine as an example against how to live.  
I may be good for a goo thought or two  
every once in a while, but that is about it.  
This is no way to live.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Non-Ron Pauls

The republican candidates are all the same.  
They want to be like the late Ronald Reagan.  
The most popular criminal in American history.  
He ended the Cold War and started many others.  
He manipulated Latin America like it was a chess game.  
He toyed with these poor innocent people.  
Just because they were poor.  
What? You thought that they were going to like it?  
Now they despise you and you think you have the  
right to call them your enemy and your foe?  
You are their enemy...you left our children  
with a huge debt and a huge moral hole to fill in.  
Thank you for your fiscal responsibility  
it has done us a world of good.  
Thank you for the love and kindness that  
you have shown the world...after all isn't  
your champion Jesus Christ?  
Thank you for the aid that you have given the world.  
It has killed more than helped.  
You are like Walmart...everywhere you have  
gone you have taken over.  
I just hope that the American people  
pick not to shop in this store.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Not Of This World

She trembles as the touch of the sun hits her flesh  
The burning fire gathers up and burns every inch of her skin  
Gasping winds of suffocation  
The wild lion roars in the safari  
He has come to conquer his jungle  
and the lioness submits to him  
Their eyes are sunbursts  
Flames shooting across the sky  
They burn the fields of long grass  
They char the trees  
All that is left is some rocky debris  
circled around a crater  
This was not of this world

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Nothing

If I were to die,  
I would wish it to be with the sea.  
On a boat floating freely,  
I would sink eventually, slowly,  
and drop until I hit the sediment bottom.  
A small cloud of dust would float above the bottom for a bit,  
but it would be only fish who would witness my end.  
They would eat at me bit by bit until there was nothing left.  
I would turn into excrement that now floats along the sea  
until it slowly disintegrates to nothingness, I become nothingness.  
It is all you can hope for, to become nothing.  
Nothing will remember you and all your nothings become nothing.  
Nothing is the true state of an organism at the end.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Nothing Has Changed

If you look at history  
It is just the rich being documented  
Because they could afford to  
Spend so much time and money  
On being documented  
The poor are forgotten while the rich man's pet  
Is more significant than his slave  
Or the man on Old Ironsides  
Being sent to battle by a rich man  
Designed fabrics so clean and beautiful  
Stained rags ripped and torn  
A man on the horse  
Wearing exhausting armor  
A man in the castle  
Eating chicken dumplings  
When you look at today's world  
It is pretty much the same  
We use different materials

I once asked a history teacher

Why do we learn history

He replied with

So we can learn from the past

What have we learned

Nothing Has Changed

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Now Do You See Who I Am

I am a grain of sand  
ready to be a piece glass  
I want to make myself  
transparent so that  
everyone could see me  
I want to have no walls  
and no barriers  
I want to treat everyone  
the same with no  
preferential treatment  
given to anybody  
Now do you see who I am  
I am a man who tries to be good

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Now Who Are You

They call me a builder  
A construction worker  
A carpenter  
An acoustical apprentice  
Yeah I build  
I create from a rolled up  
piece of paper called  
the blueprints  
That's me  
now who are you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Nucleus

How can you take away the nucleus  
and expect everything outside of it  
to stay mended together with strength?  
A family is held together by a bandage.  
You take away the bandage and you got a wound.  
Sometimes a wound can heal on its own  
and sometimes it can get infected or never heal.  
I've seen it all before, the bandages go away  
and then the wound that is left attacks itself.  
The skin, the blood, the puss, and all the cells  
that were once held together by one bandage  
turn on itself and then it all melts as if touched by acid.  
I don't think that will happen to our wound.  
I think we'll all band together and form a new bandage.  
It might not be one person holding it all together,  
but it will be all of us coming together  
like hospital staff to make sure we don't die of an infection.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Obtained Through Liberty

A man with the wrong face  
has been taken over by his  
mind of twisted resolve.  
He could be a strategic  
piece that can change the game.  
It could be the beginning  
of the end of all tyrannical rule.  
Soon they may all fall like dominoes.  
Sometimes it is one figure head,  
but other times it is a collective of corruption.  
All working together to mix their plans,  
they wait until the timer goes off,  
they wait until it is fully cooked.  
Then they spring it out, the  
final step of its preparation.  
If any of these types exist,  
they should be eradicated.  
May all peoples bring down the  
scourge of our people by the hand  
of these sinister thugs that ruin our society.  
May justice be obtained through liberty.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Occupied Prisoners

Simple observations  
turn into twisted opinions  
That have settled  
in the mind's eye  
for too long  
Corrupting our ability  
to think objectively

Obsessions fed through  
years of speculation  
that Illuminati still exists  
to divide the world  
and conquer  
like some old British technique

Minds wandering through loneliness  
travel to depths that most people  
do not come close to reaching  
Minds that are occupied  
can never understand  
these minds that are submarines

Occupied minds are like occupied prisoners  
they are prisoners within their own routines  
Chaos is established  
when routines are broken  
Routines are time consumers  
and mind consumers  
They create lists set in stone

Schedules no longer flexible  
Spontaneity lost to it's hold  
on the individual  
The soul that nature  
has given us is forgotten  
Selfishness established  
like an Ayn Rand book

## Theorem The Truth Serum

# Ode To Poetry

Poetry is the best thing since coming out of the womb  
Because if I didn't come out of the womb  
I wouldn't know about poetry

Poetry's in motion like a freight train  
Moving it's words through interpretation  
By what we see from what one has written  
It can be raw or it can have finesse  
Either way it is art

The art of thought  
And the art of language  
Words speaking of twisted pains  
And unraveling beauties  
Forgotten love  
Or someones duty

I must proclaim my love for poetry  
And for the love of everyone else's  
Because poetry is much better  
Than almost anything else

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Offended

We should not be offended by language.  
We should be offended by actions.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Oh Goddess Where Art Thou

I would do anything  
just for one goddess  
I would take everything  
that I have done wrong  
and replace it with  
something good  
I would take on everything  
that is evil by myself  
I would have strength  
to do anything  
Oh goddess  
where art thou

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Oil

Oil

Is America's favorite word

If America had a word of the day

It would be oil, oil, and oil

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Old Fashioned Breeds

Hate is breed from a book that we try to explain.  
Some claim its authenticity some decry its name.  
Either way it brings war, it brings pain.

A person picks t up and is intrigued all the same,  
but to claim your faith gives you a know all in your brain;  
is in itself a notion that is completely insane.

To look at the eyes of a struggler who doesn't point and blame;  
it's sad when a fellow human being can only come up with shame.  
Shame on your name says this old man with a cane.

He clutches his book and you can see his struggles are the same.  
Whether there is difference or similarities a bad attitude is bane;  
so clutch that book and give it your time if you fain.  
Please just don't force it on others and hold them to it  
because of its 'all powerful' and 'holy' name.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# On A Friday Night

On a Friday night  
I stand before  
a drunken mess  
of a crowd  
Our guitars blaze in  
and my loud shrieks  
blend in quite well  
They sound like  
a drawn out 747  
going directly  
over the bar  
but with out the rattling  
The shriek ends  
as the melody  
of my voice enters  
People look up at us  
interested and puzzled  
thinking how can something  
so melodic be accompanied  
by the voice of a cinematic demon  
In the end  
I got a lot of drunken requests  
for my tall and slender body  
but they were all unwanted proposals  
by the scum of the earth

Theorem The Truth Serum

# On The Perfect Day

on the perfect day  
she touches my cheek  
and I touch her hair  
with the tips of my fingers  
we take a big breath  
and we give ourselves to each other

on the perfect day  
i whisper in your ears  
my words are chosen carefully  
they help put the arch in your back  
before I lay thee down for the night

on the perfect day  
it never ends until  
we can't remember how it did  
it came in an instant  
and lasted for so long  
the sun came up and it was  
then that we knew that  
it was the perfect day

Theorem The Truth Serum

# On This Very Morning

On this very morning

I can justify being late  
I was locked in traffic  
And I couldn't find any holes

I was smiling at the car right next to me  
We understood each others pain  
But neither of us were moving

On this very morning

I was drinking coffee  
With the shine of a million red lights  
And the sound of a thousand horns

On this very morning

I understood why I was single  
As I looked in the car in front of me  
The argument was intense

On this very morning

I was late  
I'm sorry  
Good-bye

Theorem The Truth Serum

# One Day

One day is here  
Another day has left  
My soil is saturated  
My life has no friction  
I have cleared my mind  
Only to find  
Such bliss  
One memorable kiss  
One unforgotten thought  
It brought my temperament to zero  
My burden is gone  
It is this love for you  
That I will always protect  
It will stay pure  
No matter what pain I endure  
My eyes have opened

On this day that isn't yesterday  
It is tomorrow and it is today  
It may be forever or it may fade away

My heart keeps beating  
And all I want to feel is this sensation  
Each pump filling me with life  
I want it to continue and never end  
I know that in your presence  
It will never go away

On this day  
That isn't yesterday  
It is tomorrow and it is today  
It may be forever or it may fade away

Theorem The Truth Serum



# One Day The Clock Will Stop

Sometimes the emotions stir the best thoughts,  
the best thoughts are ones that can be understood.  
Taken for granted like living rentless,  
thoughts create our gems and gems make existence  
exciting and worthy of experiencing.

Many days are spent in worthlessness,  
but many are spent feeling a sense of worth.  
We should remember those days and  
forget about all the other ones in between.  
The fillers are just stepping stones.

One of these days will lead you to a gem,  
something to cherish and remember.  
Time is the greatest gift one can receive.  
Tick tock, one day the clock will stop.  
Use it well as it is still moving.  
When the darkness comes, it is over.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# One Disagreement

He took a life.  
He took his own.  
One icicle bullet  
through another  
man's heart.  
It was planned.  
It was carried out.  
He didn't know  
what the after  
effects would be.  
He went insane.  
He took his life.  
A head in a noose.  
A head in a rope of sheets.  
One disagreement  
brought out his  
birth defect.  
He was a reject.  
He was a coward.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# One Good Reporter

Tangled in the web of the media spider  
There's no escape  
All I want is  
just one truth  
No multi-lateral view  
Just one truth  
that is written by  
a man that is good  
One who can see the under  
lying tones of the whole situation  
This man probably exists  
but his creative touch  
has probably been trained  
to water down the truth  
Just give me one good reporter

Theorem The Truth Serum

# One Life

I want to give the world  
answers that have been  
only pondered upon  
and never found

I want to give the world  
back its direction  
Its morals  
Its dreams

I want to give the world  
a plate full of peace  
so everyone can  
eat from this plate  
and live with peace

I want to do so many things  
but I only have one life time  
so I need your help

Theorem The Truth Serum

# One Little Piece Of Land

Bred from the hate of Hitler  
Whose fire was a great kindler  
Marched bullets to a parade of murder  
Wolf presidents going straight for the herder  
I decry their measures of quote righteousness  
Israelis are the embodiment of virtueless weakness  
Too many MCs tackle the problems of self  
What about the problems that threaten the world's health  
We got the world in a mountainous tug of war  
What the hell is all of this for  
One little piece of land  
Maybe the origins of man  
Maybe the origins of conflict  
Or the origins of hate spewed dialect  
It is neither here nor there  
Because we have a whole world we need to spare  
So throw down your bombs  
And hug your moms  
Because our anger will destroy us all  
Look at your tv screen as the whole world falls  
The book of revelations will be televised  
Before your very eyes  
Napalm and nukes  
Countries ruled by kooks  
Ready to push the button  
To cause our destruction  
One thousand mammoth megalomaniacs  
Where are the counter attacks  
Are we all this ignorant  
Shackled citizens  
Occupied imprisonment  
Waiting for entertainment

Theorem The Truth Serum

# One Man's Brain

Distasteful references of the inner city  
by an uninhabited brain from the outer rim  
It is so far gone from the real world  
that it splatters itself all over the tv  
A fly stuck in its own blood  
The eyes still work and everything else is intact  
The heart has a pulse and the brain an electrical current  
It believes that this theatrical commentary  
is the mediator of real knowledge  
The TV is a screen into one man's brain  
his thoughts and ideas about how life should be  
Each channel flashes into different thoughts and interests  
They are the same thoughts but with different scenery  
There are mostly people who look like him  
The reality of the channels are so far gone  
Brains farts of psycho babble that is unintelligible  
A cocktail mixed with tree and birds  
poured over everything that is bad  
turns into this fake goodness  
This is why there is racism because there is racism on tv  
This is why dogs are painted with nail polish  
Everything stupid is on tv to be laughed at  
Everything smart and rational is left out

Theorem The Truth Serum

# One Of Those Lonely Nights

One of those lonely nights.  
Where one types useless words  
at unimportant people.  
Will you ever see them?  
No...  
They're just there  
cause you're there.  
Your lonely and they're lonely.  
Two people destined to be apart.  
It was due from the start.  
You live halfway across the world  
and I am where I am.  
Catching the cold chill of a lonely night,  
I shiver and there is no one here  
to make me warm.  
One of those lonely nights.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Only Truth In Me And You(Song)

Let's take it back  
A couple of days  
When I was amazed  
I wanted to find truth  
And I found it in you

Only truth in me and you  
Only truth in me and you

When we are seperated  
We are surrounded by lies  
And deception  
Cause there is....

Only truth in me and you  
Only truth in me and you

Let's go back a week  
When we were on vacation  
Waking up to pina coladas  
Sitting on a lounge chair

Only truth in me and you  
Only truth in me and you

And it will....  
Never end  
Until it is time  
Right now girl  
You are mine  
And that is no lie

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Our Beloved Republic

We are irrational beings  
Irrationality needs laws  
Laws exist in its pure  
form while fenced  
around a republic  
We are supposed to be  
a republic but some how  
we have become a  
weakened democracy  
One that have literally  
lynched their own fathers  
Our fathers did a lot  
to create this country  
We piss on their graves  
Now laws are broken by  
the most important figures  
within our government  
People of this body  
are starting to speak up about it  
but we choose to hush them  
We allow this mold to be sculpted  
but where is it going to take us next  
We have breed uncertainty because  
nothing is certain at all  
Our freedom has been put into question  
and neither of the two sides are uniting  
against these underlying truths  
The media is trying to side with the ruling class  
meaning the rich and privileged  
Who as a president in our history  
has not been one of these  
Its simple people bring back  
the constitution and bring  
back our beloved republic

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Our Most Hated Stepmother

If you stand alone amongst nature,  
you will hear the beautiful mesh  
of sounds blended with vibrant colors.  
A symphony set to this painted scene  
that only light could illuminate after  
it's been carefully dry brushed with  
the most delicate and perfect hands.  
My eyes give my mouth it's most  
dignified sigh that it has ever created.  
The crickets perk my ears up like a cat.  
I hear twigs being broken by the most  
careful of earth's creatures.  
I'm surrounded by this ecstasy of the senses.  
I feel a part of this world,  
a part of this painting that is painted  
atop of the dirt that surround this forest.  
Whenever you open and close your eyes  
it is like a new genesis creates a new world every time.  
Yet we still take advantage of it  
after all it has given to us.  
She is our second mother but we treat her  
as if she is our most hated stepmother.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Out In The Cold(Song)

Out in the cold  
With no jacket  
All that I hear  
Is some racket

I want out  
I want out

Put me on  
The next train  
Hands in  
My pockets  
Don't know  
What to do  
Time rambles on  
And I'm still here

I want out  
I want out  
I'm leaving  
Leaving home  
I want out

Independence  
is finally here  
Now I can relax  
And drink a beer  
I'm soothed  
Yes I'm soothed

Cause I'm gone  
I'm gone  
I am home  
I am home  
And independent  
I am home  
And independent

## Theorem The Truth Serum

# Over And Done With

How can I be your favorite  
When you smile broadly  
And laugh louder around others  
Than you do with me  
I guess the answer is  
I'm leaving  
I can't take the fact that  
Your heart is not fully under my spell  
Because I have tried and tried  
To cast everything that I know  
But I guess you are immune to me  
I guess this means  
That we are over and done with

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Pangaea

I keep 'em guessin'  
Which personality will they be gettin'  
It depends which button u pressin'  
I can be a nuclear bomb  
Or sweet like a soccer mom  
Silent like Teller  
Or predictable like a speak and speller  
I morph into the situation  
Like the psyche of this people's nation  
U can't ever knock me down  
Or silence the bark of this hound  
I sniff out your intentions  
Like a teacher overseeing detention  
You can't stop me or change me  
I will be who I want to be  
Literally  
I don't care if it is a culture shock to you  
Cause I live my life and I do what I do  
My free will shines bright  
Like a world gathering under candlelight  
I attack my world with plight  
My steps bring me up to new heights  
As yours moves with the herd  
It is hard living life free as a bird  
You get strange judgments  
All around your environment  
But no one can judge me  
I'm a space alien  
Trying to put the world on watch  
For these one percenters who are scarce like Sasquatch  
Running these hands on billy clubs like robots  
We keep piling in the streets telling them all to stop  
But after all we're all just sacks of words and ideas  
Gravity keeps us together  
so we don't look like floating diarrhea  
Keeping our thoughts unified like Pangaea  
I don't swear in my rhymes cause I like to keep them dirty  
Cause swearing these days is clean  
You heard me

Take your earplugs out of your ears so u can hear me  
But instead you lock us away cause you fear me  
An ignorant mind builds an ignorant time  
That can spread into eras into ages  
But I want my history books to be filled by good pages  
Lets make this happen and make it happen in stages

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Panic

He lays on the floor still  
like a sculpture in the bullet proof glass  
on display at an art museum  
Only he will not lay there forever  
he will probably die and decompose  
His wounds are deadly and excruciating  
It feels like the blood that oozes out  
is boiling out of the wound  
You can see it in his eyes  
the wincing and the jerking  
He's in a panic  
Pain plus the fear of death  
add up and equal a horrible death  
Fear death not for it is not the end

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Paradise

Like a shadow  
I follow the movements  
that I must follow  
I go where  
the host takes me  
I wander and wander  
through this bright earth  
When I sleep  
My body escapes  
this world  
and goes to another dimension  
sucked through a wormhole  
I appear on this island  
The island is perfect  
The island is beautiful  
The trees stand into the clouds  
The people lay out on the beach  
Smiles across everyone's face  
'How about paradise everyday? '  
'Eh...that's what my dreams are for.'

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Paradox

I once met a man whose poetry inspired my own.  
I do not know his name, but he called himself Paradox.  
He was a tenet contrary to received opinion.  
He was a walking man of contrary facts.  
He powered his words with emphasis  
on the message that he was conveying.  
He spoke of truth and beauty.  
He spoke of life, how it is truly lived.  
He was a free spirit.  
He was a great example on how life should be lived.  
He was truly a Paradox.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Pass The Test

Sitting on mountain tops,  
I can hear the snow drops.  
The first storms free falling from the sky.  
Before it was desert dry.  
The cold crawled in through my skin.  
I knew one day that this would begin.  
I just hoped that it wasn't soon as a boy.  
The wind screamed past and I tried to be coy.  
I stood on my shaky feet.  
It seemed as if some of this snow was sleet,  
but I overcame this during the darkness of the night.  
When it got worse I could only stand and fight.  
The demons of the past are like cruel winter catalysts  
that can consume you like a beautiful temptress.  
I can hear the sirens song  
and I just keep moving along  
until it reaches its climax.  
I'm a winter mountain seen clearly on IMAX  
with a fortified Bavarian castle at the peak,  
but even castle walls can become weak.  
No matter what I will persevere.  
Even when the difficulties get most severe.  
Mount Everest I am coming for you,  
because you are the hardest thing to do.  
I am my own Mount Everest,  
I will climb to it's highest peak without rest.  
Then I will know that I have passed the test.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Patched Up

I broke every rule  
Just to be with you  
And I'm still  
disrespected  
But it is what you do  
When my skys turn blue  
You turn my black slumbers  
Into colorful vivid views  
Visions of you  
I wake and its forgotten  
Disarrangement of the past  
Were my thoughts were cast  
Like a boat with a big fountain hole  
I was sinking too fast  
But now is patched up  
Because I understand

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Patience

'I haven't seen you in a while...how are you doing? '  
She walked up at my surprise.  
I was caught completely off guard.  
I looked at the director  
for some direction.  
He shrugged me off  
telling me that I am on my own.  
There was nothing to draw from,  
I was a reporter without their notes.  
Looking it the most beautiful camera  
lenses that for once were appeased  
by what they saw, I was told otherwise.  
I was told that you never wanted to  
have any relations with me, ever.  
Maybe she was hard to get.  
It certainly was harsh to get.  
I'm glad that patience has paid off.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Peace

The power of poetic verse  
spreads like an electrical  
current through copper wire  
Many people will read it  
if you offer it to them  
That is why we as poets  
are responsible for spreading  
good works that inspire  
and grow like a fire  
on a windy day

It is our day to spread peace  
It is our time to bring change  
It is time to document change  
Why must we always fight  
Is it really this hard to keep the peace  
Is it really something too  
unrealistic to strive for  
Peace

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Peace Could Finally Be Reached

Democracy is democracy.  
There is no freedom in democracy.  
Sure we are afforded more freedoms(than most) ,  
but if you don't have the money for it,  
well then you're not going to be able

TO GET IT ALL.

We should all have freedom.  
We all have the power to create freedom.  
It just takes a little more work,  
but with that work you create real power.

THE POWER TO LIVE.

We can create our own survival.  
We can free ourselves from  
capitalism by producing  
and inspecting our own food.  
We should go back to an agricultural society,  
there would be less to protect and to fight for.  
There would be less war.

PEACE COULD FINALLY BE REACHED.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Penny Squeezing Monsters And Metal Detectors

&lt;/&gt;He's doing the best that he can  
and I hope his best is enough.  
He's doing everything that he said he would.  
He's concentrating more on the war at home  
than the wars that linger overseas.  
He's fighting the right wing and our whole  
governmental process which I agree  
it really needs a bit of cosmetic surgery.  
I really hope that he erases our global stance  
of being a bunch of war mongering Imperials.  
In the past, we've treated the world as a grape  
and we have sucked it dry turning it into a raisin.  
In the past, we have worried about how we can make  
money off of any living soul that we can get our hands on.  
We have tried to squeeze out pennies from individuals  
who only make a few and we've forced them into  
living under doorways with nothing to keep them warm.  
Now many of the people that were metal detectors for  
these penny squeezing monsters finding a beep in the form  
of a human so that they can extract every bit of monetary  
metal on these person's through bad business ventures.  
Oh how easy it was for these metal detectors to swarm the beach  
and find innocent people to squeeze from but now  
that time has come to a disastrous halt.  
The top squeezes still have their money and their power  
but their soldiers are ones of misfortune.  
America should learn a big lesson from this.  
They should know that people will do anything to be rich.  
People will do anything to stay rich even if it means  
destruction of the people that got you there.  
The rich use and abuse us and stay on top every time.  
They control all of the money and they control all of the debt.  
They encourage us to borrow money from them.  
We are destined to be slaves to them once again and I am tired.  
My bones ache and my fuel is spent.  
When will society come together and overthrow these cretins?  
When will society turn off their stupid tendencies to follow these people?  
Now the time has come to sever these ties.



Theorem The Truth Serum

# Perfect Words

I want to say the perfect words  
That will send us in motion  
I want to convey that my heart  
Is currently thinking of you  
I want to know when I can say  
What is on my mind  
I just want to say it to you  
Alone with the night  
The stars twinkling bright  
Maybe it is now or never  
Because twinkle, twinkle  
You're a star and I wonder  
Where you are  
You're the only star  
That I want to look at  
You're the only star  
Worth looking at  
I mean this sincerely  
Because I can be sincerely yours  
If you'll be sincerely mine  
I am hypersensitive to your beauty  
I am chemically dependent  
To your presence  
I haven't had it this way too often  
And it has never gotten far  
But now I want to go the distance  
Will you travel it with me?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Perhaps Even A Curse

I can see her in my dreams  
like deja vu in the flesh.  
Like the moon getting closer  
to the earth, so this  
man on the moon doesn't  
have to be alone no more.  
May the craters fill up with life,  
trees, animals, and water;  
a reflection on the purity of love.  
I do want a pure love,  
like Somalians want pure water.  
Love is water for the soul.  
Love is life giving to the lifeless.  
Love is two hearts beating as one,  
up against one another, each heart  
beat is a kiss on the skin of their lover.  
I am here waiting for you, or maybe I am  
now watching you or have met you.  
The very thought of you makes my heart smile,  
even relax a bit cause we know you're out there.  
We can be patient, patience has always been a  
good friend of mine, perhaps even a curse.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Persist Destiny

I sit in Apollo's mind  
on a couch made of thoughts  
floating like a cloud in the air like a ghost  
who is chained to the world of the living  
Who curses the name of Hades  
with colorful adjectives that would turn any day gray  
It may fall upon his ears but no one listens  
his response is black and soundless  
He gives me the night which I fight  
with a double edged sword  
that stabs at the malcontent

These are the ones that feel the blackness  
the stupid and stubborn malcontent  
You can feel their lightening but  
you cannot hear their thunder  
They do not bear any noise  
only faces full of bipolar struggles  
that create more faults on the face  
than the earth contains

Arise  
Heal thyself  
and all that has become wicked  
No life should dwell on any misgivings  
Each day declares new beauties  
and life can be so divine  
We have been given it to exist  
so exist and let yourself persist  
You owe it to this gift

Arise  
You owe it to this gift  
So just exist  
let your destiny persist

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Personal War

Damn you discipline!  
You are an indestructible knight  
with the thickest of armors.  
All I have is a twig and there is  
no perceivable way to get through to you.  
This is my own personal war  
and I am so under equipped.  
What do I do?

I can try to pin you down,  
but you are a well-trained  
soldier meant to resist me.  
There must be some other way.  
I got to move on with my life  
and I cannot do it without you.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Pestilent Man

His heart beat like a racketeer  
Pounding into his chest  
He moved like a steam powered locomotive  
Sweat spilled out of his skin  
His limbs exploded onto the ground like long missiles  
His determination was running at full speed  
One guy was on the ground in front of him  
Two guys were violently bulgeoning  
the young man with kicks in repetition  
The man ran at the young people and cried out,  
'Hey stop, stop! '  
The two misguided young ones ran off.  
He asked the beaten fool what happened  
he walked away not saying a word of thanks  
Maybe this young ungrateful pestilent man  
would have been killed if this had been allowed to continue  
What a fool, I'm embarrassed to be apart of his race  
But I'm not perfect  
I too need to shed my imperfections  
It was a personal territorial war to be sure  
This is the rabid animal inside coming alive  
because it has been fostered and exposed  
Release the animal and control yourself  
This black evil lives inside too many

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Pieces Of A Pill

I popped one vicodin  
to erase my sins,  
atleast for a short while.  
I'll be too tired  
to walk the last mile.  
When I gain back my strength,  
I'll walk that little length  
and find the fire that still burns.  
The world still turns  
and I still live,  
but what matters most  
to me is that I have the power to give.  
I won't put out this fire,  
it exists in my heart.  
Burning away the bad,  
it's keeps the good part.  
I walk and extend my hand  
because if I don't the world is bland.  
I try to teach the people to love,  
but sometimes they murder  
wearing leather gloves.  
They strangle out every piece of dignity  
questioning our beliefs in any divinity.  
Letting the blood leak onto our scriptures,  
we paint the most vile and destructive pictures.  
We kill for God, we kill of Allah.  
We should only kill to protect ourselves.  
Not when we're jealous that is where hate dwells.  
Put on your clothes and go take a shower.  
Just know this you are killing every flower.  
A flower is a person that gives us light.  
A flower is a person who will never fight.  
They comes from trees and regrow every year.  
Pick up yourselves now and erase your fear.  
Know that our minds are stronger than anything we possess.  
Read this and be a witness.  
Of what is good and what is right.  
Think about this all through the night.  
Know when you wake up you'll find out there is much more.

Realize this before your foot touches the floor.  
Goodnight with love and good night with peace.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Pipe Dream

Do we really like our existence  
that forces us to chase after pieces of paper  
just so that we can continue to breathe  
Is it really necessary  
Does life really have more meaning  
when we take up a job and spend most  
of our lives thinking about it  
Couldn't life be more bountiful  
if we just worried about our survival  
living in villages that were agricultural  
so that there would be less things  
for people to be jealous of  
and less things for people  
to go to war over  
Though I know this is another pipe dream  
in an unbuilt sewage system  
I can still dream about it  
being filtered out  
hence bringing this world back  
to respecting and appreciating itself

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Pitbull's Bite

Who can we trust anymore?  
Everywhere you turn there's  
more money being burned.  
The steady beat of the drum  
that was once our financial  
market has turned into a war  
drum and we are all fighting  
for our money like never before.  
How can we live through this  
battle without getting hurt?  
Who can we turn to when there  
is no one that we can trust?  
Why don't we just pull all  
of our money out of banks?  
Take back control of our monetary system.  
They already have peeked their head out  
of a hole and shown their fallacious smiles.  
They don't care about us so why  
should we care about them?  
We need to punch them in the face  
and knock out all their teeth  
cause right now they have a  
pitbull's bite and it is not going to  
release from our throats until we die.  
I'm sick of their charges and turning my  
mistakes into endless destruction.  
I'm sick of the stress of perfection  
that everyone who abides by their  
rules have to go through.  
I can see it in their eyes like a hungry  
infant who has no control over their lively hoods.  
They don't care about us but their smiles pretend that they do.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Pixelated Memories

Pixelated memories  
Watched on different tvs  
The struggles of life  
False examples of a wife  
This reality hype  
Cameras and skype  
Technology  
creeping inside my memories  
Watching the downfall of man  
Old enough now to understand  
Trying to side step it  
but it just makes me more decrepit  
Slipping through the cracks  
and having a hard time getting back  
Lost in a thousand dreams  
blinded by their light beams  
They all seem unreachable  
or maybe I'm unteachable  
I just keep taking steps  
and reaching new depths  
of consciousness and degrade  
Wondering if each decision is  
the right one to be made

Always gonna be skeptical  
About what I see in my optical  
It is not optimal  
It's never simple  
I'd rather be leaving on a wave  
Or I could catch the next plane  
Maybe I should stay  
But I'd rather get away

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Please Don'T Complain

There are so many women  
that stick it out even when they shouldn't.  
He's caught in the act,  
so he proposes.  
What does she say?  
Yes...under her breath,  
but it was still yes.  
You'll marry a hurricane  
but from paradise, you'll refrain.  
Only pain accompanied by a stain  
that will not wash away even from the rain.  
Maybe some of you like a relationship that is insane.  
If this is so, then please don't complain.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Poetic Aspirations

I took some time off to reaccess my poetic aspirations  
I want to be clear like modern deodorant  
in everything that I say but sometimes it is hard  
with the noise that surrounds me  
I am a person that doesn't do anything well with noise  
It tumbles my head like a tumbleweed  
rolling around with the wind  
I want to tackle social issues  
I want to write about love but sometimes it is so hard  
when your database is not downloading anything good  
into your own personal system  
I find that it is quite impossible  
to come up with something meaningful  
I don't know what else to say other than  
I'm sorry I have really tried

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Poison(Song Lyrics)

Here I am  
Staring down the barrel again  
But you won't pull the trigger  
You stand there and wait  
as patient as a coiled up snake  
waiting to bite me  
with your exposed fangs  
and I'm still here waiting

What are you waiting for  
You're going to feed us more  
Poison  
your poison  
trickles inside of me  
Poison  
your poison  
spreads inside of me

If we run away  
you'll find us anyway  
There is no foreseeable escape  
There is no other way  
than to look you straight into the eye  
and dodge your barrel

The gun is pointed at me  
I feel this pressure to be  
This hero  
Your hero  
But nobody listens  
they just walk away

What are you waiting for  
You're going to feed us more  
Poison  
your poison  
trickles inside of me  
Poison  
your poison

spreads inside of me

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Politician

Politician, oh politician  
do you ever hear the voices  
of the people that you represent?

Will you ever tell the truth in  
your campaigns for office or  
will you continue to lie through  
your vampiric teeth that you  
use to feed off of us?

Will we ever hold you accountable  
for your campaign of lies?

You've passed laws to throw away  
the people that forge lies into  
our prisons established by you.

You yourself will not watch yourself  
be thrown into jail for these same crimes  
so you all cling to corruption.

We are a country ruled by self-centered egotism.  
We the people have the numbers.  
We the people have the power.  
We the people should change this,  
because they are clearly not doing  
it on their own.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Poor People

A poor man's life is quite mundane.  
A poor man's life is the majority.  
These poor people have been silent  
towards the crimes committed  
against them everyday.  
The land of the free has more  
laws to protect the rich than  
it does of the poor.  
Unconstitutional this is, but  
no politician is going to care  
because by being in our government  
they, themselves, have become  
part of the rich if they were  
not already considered as such.  
The working man breaks his back  
everyday so that this world can  
function for those that are rich.  
The working man is laughed at by  
these insignificant rich that may be  
remembered, but differently depending  
upon the point of view of the individual.  
Why does our world of today  
hate the working man?  
We take pay cuts for what we do  
just so that your profits go up.  
Why are we not appreciated?  
Thank God for the labor union  
they give me so many more rights  
that our government does not  
afford us poor people that  
live in this world to struggle.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Porch Nightmare

I sat on my porch watching a man burn  
right before my very eyes.

It is a torturous thing to watch  
that took away every good thought  
inside my skull that housed  
my brain of thought.

The skin became darker  
with every passing moment.

What was once tan  
now was black and melting.

The fears that lay inside his eyes  
slowly faded into his mothers cries.

If only gasoline didn't burn.

If only water soothed and cured.

Nothing could stop it.

Not even a person with  
great determination.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Precious Silence

Never has silence been so precious to me

Noise hurts my ears

Even the typing now gives me pain

My breathing and moving

Loud noises have never been soothing

I curse my period of loud noises

Now the only voice I can hear is God

Atleast there is someone there that I can hear

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Prescription

I'm just a medicated freak  
After dropping the pill  
I do not speak  
When the lunch bell hits  
I do not eat  
I stare down at my sandwich  
my eyes locked on the lunch meat  
My face looks so blank  
I don't even look alive  
Its the doctor they should thank  
He wrote the prescription  
He said that it was good for me  
And that I'd get a better education  
But he didn't take into account  
My sheer carelessness  
There is no drug for that  
Though one day I'm sure there will be

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Prison Rhyme

Knives and ghouls  
A pair of fools  
Tip-toeing creaks  
The sound of shrieking freaks  
Hands floating out of cells  
They grab him like the hands of hell  
Squeeze his life out till there is none  
A shot out the barrel of a gun  
There goes another one  
Crazy from this captivity  
Now his body has no activity  
Maybe we should've payed attention to him  
Before he became lost and now it is dim

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Putrid Perfume

I am going to miss your putrid perfume  
that I have inhaled for fourteen years now.  
Your hold on me has been so great  
that I have gotten back together  
with you on numerous occasions.  
Each time I inhale your foolish cloud,  
I can feel death getting that much closer.  
If I didn't feel like ending this now,  
I know that I would end up dying for you.  
I can think of many better fates but,  
that is neither here nor there.  
I must do this...for my future,  
for my future families future, and for  
my ability to be an honorable member  
of the dysfunctional human race.  
We function to dysfunction.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Pyrite

Love is a jewel.  
There is always  
an admirer waiting  
to steal it away from you.  
There are plenty of jewels  
that are without a band  
for you to choose from.  
Why do some people  
see a pair of jewels  
and want to take one of them?  
Are people too lazy to mine  
for a beautiful jewel of their own?  
Some are just scum and will  
continue to be scum so that they  
can end their lives in loneliness.  
Go right ahead, but why do you  
have to ruin others around you  
while you ruin yourself?  
You're not a jewel you're just  
a worthless piece of pyrite.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Questions

What can you expect?  
Can expectations be placed here?  
Questions can be,  
And answers probably won't be.  
What can you expect?  
I'm an inspired human being.  
You can't predict what is going  
To catch my eye tomorrow.  
I am easily captivated  
By this giving world.  
It nourishes my eyes  
and turns into emotions  
that cannot be easily explained.  
That is the only answer I can give  
and that is no answer  
there will still be questions.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Rabid Dog(Song)

Guns pointed at each other  
In another life you could've been my brother  
That is neither here nor there  
Our blood curdles in this stare  
You got what's mine wrapped in your arms  
A false embrace drenched in harm

You ask me to put down the gun  
But I can't put our lives in your hands  
Those dirty filthy hands  
You cannot be trusted

Either way I'll see you in hell  
You can take everything on our person  
But not without consequence  
I'll hunt you down like a rabid dog

I ask you to let her go  
But you just hold her tighter  
You then put the gun to her so frightened  
And threaten to do it  
You can do whatever you like with me  
But you're not interested

Gunpowder explodes  
He is hit in the shoulder  
She runs off like a gazelle  
Running away like a predator  
She watches as he shoots her beloved  
The man shot her in her heart  
The next bullet kills the rabid dog  
The next bullet kills the rabid dog

What do two people say  
When a lover's life is fading away  
The last moments flood with tears  
Her futures bleak for many years

## Theorem The Truth Serum

# Real Justice(Song)

You should be tantric  
There is no war in peace  
Just buy it there is no lease  
It's a gold fleece  
With more value than any material  
Wake up kid and have some cereal  
We are divided like years  
Living to promote our fears  
Look into our mirrors  
Get a good look  
Cause it might be the last one you took

We've got problems  
that no one wants to solve  
get involved  
Take out your claws  
Let's fight  
A battle that cannot be lost  
A battle with no human cost  
Let's fight the world  
and ourselves for peace  
We wouldn't need any police  
We'd have real justice  
Real Justice

Pick up your phone and make the right calls  
How can we enjoy a trip to Niagara Falls  
When there is no place to relax  
Can't go anywhere without paying a tax  
There is misrepresentation  
All over this nation  
No taxation without representation  
History repeats itself  
Take a look at the history book  
On your bookshelf  
For thyself  
Recognize that we have accountability  
For this loss of humility  
which wasn't lost it just was never there

Look at this pair  
Cheney and Bush  
We need to give them a push  
Off of the podium  
Your media acts as a peridium  
But it is really releasing poisonous spores  
All over overseas shores  
We put our hand in the cookie jar everyday  
Sometimes its from someone else's  
but somehow that is okay

We've got problems  
that no one wants to solve  
get involved  
Take out your claws  
Let's fight  
A battle that cannot be lost  
A battle with no human cost  
Let's fight the world  
and ourselves for peace  
We wouldn't need any police  
We'd have real justice  
Real Justice

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Real World

I long to run through fields  
That turn into meadows  
That change into pine trees  
Each step that I'd take  
Would make  
The sound of a branch that breaks  
An orchestra of birds singing in my ear  
The scared and cautious deer  
Suddenly disappearing from view  
A squirrel running up a tree and stopping  
Turning it's head with an acorn in it's hands  
Then continuing up the tree  
How I long to be there again  
In the forest amongst the real world

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Realistic

I was an optimistic  
but now I'm realistic  
I don't believe in false hopes  
I believe in the present  
and I can predict the future  
People have told me not to preach  
but if I don't these oblivious  
people will walk around still  
destroying the earth  
People just don't get it  
because they are selfish  
and they want luxury  
because luxury sells and peace doesn't  
Destruction sells and peace doesn't  
Everything that destroys the earth  
is what we buy the most

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Reality Station

When I was just a pup  
I always thought that a person  
should associate with as many  
people as they could humanly possible.  
Now that I am older, I know  
that this is not humanly possible.  
Why go through the pains  
while being bound in chains?  
I'll give everything a chance,  
but when chance fails, you  
got to know when to walk away.  
It is bad to loiter when  
people are counting on you.  
A loiterer must pack up and leave at some point.  
I got my suitcases and everything else that I need.  
I've purchased my ticket for the train  
and realize that this association isn't worth it.  
I'm not worth it...period, I'm just a man.  
Time to travel back to reality.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Red Monsters

I was driving up highway 17  
and looked at the snow fed  
redwood trees that stood up  
on all sides of the truck windows.  
I thought to myself, I wish I was walking.  
It was so majestic I wish that it was in slow mo.  
When I finally got to the university  
I was face to face with these red monsters.  
Oh what beautiful creatures the redwood are.  
They scratch their claws into your eyes  
making them scarred for life,  
perhaps there is no greater beauty.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Reflection #1

There are some days when  
You are off from work  
That turn into a day of relaxation  
Because you know that  
You can be lazy  
You do just that  
But there are some days  
When you stand up  
And do something that requires  
More strength  
Than what has been rationed  
This never stops me of course  
I come alive when I feel like  
Doing extraordinary things  
My idea of extraordinary  
May not be your's  
Mind you  
But they are extraordinary nonetheless  
Maybe you are unable to see it  
But I like to make a person smile  
And laugh  
To the point where they are  
Having a good time  
It's in my thoughts  
And in my actions  
But it seems as though  
The number of them are decreasing  
I am starting to do it less

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Reflection #2

I struggle in the fight to write  
A positive insight  
But at my height  
I see too much  
And cannot touch  
On a happy thought  
Though I have sought  
And brought  
A thought  
Of malicious tendencies  
That has some accuracies  
But how accurate am I  
Some lines defy  
Our conventional ways  
That have gone on for many days  
But I don't understand our ways  
Neither do people that is why they write plays  
To play out a scene that they hope they bring sense to  
Some of the things that they chose to do  
But oh well this is just reflection #2

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Regret

A phucking vahjina with a paynis, baystard shitehead, weaner...

are you offended yet?  
who really cares  
cause I don't.

I'm just one man  
who doesn't try  
to escape reality

reality is no bull  
so put down the red  
and stand your ground

you owe it to yourself  
stop taking loans from time  
because really they aren't loans

it will soon come to represent  
all that was once lost  
no one needs regret

regret is the bosom that feeds you poison  
this poison doesn't alter anything  
it just sucks the life right out of your mouth

the more time is wasted  
the more regret builds up  
where is your mind at?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Religious Change(#1)

Maybe because I haven't been laid in a few months that is the real reason why I think so critically.

I am Roger Ebert, but I talk on life because most of these churches that we go to are so far from Christ that they might as well dig a hole straight down into the depths of hell.

We've already seen the repercussions of a conservative view upon religion.

It's not conservative at all...it only conserves the thought that fear rules the hearts of men and that war is a great tool to create fear.

We've seen what liberal religious views can do aka the catholics who do not deserve the right to be capitalized for they have capitalized upon the congregation to show us how far materialism can go with their golden churches and cups.

Both of them so far from the steps of Christ that we should stop and try to look for the path in which these steps of his have paved for us.

We exploit Christ more than we follow him.

We use his damn birthday to make these very same people that have greatened this corruption to make enormous amounts of money so that they can pay for all of this to continue in its dark ways.

We should make this all change but this very system has made it so expensive to create a new movement that literally we cannot go about this change.

We need a clean slate and it will come at a big price.

Are you willing to pay for it? I am.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Remedies Never Made

Remedies never made  
Or ever thought of again  
The movements of the human being  
Towards dictation and confidence  
Until we reach a point to where  
We know we are destructive  
But don't even care anymore  
Sure we try to cut down  
But that isn't enough  
Time spent on alternative lifestyles  
Would be more effective  
Roses wilting by the poison in our water  
We poison our own water  
Leaving us with the fact  
That there is no longer anything  
Completely natural but our feelings  
Mine are sometimes chemical induced  
But what isn't anymore  
What doesn't have chemicals in them  
What are their long term effects  
Why must we put our stamp on everything  
Why must we touch everything  
Watch it wilt  
Watch it decay  
Watch it all disappear  
But it probably won't happen in our lifetime  
So who cares right  
We should  
We care about success  
We are failing  
Look at all this and grade yourself  
Who cares about the curriculums now  
They are useless  
You are useless

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Reminisce

Its fun to reminisce  
On prior thoughts of your conscienceness  
Sorting through your memories  
Like turning pages with pictures in a magazine  
All of the faces and people  
I experienced good and evil  
I've been both vulnerable and invisible  
As we get older  
We degrade our control over our matter and enegry  
Gravity is the staple to this body of entropy  
To my elders I respectfully say good-bye  
But it is hard to watch them  
Go through this before they die  
Our memories are perceptions in a box that contains  
A life full of actions remembered locked in your brain  
It must get hard to retrieve them as you lose control of the crane  
When you look at all the stages it seems quite insane  
I will remember what I learned to resist the storms and the rain  
I will remember how you taught me to be happy and not complain  
Complications are always around the corner  
But I know it takes just me to keep them in order  
Look at time and life  
All on a line and both contain strife  
Life will expand until it ends  
Time will continue on with different blends  
Dinosaurs to humans to extraterrestrials  
Time lives on without any need of essentials  
Something will always exist  
Time does not have an option to resist  
I'm glad to have experienced time with you  
I thank you for teaching me all I needed to know too

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Remodel Again

I want to reinvent love,  
let's start off with a kiss.  
Look into their eyes  
and brush your right  
hand up against their face.  
Lean in and press your lips  
against theirs taking a long  
pull of their own living essence.  
When you pull away smile  
while savoring the whole  
exchanged experience.

Love is yourself that bleeds  
into another like a flood of  
sunlight bleeding through  
the curtains in the morning  
to wake you up suddenly.  
When it is there you will  
feel its presence but you  
have to be mindful of it.

Love isn't nonsense it is  
what the world was made from.  
We've stripped it down like  
an old painted wall and remodeled  
it with the blood of war.  
The world was once painted  
with the emotions in our faces.  
Now it is painted by the treason  
of our bullish actions.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Remorse(Song)

I hope you find the time to forgive me  
Can you please do that  
I know what I did was completely wrong  
So please forgive me  
Can you do that

I hope that we can atleast be friends  
But you'll have to forgive me  
If you wanna do that  
My remorse is stronger than steel  
So please forgive me  
Forgive me

I know that I kicked you when you were down  
So please forgive me  
Can you do that  
I cannot be completely happy  
If you don't forgive me  
Can you do that

I hope that we can atleast be friends  
But you'll have to forgive me  
If you wanna do that  
My remorse is stronger than steel  
So please forgive me  
Forgive me

I feel like shit  
Only you can handle it  
Throw my guilt in a bottomless pit

I hope that we can atleast be friends  
But you'll have to forgive me  
If you wanna do that  
My remorse is stronger than steel  
So please forgive me  
Forgive me



## Theorem The Truth Serum

# Respect's Disappearance

What troubles me  
Is the lack of respect  
Respect jumped off the bridge  
10 years after Aretha Franklin's single  
Hit the charts  
It is almost as if  
It was the last ditch effort  
To keep it among us  
Now it has vanished  
With it  
Our souls and patience  
Everything that was once good  
Is now just a distant memory  
On a photograph

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Return

To have a good heart  
is all that I strive for  
It is all that I feel that I need  
because once it is exerted  
good things usually come from it  
Some call it Karma  
I just say it is returned  
When you show your heart  
in your smile  
people tend to notice  
Most people can really read smiles  
I am one that can  
Some smiles are injured  
and some are just plain happy  
I am one who has retained my smile  
from my early years of innocence

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Revolving Door

The world is a revolving door.  
While a new one opens  
an old one closes  
repeating a cycle like  
an aluminum can.  
You are the mind to it all.  
You must know when to walk  
through which door.  
At the same time,  
an old door can reopen.  
Importance is key  
and can only be measured  
by yourself and no one else.  
You are the revolving door  
walk with it and inside it.  
Only then will you  
know the door itself.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Rich Thieves

I feel like reforming someone with my fists  
So I can look down at them  
And tell them how idiotic they are

I want them to know how it feels  
To be violated by someone who thinks  
They are better than somebody else

The world has turned their backs  
On the good hard working people  
And looks to all the rich thieves

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Ron Paul

Ron Paul is how a republican was meant to be,  
because meddling in the world's affairs has been  
historically a bad move in the end.

Destruction is imminent.

Humans are repetitive.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Rules

There are rules everywhere you go  
There are rules written on a piece of paper  
There are rules that are not followed  
There are rules that are stretched and by passed  
because of a simple technicality  
that was set in place  
Why are there ways to getting around  
laws that have been setup  
That is why I feel that most laws  
have been made to be broken  
Many laws are made so that the poor stay poor  
They can't afford a lawyer to get past the loopholes  
They can't afford the fine with three kids  
That means that they can end up in jail  
Their kids don't deserve to see their parent go to jail  
He's no worse than the rich man who just got off  
because he could afford a lawyer  
It's just not fair

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Sad Songs And Happy Songs...

Violins are heard over the gunshots  
playing an overture of sad songs  
They are backed up by the drum sounds  
of constant tears hitting the ground  
A hand full of saxophones play the happy songs  
of the few that are returning from their tour  
that landed them overseas

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Saladin, A Samurai, A Buddhist, And An Alien Queen

Somedays I wake up and feel like I am living on an alien planet.  
Where no ones ideas are anything like mine.  
I'm more eastern like Saladin, the Samurai, and the Buddhists.  
Saladin who embodied the generosity of the Lord.  
The Samurai who lived and protected with honor.  
The Buddhist who sacrifice themselves to conquer evil.  
Where in the west do we have this?  
The west has become deeply shrouded by their own self interests.  
They don't care who they topple over, just as long as they still exist.  
I live in a parallel universe to our own that is based off of altruism  
and not the selfishness of empirism as our constitution is.  
John Locke and Ayn Rand have great ideas of personal property  
but they are still based off of selfishness and selfishness is not a virtue.  
What I am saying is...I'm trying to look for my green skinned alien queen  
who can atleast understand my positions because my real  
position is love and I live to protect it with  
the shield that is my heart, body, and soul.  
Where ever you are, when I find you I shall bow to you and  
be your knight in shining armor who will protect and love you  
as Sir Lancelot loved and protected Lady Genevere.  
Does she even exist or is she just like a bedtime dream  
soon to be completely forgotten no matter how great it is?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Sea Of Nightmares

We live while we swim in a sea of nightmares.  
Greed has destroyed our world like a great tsunami,  
he has handed us a sheet of paper with a number on it.  
This number measures the value of us because it is in our wallets.  
It shows us what we can buy and forces us to make a choice  
on how we are going to divide it up between us all.  
Some get steak to eat and others get porridge  
that tastes as bland as their poor lives.  
Is it really drive that brings us all above our situations  
or is it just the luck of the draw?  
I think it is the luck of the draw because we are  
infected with natural selection and to some  
it is a very cruel trick that is played upon them.  
Being born in a world like this one is a cruel enough trick,  
we have natural disasters and man made ones.  
It seems that the man made ones have been much more disastrous.  
There is the war on oil and the destruction or prosperity  
that it brings to the 'lucky' bearer of this poison.  
There is the economic war that every one is fighting to gain  
as much as they can no matter what the outcome of this fight may be.  
There is the war for technology where everyone is trying  
to make the best products or the worst and sell for the most.  
Everywhere you look someone is scrimmaging for something,  
whether it is for their image or for their survival.  
Is there ever going to be an end to this madness?  
I see the madness grows stronger everyday.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# See What Happens

I have seen the smile of two faces  
One is a smile so pure and happy  
With a flick of a switch  
you are bright and lighting up the whole room  
The other is sad and forced  
filled with baggy eyes of a thousand tears  
I just hope that most of your lives  
were happy and fulfilling  
I hope that none of them were wasted  
because maybe it is you and I  
that will connect and bring us to happiness  
Maybe it isn't so why don't we just try it out  
for a little while and see what happens

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Selective Vision

If only every eye could see her  
they might begin to see what I see  
because it is I who sees what I see  
No one can ever take that away from me  
Not even her  
She could dump me off  
somewhere along the way  
but I still saw what I saw  
It is enough to make my vision selective  
because if she is not around  
it tends to grow lonely  
it tends to yearn to see her face again  
They just want to shut and go to sleep  
so that when they open up again  
they will search for her until they become tired  
and that cycle will never end

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Shooting Bullets In The Sky

So many people try to shoot up at the stars,  
But being on the earth makes them to far.  
They think they on top of the globe  
And their gun pulls the load.  
Keep shooting into the sky  
As a comet flies by.  
Towing universal particles  
Stronger than your ego's intangibles.  
You're just ants fighting over a hill.  
Ignorance is why you kill.  
How do you make the surrounding families feel.  
Starting wars against races.  
The block's dropping faces.  
Don't attempt to cry  
While shooting bullets in the sky.  
I see the evil in your eye  
Mixed with the bottle, you can't lie.  
Go hide your tears.  
You know you live in fear.  
Don't attempt to cry  
While shooting bullets in the sky.  
You can't hide behind confidence forever.  
There's others out there who're more clever.  
You are playing this chess game  
for a piece of babbled words of fame.  
Slap your homie's hand  
Before he is banished from this land.  
May he fly to the heavens  
You can't win a poker game with sevens  
You are not well equipped playing with death  
In the end there will be nothing left  
Don't attempt to cry  
While shooting bullets in the sky.  
I see the evil in your eye  
Mixed with the bottle, you can't lie.  
Your shooting bullets in the sky  
Some will come back and you will die  
So don't attempt to cry  
While shooting bullets in the sky

## Theorem The Truth Serum

# Shower For Your Brain

Demoralizing the 'enemy'  
is about as moral as burning  
some women and calling  
them witches because they  
are going against beliefs,  
they have the right to their  
own beliefs do they not?  
We speak of propaganda  
as being mortal sin but  
it is actually an immortal sin  
because it will never go away.  
We are taught lies as children  
what makes you think that we  
aren't as we reach adulthood?  
Did you hear? Christopher Columbus  
is now the new candidate for the  
republican party for this new election.

We say that the Muslim community  
is politically brainwashed do we not?  
Are we not brainwashed as well?  
Is every family and child of these  
Muslim countries our enemy?  
Are they really a part  
of this political struggle?  
Is it right for another country  
to challenge the morals  
behind our policing the world?  
Let's just get out a gang of duct tape  
and tape them helplessly to a chair  
and stuff their mouths with money  
like we normally do.  
Some people can't be bought with money.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Similes Of A Filipino Princess

She was from Chino Hills  
with a last name of Reyes  
but she was not of Latin decent  
Her skin was tan like the mane  
of a thorough bred  
Her eyes were dark  
like a star lit sky  
Her smile was bright  
like a clear spring morning  
She is a princess  
A Filipino princess

Theorem The Truth Serum



## Six Lines Of Regret

Wine can sometimes be my best friend  
until it turns on me and I reveal truths  
that I never should have

Oh well...if I didn't go through them  
they would not be truths  
so I am the only one to blame

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Skills

We all have our skills  
Now use them  
Because we all need them  
From everyone

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Slowly-/-/-/-Fade

You fit the mold  
of a catastrophic  
switch to change my life  
Made by human hands  
protected by titanium  
you turn me on  
You've shown me  
this possibility in  
the light of being  
with in your existence  
This is great but  
it fades very quickly  
I'm left in the dark  
once again  
Alone and not afraid  
One day my life  
will slowly fade

Theorem The Truth Serum

# So It Ends(Song)

I try to find the  
words to say  
but I fall short  
with a word or two  
You seem  
distracted  
Your affected  
I'm rejected  
by this heart  
that continues to burn  
Flames seem to rise  
Until I'm burned out

The clock keeps ticking  
Until it goes away  
No more batteries  
So it dies today  
I can't afford to  
Buy another one  
So it ends

I keep burning  
Someone put me out  
before its too late  
My soul will die  
The gift of life  
seems wasted  
My heart still beats  
Cause I'm still alive  
Roll it up and  
smoke this burning heart  
Give the earth a cloud  
so it can rain

The clock keeps ticking  
Until it goes away  
No more batteries  
So it dies today  
I can't afford to

Buy another one  
So it ends

Theorem The Truth Serum

## So Please Leave It Be....

Little drops fall upon my head  
in structured intervals  
that nature provides  
Drenched in seconds  
by the world's evaporation  
I am just an observer  
surrounded by a belt full of tools  
but none that can shut off the valve  
that this world has though some may try to  
by sending heat up into the stratosphere  
Get out of here  
The world manipulates our life  
We shouldn't manipulate it's life  
We already manipulate each other  
What are you sick of this now?  
We are but easy pawns to move if kept ignorant  
The world takes years of research to learn  
how to manipulate it's intricacies  
It has a natural defense that takes years to crack  
We can manipulate it's surface  
When the hell are we going to stop and leave it alone  
When the hell are we going to learn to leave it the hell alone  
We always think that things can be improved  
How can we improve the only thing  
that is perfect with in the realm of our own daily lives  
Leave this all behind and just live  
We can destroy ourselves because history shows  
that this will continue to happen  
Please let us not destroy the earth  
It has only given us our lives  
so please leave it be

Theorem The Truth Serum

## So Take That....

I have unpopular views  
because people are taught  
to hate my type of persona  
I am unamerican  
then so be it  
Well you are unhuman  
so take that

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Solitude

Have no faith in solitude  
The earth shakes  
and the storm rains  
diverting your attention  
for a bit I guess  
To enjoy silence is ludicrous,  
because noise can come  
at any moment to break the silence  
Why would you want to live a life  
that is full of disappointments  
People can be really stupid

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Something To Think About

I know that the world has this view  
Of some sort of God that rules all  
I have my own view  
Of a man that doesn't destroy  
But of a man that asks us to do good  
Because he himself is good  
He would never ask us to go to war  
Over him or for him  
Or a friend or associate  
He would say, 'Smile to your fellow people and be happy.'  
He sees a man with an angry look on his face  
A man who is content with his own anger and says,  
'Smile and be happy, you are alive. Wash off that face.'

Whatever happened to our blissful happiness?  
Whatever happened to the simple things in life?  
Has life really become this complicated?

Rise and live and don't worry where worry doesn't belong  
Go forth and spread this good news  
Because your God would want you to

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Sometimes Sane

Sometimes we wake up with nothing.  
The dreams from last night are still fresh  
like an apple from the tree in October.  
These dreams sometimes feel much  
better than the life we are living and  
they can be so vivid they seem real.  
Sometimes we are disappointed to  
find out that what seemed real was  
just your dreams lying to you.  
The emotions can be all mixed up  
and tangled in these lies that you  
feel like a fly in a spider's web.  
You fight to get out but you don't know  
what you are getting into or you find out  
that you don't have enough strength to win.  
A human being swallows way more things  
than can be digested in their lifetime.  
Sometimes you just have to swallow and forget  
even if it leaves you with a stomach ache.  
Never mind the things you can't fix  
mind the things that you can fix.  
Live the life that is easy and not the life  
that it near impossible.  
You will be way more sane.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Spanish Rose

If I could only speak in Spanish tongue  
I'd sweep you off your feet immediately  
with no hesitation  
I'd tell you that you're like a Spanish rose  
beautiful and delicate  
I want to touch your pedals with soft whispering hands  
But this language barrier is like the Great Wall of China  
It is impenetrable and very hard to get through  
Maybe some day soon  
I will take a course in Spanish

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Spring

The sun has opened my eyes  
and set upon my flesh  
which feels warm and full of life  
I rise slowly to look out the window  
and see the abundance of newly bloomed flowers  
There is a title for this day  
and that is spring

Wonderful and marvelous spring  
only creates smiles  
from the depths of this blooming season  
Branches are no longer scared to show  
what they can grow  
Flowers are no longer scared  
to open up their eyes  
Amusing smells fill up anxious nostrils  
we have all been waiting for this  
Earth's signature statement that tells us  
that there is still life in this planet  
and in us

How can one not open their eyes and be amazed  
Where else can one's mind wonder  
because during this very moment the simple tribulations  
that have been created by our human existence  
do not exist here  
They seem unimportant and meaningless  
because now during this fruition it is spring  
Spring  
I am glad to see you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Stable

I am standing tall these days  
Not just because I am tall  
but because I am stable  
Soon I will be grabbing hammers  
that erect walls that  
hold everything up  
That transfer work  
into the ability to live  
No more scraping  
and plotting  
about how I am  
going to get out  
of this undying rut  
Soon I will have the hands  
that build the walls of stability  
I will be stable

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Stand Together(Song)

Fresh out the oven  
and baked like new  
I do a wake and bake  
for all of you  
I become pleasant  
and present  
Aware of the peasant  
who are always neglected  
and some how uneffected  
Able to live survive  
Revive  
No divide  
Will reside  
if we all just stand together

Alright...just stand together  
(I will be on your side)  
Just stand together  
(I'll give you support)  
Just stand together

Comin' fresh out of the oven  
woke up to some lovin'  
I declared my time to you  
I was hoping that we grew  
together not apart  
It felt right from the start  
Livin' in this crazy world  
trying to get ahead  
But everything always  
seems dead  
Shells that bleed  
With the ability to move  
and act  
The streets are pact  
Cause love is lost  
cause we don't  
stand together

Alright....Just stand together

Theorem The Truth Serum

## Step Off

I don't need anything anymore  
I'll just hide out in this hole  
that I guess you can call a life  
Who's to tell me what I need  
and what I'm not doing  
Last time I checked  
I saw that this was my life  
Each decision is made by my will  
Preparation is set up by me  
and me alone  
Step off of these toes  
because they are about  
to walk away from you

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Stick It Out

A man with unpredictable instinct  
rolling up down the perimeters  
of the interiors, he thinks everyone  
is quite inferior just because  
his instincts are as an animal  
in the safari laying down chomping  
on it's lionly kill.

A point of view that plagues  
our everyday lives

He's laid back, but  
he's also a hot head

Everything is controlled by  
the beat of his drum  
If you're not on his pace  
He'll push you off his jobs.

I heard this and sometimes feel  
like I am on the brink of this edge.  
He pushes you over  
and you fall and you tumble.  
Sometimes you don't get up.

Just stick it out and do your best.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Stop The Bloodshed

Agents of darkness was propelled from a launcher aimed at destroying anything that it hits.

Deliberate malice served by the hand of a butcher, his knife is cutting up human flesh just to cut it up because all sense has been lost so lets senselessly cut at the innocent people so that the ones who can be held responsible can lose support from the people that back their faction and their efforts.

The backers just want out, they have been thrown into a world of darkness because they have been born on the most cursed piece of land known to man all because it is blessed by both sides and both sides want it.

You guys want it so much that you project greed and let its shadow of weapons fall upon all of your lands.

Saladin was the most peaceful general if there is such a title, the Crusaders have never lived up to his example, not to my knowledge. That is what this is, an extension of the Crusades which ended long ago but some people can't just let it go.

They had to stick the Jews back on this land as a gift after enduring th Holocausts, which was an admiral act.

The Palestinians weren't given a chance to object or agree, they were supposed to open their arms to these strangers, which were the British and Jewish population.

The British watched over this forceful transition until the Jews took over power when they had gathered up enough supplies like a squirrel in the fall preparing for winter.

As soon as the British left, the surrounding countries went to war with the Jews and there were innocent people on both sides.

The Jews went back to their homeland but the Palestinians lost their homeland that they had acquired in the days of Ottoman rule.

I can only end this with something to think about, some questions;

Why do the Muslims want to control both Mecca and Jerusalem?

Isn't this greedy? Is not one good enough? Do you really want the whole world to be under Muslim influence or is this you're way of being friendly?

Do the Jews really want to become butchers after they were butchered?

Is this the message that you want to give out to people?

Can't you guys just share the land? Isn't that what God would want?

Both of you guys have been butchered through the years but isn't it time to break this cycle of butchering of human life?

Drop the knife and surrender to peace and enlightenment please before you end up accidentally killing your own families.

If this ended in bloodshed, do you think this quest of lust for eachothers blood will end? If you raise a family of killers they will raise a family of killers and so on and so forth.

Stop the bloodshed in the name of peace, love, and unity or is it too late to implement those things in your cultures because you have already erased them completely?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Struck Gold

I think I have struck gold  
I have been panning and panning  
the rivers that I have seen  
with my own eyes  
looking for something that stood out  
Then there was this shine  
in the deepest part of the river  
for I only look in the deepest part of the river  
I no longer go to the shallow end  
as I did during my youthful years

I set the pan inside the water  
and dug into some dirt and gravel  
Low and behold  
you were there at the center of it  
illuminating and beautiful  
worth more than anything I have ever owned  
and anything I have ever wanted or needed

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Stuck With Me

You are stuck with me,  
I like to write.

There is no way to get rid of me  
unless I, myself die unexpectedly.  
If you give me a 1.0 average for all the  
poems that I write, I will still write.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Studios?

Sometimes I wish I was more studios  
But the only book I can learn from  
Is one of interest  
Cause I'll be damned  
If I have to read someone's crap  
That has nothing to with  
What I am here to do

I wish I was studios  
Because there are people in the world  
Who can talk about things that I do not understand  
I'm not an intellect  
But sometimes I think I am  
This doesn't mean that I can't  
Come to any conclusions  
I'm a free thinker  
Unbiased as I can possibly be  
And my goal is just that  
I might not wield no wands  
Nor have any 'social power'  
But I have fun cause I am me

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Suburban Prince

I walk into the local mall  
and see silicon breasts  
with hands grasped around  
jumbo strollers  
Their husbands are at work  
while they open up the purse  
and spoil themselves  
Just another spoiled brat  
to manifest in this suburban world  
Who will drive a new Mustang Cobra  
starting on his 16th birthday  
and I bet you a hundred dollars  
that this will not be his only one  
One night he'll get in an accident  
while he shows off to his friends  
the capability of the car  
and just happens to slam into  
an old lady who has  
little to no reflexes left  
in her tired old body  
Hopefully she lives  
but if she doesn't  
that will be a hard learned lesson  
for this suburban prince

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Suburban Residential Shell

I'm a white boy from the suburbs  
Coming out of this residential shell  
With my own words  
With my own hell  
I went to distinguished elementary and high schools  
With a bunch of fools  
Rich with money coming out of their pockets  
Armani sunglasses covering their eye sockets  
Mommy and daddy bought them Mustangs  
and diamond rings  
With a pair of earrings  
to match them  
I wasn't privileged as the whole town  
I was kind of a class clown  
Who took up weed and became down  
Started to defy the institution  
Catholics and college tuition  
All set up for my suburban neighbors  
And not the poor labors  
Equality for all?

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Summer Days...Everyday

I come here with arms to welcome you,  
So you can feel the warmth of someone who cares.  
I can see that you yearn for it.  
You've tried so very hard to find it.  
You thought your fingertips were grasping it,  
But like ice cream it slowly melted away  
Until there was nothing left.  
Cheer up child, for life embraces you.  
Can't you feel it all around you?  
The warmth of the summer day.  
The comfort of a summer evening.  
The gift of hot chocolate in your hands  
On a day spent below zero.  
All this is around you.  
You just have to appreciate it all.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Survivalist

Swooping down was an arrow in the sky,  
the arrow pierced through scales  
and went back up into the sky  
It found a safe place and bit through scales  
like a sword thrust through armor  
The eyes upon a claw jumped around  
like a teenager on meth  
The fish took it's final breath  
It was picked to the bone  
The bald eagle seems alone  
A stalking murderer on the prowl  
but in the day time not in the evening like an owl  
How could this beautiful creature be decimated  
by it's usage with in the symbols of our country  
True we have a lot in common  
We like to devour some prey  
but ours is not for survival  
unlike the bald eagle  
We only need survival

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Swiveling Thrones

They sit on their swiveling thrones  
unknowingly ruining our lives  
with each 'yay' or 'naye' that they put forward.  
They have been doing it for years,  
a bunch of blind mice snapped by traps  
not knowing this is their last bite.  
They know nothing new so they stick  
to their same Titanic sinking ideas.  
Lets lower interest rates, lets throw more  
money at problems to invest in the future.  
At this rate, soon we will be like extinct  
dinosaurs being killed by a meteor  
that we made and launched ourselves.  
This is the America we live in.  
One big 'utopian' disaster created  
by a bunch of hyenas known as  
lobbyists, who have raped us  
like an infantile mockingbird  
that never had the chance to fly.  
All of Thomas Jefferson's warnings  
about people who would try to distort  
what our nation stood for and it's doctrines  
has come true like a Nostradamus prophecy.  
Politicians gather to babble like idiots  
with no plan and no direction as  
their people watch the fall on television  
and stream it live on the internet.  
Now we see that the Cold War was  
only a battle and the real war is probably lost.  
Where will we grab at for relief now?  
Why are we gasping for air anyway  
when there is plenty of it to go around?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Sympathy For The Soldier

I have never seen a wounded man  
who lies on the ground from a bullet wound  
I have never hated a war so much  
and loved our soldiers more  
They are in a catch twenty-two  
and there is nothing they can do  
but wish to see their families  
For firing a gun at a man  
must seem unappealing  
to one's heart  
Maybe they are brainwashed  
out of thinking that they have a heart  
or maybe they try to get rid of it  
but for some it just won't die  
This confusion to me can only turn to sympathy  
for I am unable to give empathy  
where empathy cannot be placed

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Take Me

Let the innocent one go  
She has actually tried to make  
an impact between these two evils  
that do not cease to hate each other  
She loves us both  
She has embraced your culture  
as well as ours  
I think we can learn  
something from her  
We can learn that  
this death doesn't need  
to carry on

Take me and not her  
though I may be useless  
cause I will not fight you  
nor will I fight for  
my sovereign state  
We don't need  
to kill each other

Take me please take me  
She doesn't deserve this  
maybe I do because  
I didn't put a stop to it  
She's tried to help  
I have not  
Take me

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Television Footage

I've learned the harshest truth  
No one really cares about anyone but themselves  
There is so much television footage that  
floods in like tsunami beaten shores  
It made me turn off the TV

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Termites

We can't be alone  
because we can't handle  
our own thoughts and sins.  
They will slowly eat us away  
like a termite to a block of wood.  
We are termites feasting on  
this world with an unquenchable  
taste for its destruction.  
We're nuclear bombs splitting  
the atoms that surround us,  
turning lives into rubble.  
We do it all to grow in size  
surrounding ourselves with as  
much matter as we can afford.  
We melt the world we mine  
to build a new extravagance  
that seems original and artistic.  
We can turn death into art and  
life into pages of tragedy.  
We can also write comedic scenes  
among fine foods and beverages  
to destroy reputations and self esteem.  
We build egos bigger than any  
ancient world wonder with wonder  
on why we do this as we pull  
out swords from victims backs.  
We have a gigantic addiction  
towards malice that is worse  
than any drug fiend that  
drugs have produced.  
Will this ever end?  
Probably not, at least not before  
we end everything in sight.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# That Makes Us Brothers And Sisters

To Muslims and Christians:

The blessed Mother is our blessed mother  
That makes us brothers and sisters under one mother  
She has given our mothers an example  
Our cultures are different but we are the same  
Made from the same flesh and bone  
That God deemed fit for our bodies  
So that we could serve him and serve him well  
But really we are only serving ourselves.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Angel Named Crystal

You are an angel that has lost her wings  
The people that surround you snipped them off  
Now you cannot fly even if you wanted to  
But fear not child for your wings will  
find their way back to you  
You must meet them half way  
You must look for them  
and they shall do the rest  
It may take a long time and a lot of energy  
but they are there I assure you  
Frustration will be on your path  
It may act as a road block from time to time  
but remember you are you  
and you got to do what you got to do for you  
Do not listen to any background noise  
that puts you down for it is noise  
and all you have to do is close your mind to it  
If you help others in need I promise  
that karma will help you a long the way  
Karma smiles upon those that smile upon it  
Fear not Crystal for you are an angel  
and an angel can only do good

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Big Picture

Greed is like cocaine  
Its dependancy makes you go insane  
How do we refrain  
We need to control ourselves with our brain  
Come up with pinnacle solutions  
Otherwise we can put an end to all our institutions  
There will be no resolutions  
If we aren't informed on all this social pollution  
We just breath it in like a cacinogen  
When we need oxygen  
But the whole world is built off toxins  
I'm tryin to be the flint that sparks inspiration  
To wake up a sleeping giant that is the people of our nation  
There are too many problems we a facin'  
Most of them are personal and they got our heart racin'  
They keep us from the big picture so this is misplacement  
It's worldwide so let this message be sent  
I press enter to release this to the eyes of the struggle  
To help fix all of this trouble  
We live troubled lives  
But it is the big picture that will help us all survive

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Bird That Flocked Us All Together

Memories are scratched stones deep beneath the earth.  
They are lost civilizations from the past that stand out.  
Some ended well and some ended in war, but  
they will never be forgotten as long as  
my universe still expands with more of them.  
She will always be one of the brightest stars in my universe.  
Her memories shine vibrant and there are so many of them.  
I am thankful for every one of them for they are pinnacle in my life.  
Never have I met someone so involved with love and unity.  
Never have I met someone so devoted to her family.  
She is the bird that flocked us all together.  
I remember the night she almost died and how sad we all were.  
Her family in the hospital and on the phone,  
we all felt like we were dying inside because she is in us all.  
We could all get together and be one piece shy of completing it,  
because she is always the last piece that completes us.  
I will never speak of her in the past tense because she is  
and will always be a part of my life as well as who I am.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Boogey Woogey

I can play the boogey woogey  
When I pick up the harmonica  
I am a completely different person  
I can create melodies  
That can convert people  
Through feeding their ears  
With the boogey woogey  
A child will smile  
And wonder what that sound is  
It is not as if Barney plays the harmonica  
During his time on TV  
Some people just wonder  
Why I would play such a wretched thing  
Their pop artists wouldn't think of playing that  
Some people embrace it and listen for short while  
Because I can play the boogey woogey

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Brain Is Our Greatest Ally And Our Greatest Enemy...

Why do other people kill other people?  
Is it a fun task to perform?  
No really, I want to know.  
People get paychecks and their job is to kill.  
They call it protection, but what are they protecting?  
I know they are protecting the man right next to them,  
But why is he also killing?  
Does it really feel good to buy your families needs  
With the blood of another?  
It's either the blood of the guy next to you  
Who you are supposed to protect,  
Or a man you do not know that has also  
Been a victim of brainwashing.  
The brain is our greatest ally and our greatest enemy...

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Brightest Star

Beauty eclipses her covering her up  
like the moon taking away the sun's shine.  
Beauty knows that at its core it is far  
beyond the meaning of narcissism,  
it is the whole world standing in front of the mirror  
and admiring itself for several hours.  
Past the beauty there is something much more  
there is a personality that shines like the sun.  
Even though she was born into repeated hardship,  
she was a triumphant general virtually conquering  
anything and everything that had graced her presence.  
Her lips create a cloud that precipitates  
this unexplainable cleansing.  
This girl I once knew has become this  
extraordinary woman who's self driven  
by all of the things that she never had.  
Maybe I got it all wrong but it is much  
more romantic to me when I explain it this way.  
She shall continue to surpass beauty as long  
as she is on this earth and I hope that she  
will one day find someone who appreciates  
her for who she really is though they probably  
won't be able to decipher her.  
Beauty has painted her in such a way  
that it will be quite hard to move past it.  
She is an overwhelming tsunami coming right  
at you but in such an innocent way  
that no matter what she will take you off guard.  
You may try to ride it but there isn't many  
men on this earth that can overthrow her glamor.  
She's Aphrodite, she is a singing siren, she is Nefertiti,  
and she is the brightest star seen by any telescope.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Chase

He walks the streets with inquisitive eyes.

His face is a blank sheet of paper whose expressions begin to write words of how he is feeling.

There are others like him who walk about, him and hers.

They are each trying to find the definition of a word that can describe this all.

You know to simplify things, but it is not to be found.

Their thoughts wander like the brush of a painter letting the images of their own perception soak onto their mental canvas.

If you walk the streets of big bulging cities, you will notice the laughter, the frightened, the lonely, the happy, the sad, the hungry, and the greedy.

There is one thing you will not find and

that is one defining word because it there are so many things all wrapped up into one package.

You can't define a world.

You can't define a person.

Each are a broad river that doesn't overflow.

It absorbs so much that if a person's body was a dictionary, every word would be used to form its frame.

It's worthless to pass judgement on people because you can't even begin to fathom its whole value.

You can walk among them and enjoy the living museum of fluctuating beauty.

Anger is just as beautiful as happiness.

But really life is a bottomless pit, we keep trying to throw stuff in it to hopefully fill it.

You can't fill it, it is all the moments that we throw in it that brings us fulfillment.

It is the chase that makes it worth living.

If we caught what we are trying to chase, there would no longer be purpose.

For the chase is our purpose.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Constrictor

The grip of the constrictor  
slowly takes a hold to squeeze  
all the life out of them  
You can hear their bones crack  
as they begin to lose all  
the motion they once had as a youth  
Their life is now filled with decay  
The youth cringe at the sight of this  
looking into the crystal ball of their future  
The family turns into a rain of sadness  
that clouds their mind with this storm  
of the realization of the elders changing hands  
They are not yet ready to be declared the elders  
nor are they as mentally strong as the current ones  
I do not want to see you go but it is a part of life's cycle

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Day The Earth Died

The day the earth died  
was the day the first flower bloomed  
Our destructive tendencies can never  
reach such natural beauty  
and we make the whole world  
suffer as a collective because  
of this essential fact of understanding

The day the earth died  
was the day we invented a shovel  
We thought that we could throw our  
mistakes into holes and cover them  
back up with mounds of dirt  
We didn't know that these mistakes  
would come to sprout out of the ground  
just to haunt us yet again

The day the earth died  
was the day that we started throwing  
our old people into homes where  
they could sit in a chair to rot and wither away  
These misfortunate subjects were thrown away  
because they were deemed unuseful because they  
were no longer able to take care of themselves  
Who took care of you when you were  
in the youthful part of this stage...they did

The day the earth died  
was the day the first war was started  
People learned by doing evil acts,  
they could accumulate wealth and power  
These misused acts come back for revenge  
look what happened to all the empires  
We will be served an end soon enough  
in either economic or war form.

If no one can see that the earth is dying  
then you are one blind person

## Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Door To Your Dreams

When times get rough  
you gotta be tough  
Things will fall a part  
so you gotta be smart  
Measure the distance  
and live with persistence  
Nothing is too far  
Not even the farthest star  
All you got to do is reach out  
and take what is yours  
to open up the right doors  
The doors to your dreams  
will give you great self esteem  
They are locked until you find the key  
it takes hard work to be what you want to be

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Earth's Spring

Flowers have been constructed by the warmth  
and pollinated by the blowing wind.  
Bees have come out of their honeycombs.  
Birds flock from the south in winged formations  
squawking and chirping their way until they find their nests.  
Animals come out of their caves and burrows.  
Their hibernation has now ended.  
The snow begins to melt and the river's banks start to  
overflow and wrestle with its given space.  
Fish gloriously jump out of the water  
to catch a piece of the growing fly population.  
Bugs perforate the air and buzz at one's ear.  
Bats gather around in the midnight air  
and screech their songs to the night.  
Various animals are called to mate  
because of entrapping scents of the females.  
The earth is more alive in the spring  
than in any other season.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Endless Orangutan

Everyone is talking about  
our health and wellness  
as a society and where it  
is running off too.  
What about our political  
government.  
This endless orangutan  
feces tossing match.  
Dems vs. Repubs  
facing off in a jungle  
of 'factual commentary'  
that are just worthless attacks.  
Each side is either far east and far west  
there has got to be a way to compromise  
to a middle ground and the first step  
is that each party has to be truthful  
and realize that all they are doing is  
swimming in a sewer full of endless  
meaningless speeches and attempts  
to do something constructive.  
Do something for the people for once  
and not just for yourselves and your goddamn  
ridiculously over privileged legacies.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Eve Of Self-Ponder

Dark and dreary was the eve  
that completely changed my life.  
The wind made it hard to walk,  
for it was blowing hard up against me  
and shifting me off of the sidewalk.  
It made my body lean.  
I had to shake my head  
around a few times, for  
it was dripping puddles  
upon the sidewalk.  
The thunder crashed loudly  
in my ear and I was startled  
by its loud crackling.  
I looked around and I looked up  
letting the water hit my face  
for a few moments.  
I didn't know my direction.  
I was heading north, but  
that is not what I mean.  
I mean my destiny  
and my meaning.  
You couldn't define me.  
What was I but  
a biography unwritten?  
I was nothing more really.  
Sure you could call me  
an individual, but what  
sort of individual?  
I am the helping kind.  
I like to help anyone and everyone,  
but they have to give me a chance  
and if they do, well, I'll do my best  
to help them.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Fallen Leaf

The fallen leaf eventually dries up

There once was a single leaf  
who was connected to the very top branch  
resting on the highest point of the tree  
When the wind blew disastrously  
he made a point to hit as many  
as the leafs that were below him  
Some even jumped ship and chose  
death over being on the grandest tree  
Some stayed and endured through  
all of the pain that this one leaf afflicted  
Soon will come a day when the highest  
branch will have to shift and the old one  
will just fall below and hit the dirt until it disappears  
Everything falls and dries up and cycles  
around this earth until it is completely gone

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Fawn

I saw the most beautiful fawn  
running through the forest  
with the grace of 1000 ballet dancers.  
She leapt around the earth  
causing little tremors to ripple  
their way into my heart.  
Her scent that I caught from  
the breeze made me follow her.  
She danced into the night and  
I did all that I could to track her.  
I didn't want this one to get away.  
I lookd to the ground and felt  
the disappearance of imprints.  
I raised my nose up to the air  
and caught her scent so  
I started to sprint with determination.  
I stopped as I saw her standing on a rock.  
Her coat was dark with hints of red  
and glowed purple in the moonlight.  
I fell down with exhaustion.  
She crept over to me and pecked my  
cheek with her inviting lips.  
She ran off into the night  
and I was happy at this sight.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Filth

Its time for the world to stop all their actions  
Stop slaving for pocket change  
Stop conquering to fill your vaults  
Stop all present worries

Let the printing presses take a nap  
from all their writings of persuasion  
because most people can't wring  
out their dirty towels to find out  
what is true and what is a lie

Every human being needs to stop  
really, I mean it, you really do because one  
day when your life slows down you will think  
of everything that you did in your past  
for better or for worse

No one wants to find out that they  
have lived their lives helping to  
overload all of the gutters  
No one wants to find out that  
their life has been filthy

Why not decide now  
so you can teach your children  
to live free from filth  
Our lives are filled with immense  
corporate filth and we don't  
try to clean it up

Let yourselves decide if you are  
part of the filth and if you want to  
continue to be a part of it  
Too many of us accept this  
disposition without even knowing it

Say goodbye to the filth  
it is hard but we all need  
to weed it out as much as

possible and to teach people  
about its existence

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Fray

I've been resilient and hopeful,  
Because I felt your heart beat.  
I felt your yearning.  
I knew you were far away like my wandering mind.  
My thoughts and heart were always with you  
To reassure you that love was waiting for you.  
A pair of lips wistful, but patient knowing  
That one day the sun will kiss them with warmth.  
I have been standing in surrender to you  
For many years preparing myself for your arrival.  
I did the best I could from keeping unloving  
Hands from touching my real estate that  
I have saved for your affections.  
I have only desired you and only you  
Through these years of delay.  
Now I have found you to end the fray.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Genie

I could be good for you  
Just look at me  
is my face not always smiling  
Am I not always laughing  
How can I be bad for you  
I live to fix problems  
and when my fingers snap  
they are gone  
I do not need to rub the lamp of a genie  
or think of fairy tales  
I am the genie so wish for me  
and it will all come true

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Ghost Whispers(Song)

I hear the voices  
they're getting closer  
I hear their footsteps  
they're getting louder  
I am aware of this presence  
It's right behind me  
What does it want

Maybe if I ask it  
Maybe if I don't  
run away  
right away  
I may find some answers  
They'll come out clear  
And in these answers  
They feed me fear

I want to live  
I want to die  
Each is fulfilling  
They have an end  
But this end  
Is just another cycle

Maybe it is  
Maybe its the end  
People believe many things  
But which one is true  
For you  
For me  
I hoped that you would know  
That's why I'm here  
In this haunted castle

I hear the voices  
they're getting closer  
I hear their footsteps  
they're getting louder  
I am aware of this presence

It's right behind me  
What does it want

The ghost whispers  
The ghost whispers softly  
I hear it clearly  
It says be yourself  
be yourself  
but hurt no one  
Not even yourself  
Be as pure as you can be

Maybe if I ask it  
Maybe if I don't  
run away  
right away  
I may find some answers  
They'll come out clear  
And in these answers  
They feed me fear

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Girl Next Door

The girl next door is hotter than  
previously perceived notions.  
She bakes like the sun turning  
everything into a desert.  
She is no mirage with  
a heart as sweet as chocolate.  
I bet she melts in your mouth  
while enlarging the southern region.  
She is able to change the earth's seasons.  
Her beauty marches toward me  
ten thousand men strong like foreign legions.  
Sometimes it feels like life is worth  
living just so that I can have another encounter with her.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Grandfather Yells

The hand of the clock strikes twelve  
down the hall the grandfather yells.  
Half a day has gone by.  
'What have you done today? ' it crys.  
You stop and think during this mid-day.  
You're plans are nill and so are your actions.  
By this time you have eaten twice.  
You've read or visually caught yourself up with the news,  
but what has this really accomplished?  
You've occupied your time with rhythmless rhyme.  
You've created a song as mundane as corporate pop.  
You've done nothing to further yourself.  
Each day that you waste is a song with out drums and bass.  
It creates a life that plays a song without foundation.  
You need a foundation to create anything,  
so in essence you are creating nothing but the waste  
that you throw away every day.  
You may feel like you are a nihilist,  
but you have morphed into a completely different metamorphosis.  
You have to be something to believe in anything.  
A nihilist believes in nothing, but how can you  
believe in something when you are nothing?  
Empty space is empty space  
but just don't let it define what is behind your face.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Great Blizzard

The great blizzard will be upon us  
like a nymph with no respect  
It will blow and blow  
as it comes from the north  
We cannot stop it  
we keep doing the same things  
that destroy the earth.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Highest Hill

On the top of the highest hill  
I saw a generous world  
that lay below down  
the tender golden grass.  
People were singing songs  
with language that was overflowing  
with the happiness of true divinity.  
It was not talked about  
it was put in action because  
this is what they sought out to do.  
They did not spend their time  
making worthless efforts to  
bring forth their selfish ideas.  
They did not try to brainwash  
you into thinking their ideals  
were the only ones worth living for.  
They smiled and loved and cared  
until the day had ended.  
No petty squabbles of detrimental dreams  
that they woke up to in a hot pool of sweat.  
Their eyes sick with the burning of millions  
of people and suffering cries shedded for the lost.  
We have life...why would we go  
out and make someone lose their life?  
The big picture has not painted this point.  
No artist would ever paint this point.  
Life contradicts your dreams of death.  
Someone wondered what death would  
be like so they sent them forth to die.  
Shame on the man who sends ones out to die  
for his selfish reasons because I won't comply.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Highest Tower

Touche!

I say!

Touche!

A dual of the hearts

Regimented words

Sent forth to conquer

The maiden up in her castle

Love will drive a battling ram

Right through the doors

And my regimented motions

Will flood the cobblestone's

Tyrannical screams

Of the death of your sorrow

Overthrown by my might

By this will of determination

To touch your skin on the highest tower

Where my verbs

Are the only words

Nightingales

And morning doves

A language heard during love

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Hopeless

I hope I don't lose all hope and end up  
a man who lives off of the streets.  
I've heard the things they say about the hopeless.  
'Was it the parents or was he just lazy? '  
'He smells like sewage and his beard grows  
like uncontrollable tree roots.'  
'His hair is longer than his ambition.'  
'Why does he beg for money that he didn't earn? '  
'He thinks that we should give him money just  
because he doesn't want to work like the rest of us.'  
'He's such a pathetic loser.'  
'You better not turn out like him honey.'  
'He deserves to be a real lifeless corpse.'  
'He's probably collecting unemployment.'  
'He makes me sick.'

A hopeless man stands up out of no where  
with much effort because lifting ones self with  
a hundred layers of clothes on is not easy.  
'You people make me sick...why can't you  
just leave other people alone?  
Why aren't you sensitive to a man who has  
lost everything in his life?  
How can you expect each and everyone of them  
to pull themselves out of the depths?  
Well I'm sick of being a robot to a mainframe  
that does nothing but stupid things.  
To hell with all of you.'

He left nothing but faces in shock.  
They didn't know what to say.  
Their jaws stayed cemented to the  
concrete that he called his home for an evening.  
I hope you like the taste of his truth spouted urin.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Inner Alpha

A man must have the inner alpha  
An alpha is an untamed beast  
of combative aggression  
A man with the inner alpha  
has mastered the untamed beast  
He knows when the beast should appear  
and when it does, he controls it  
The beast should only appear  
when used in protective situations  
The inner alpha is content with his abilities  
and uses them to help himself and  
to help his neighbors around him  
When the inner alpha is first awakened,  
you will feel the arrogance of the potential power  
that you truly possess within  
You will not want to hurt anybody or yourself (hopefully)  
You will only do good things for the people around you  
You will feel that you were never happier  
Hopefully you too will find this inner peace  
that is called the inner alpha

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Last Short Verse Of Cokbod Lodwogo

This is my last bit of short verse  
that you will ever see again  
Atleast under the pen name  
of Cokbod Lodwogo  
I no longer need him  
because now I know  
who Craig Ludwig is  
He's a deacon  
He is meant to serve God  
God is meant to take him  
by the hand and to lead him on  
Lead him into doing what  
he is meant to do which is  
serving him in anyway that he wishes him to  
God speaks in whispers and only the ones  
with the chosen ears of his calling can hear him  
Everyone has a calling and it is up to us to find it  
Our calling is in all of us  
We must all find our calling  
so we can be at rest and so we can be happy  
with what God has given us  
That is all my brothers and sisters  
May you all go with God and Allah  
and may you all go in peace and live with peace  
This is my prayer to God and hopefully he hears it  
and will one day answer it because Christians and Muslims  
are in some sort of extended family  
Muslims and Christians a like  
remember to uphold the truce between God and Abraham  
Remember to treat your enemies as Abraham did  
Ishmael and Hagar  
Let them go in peace to live their lives  
Good-bye my brothers and sisters  
I hope to see many of you in heaven

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Man And The Bottle

The man and the bottle  
become one and forget  
about everything else.

The man and the bottle  
crash into one another  
and the shards of glass  
hurt everyone around them.

The man and the bottle  
feel so alone and feel  
like they are destined  
for one another.

The man and the bottle  
will empty each other  
of anything that once filled them.

The man and the bottle  
will forever be at war  
with one another.

Damn that bottle.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Man With The Shotgun

Poor Americans, you keep going about your day  
while our representatives and senators can't  
even do one single thing to keep our days going.  
They talk as our days get shorter and our nights get longer.  
They show how they care through false promises,  
fakes smiles and poses, shaking hands to spread  
their disease, and looking at a chessboard that  
always ends in a stalemate because they are a bunch  
of amateurs who should be playing tick-tack-toe.  
I draw a line in the sand and stand on the side of the people  
as I look on the other side full of gravediggers, politicians,  
and corporations.  
Which side do you stand on?  
I look and I see a bunch of blurry faces standing on the line.  
They are unable to choose because they have been  
told what to think through images, speeches, and dreams.  
They tell me that I am the crazy one for doubting  
our way of life, well look where it is going.  
If you ask me, we were not crazy enough.  
If sanity is to be sheep among wolves  
well then I want to be the man with the shotgun  
protecting the sheep from the wolves.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Mission Of Time

Time passes by  
Like a pedestrian  
Walking down  
The same sidewalk

Use your time wisely  
I gather from myself  
Like a squirrel  
Gathering acorns

It's a need  
Within myself  
That tells me  
About the mission of time

We must learn  
From our mistakes  
In time  
And with time

Look at the chronology  
Of our existence  
That will teach  
You about our present

It is all in time  
Everything is in time  
And with time  
Traveling at it's pace

We cannot change time  
We can only improve upon it  
Some are and some aren't  
We all should try

If America did  
It would be  
The first empire  
To do it

Because materialism  
Is not an improvement  
It is the same state of being  
But just with modern materials

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Mist Of Intensity

The bell jingles signaling the entrance  
of a short and stocky fellow.  
There is something peculiar about this man.  
His brown eyes burn with the flames of war.  
His legs pound at the ground clumsily  
and his shoes are a bit squeaky.  
His hair is a mangled dying mesh  
and he smells of rotten fish.

Who injected him with this poisonous mind?  
Who would want this poisonous mind?

The store owner looks at him with skeptic eyes  
that take breaks to skim through the pictures in the magazines.  
The man gets closer and closer and  
it seems that a mist of intensity is starting to build up.  
The man puts his hands in his pockets  
and that was when the owner pounced on his shotgun.  
'what are you doing there? '  
'getting my wallet, sir.'  
He takes out his wallet and asks for a pack of lights.  
The service robot hands him it and that was  
when the man put a Beretta to his dome piece.  
'money too.'  
He got the money shot everyone in sight  
while leaving a trail of blood with a smile.

Who builds up their lives to do such a thing?  
How can this person do such a thing?

The mist of intensity dissipated leaving a lifeless scene behind.  
Those who think about such acts should just take a moment  
and ask themselves realistically what would this accomplish.  
Hopefully they still have a bit of sense packed away somewhere.  
We are all angels whether we are still standing or if we have fallen.

Always think everything through.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Motorcade(Song)

Sitting on the concrete  
Watching the cars go by  
Waiting in line for no attraction  
Thinking about all their distractions  
I feel the wind nudging me  
Dissolving all of my heat  
Bring in the cold  
Going through to touch every bone

I sit and wait  
As I watch the motorcade  
Wondering when I will jump in  
And be apart of the deep end  
Broken down, running late  
On the side of the road  
We decimate

Rushing wind tornadoes  
Passing by at the speed of light  
in a 25 mile an hour zone  
Wishing that I was home  
The sky is conflicted like me  
As the day fades into night slowly

I sit and wait  
As I watch the motorcade  
Wondering when I will jump in  
And be apart of the deep end  
Broken down, running late  
On the side of the road  
We decimate

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Mysteries Of Time

Time passes us by  
Like a nomadic wanderer  
Rolling in circles  
Like a spiral

Combustible space  
Eating away  
At every minute  
That has gone to waste

Conjure a solution  
How to spend the time  
Too much time wasted  
Trying to unwind

As I walk around blind  
Shrouded by mystery  
These are the days  
That keeps bringing us down

I'm gonna hold you close  
Because you are precious  
You move by my side  
You're never ending  
Even when I die

Intriguing prophecies  
Ripping the carpet  
From under me  
Tripped up by infinity  
Possibilities are endless  
I need my control

Conjure a solution  
How to spend the time  
Too much time wasted  
Trying to unwind  
As I walk around blind  
Shrouded by mystery

These are the days  
That keeps bringing us down

Time you haunt me  
You push me around  
Like a schoolyard bully  
Even when my guard is up  
You don't mean shit

Conjure a solution  
How to spend the time  
Too much time wasted  
Trying to unwind  
As I walk around blind  
Shrouded by mystery  
These are the days  
That keeps bringing us down

Theorem The Truth Serum

# 'The Mystery Of Global Warmings Missing Heat'

Yahoo! Headline: 'The mystery of global warming's missing heat'

'Scientific robots tell researchers the oceans have not been warming.'

No shit...every polar icecap is melting

causing the oceans temperature to stay the same.

Another propaganda filled report to stir us away from global warming.

Most likely staged by the conservative part of our media.

This is purely logical it is our various levels of atmospheres that have been polluted and because they are polluted they are less effective in shielding the UV rays which in turn melt the polar icecaps and other various icecaps.

Wake up people and don't listen to their bullshit.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Mythical Leader

Is one of you the mythical leader  
that we need? Reincarnated Plato.  
With a sprinkle of Buddha, Christianity,  
and the Muslim faith, so that everyone  
can reach fulfillment. Everyone's heart  
can flourish. Everyone's mind can flourish.  
If there is one thing that we can wash the brain  
from and it is racism.  
Stop this oppressive behavior towards  
difference and indifference.  
I'm not this person.  
Who is this person?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Night Was Over

Tangled jump ropes  
Misinterpreted hopes  
Mixed with failed plans  
And unanswered demands  
Unfulfilled dreams  
Ripped from the seams  
From my a brand new pair of pants  
Ripped while I was trying to dance  
But I stepped on feet  
You took a seat  
And it was over  
The night was over

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Nocturnal Blood

The nocturnal blood washes the day down the river  
In a flow that encompasses all war torn provinces  
Where all natural light cannot be seen through the shroud  
of the blood soaked blanket  
A white light shines with a mock brilliance of mistrust  
that takes advantage of people wearing off white  
rags over their meatless bones  
Because they can hardly stand  
Because they can hardly speak  
Energy looted and put on the truck of the warlords  
who serve their people tablespoons of famished morsels  
Their world is fenced off and quarantined in a blood bath  
where the people wash their kids and livestock  
Everything is encased in blood  
Produced by the hands of the megalomaniacs  
who subtracted humility until it hit zero  
There are no profits in good treatment

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Oldest Old Man

Old man, you are no different at the core  
You have exposed how far right  
your colleagues have become  
You are for furthering our countries  
right to pursue other property  
The constitution doesn't give our  
country the same right as it does  
it's own citizens as I understand it  
If there is a chance that it does  
well it should be changed  
We the citizens are supposed  
to be the highest priority  
but we no longer are  
I can over look a man's inexperience  
but I cannot over look a man's  
experience that includes  
political corruption

The world doesn't look  
at the United States in  
a good light anymore  
The citizens are starting  
to think the same as well  
Who can change this  
Who can redefine the way  
our country exists in this modern world  
Who's going to take out the Federal Banks  
Who's going to bring all our troops home

We've got military bases all over the world  
that we have never really needed  
They are all imperialist movements  
that were created to protect our interests  
Politics and economics have collided  
to invent this super monster that aims  
at taking over every land and even space  
but first they must confuse and control you

## Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Ones Found In Sacred Gardens

I long for you  
on those cold nights  
when I can't help  
but to be alone.  
The wind whispers  
through the window  
flapping the curtains  
into the air.  
I wish I could feel  
your blond hair  
resting upon my chest  
as you look down at me  
with yearning eyes  
burning with passion.  
I can feel the flames  
as they start to rise  
along with the temperature.  
The wanting exceeds  
everything else but the  
love that I have for you.  
I am your gentle gentleman  
just how you like it  
because after all you are  
an uncorrupted good girl.  
The rarest of kinds,  
the ones only found  
in sacred gardens  
picking the rarest of fruits.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Parking Meter

In order to breathe,  
You gotta pay the parking meter  
before you leave.  
Your life is the sum  
of your money spent  
and where it all went.  
A lot can be seen about you  
based on this too.  
Did you live the material life?  
Was everything alright?  
Did you spend your money  
on compressed cylinders  
hoping that it would make  
it all go away?  
It never really went away,  
did it?  
In the end you still had  
to live with it every day.  
How does each individual feel  
when you reach that time when  
you can't pay the meter anymore?  
Not physically nor mentally, how does  
one feel in their last years, months, weeks, and days  
when the tow truck comes to tow your corpse away?  
Was it all worth it in the end?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Power Of Myth

Terrorism is just a myth.  
An evil made up Greek  
god of the underworld.  
This myth is created by  
word of mouth and by  
words from the media.  
It is all to call upon our fears.  
Our fear of death and  
our fear of chaos.  
Jihad at its core is  
created to bring forth  
revolutionist thought  
to Islamic countries.  
There are a few Islamic  
people who want to see  
the Islamic world ruled  
by Islamic states of government.  
Disregarding our free will  
to evolve in a social aspect,  
they want to keep their lives  
traditional in every way.  
The West takes up arms  
and occupies people  
turning them into prisoners.  
They give them shackles to  
wear that are invisible but  
are still there because they  
will only allow democracy  
to grow in these occupied lands.  
They will only water the gardens  
of democracy and stand to watch  
the gardens of tradition to turn  
brown and die off.  
Is this really a bad thing?  
You decide because our minds  
should always be free to question  
and to conjure up its own opinions.  
Our minds create gardens of flowers  
always in bloom but creating different



colors of thought so thought can flourish.  
These myths create definitions that  
turn into opinions and hatred.  
This hatred sanctions the vile acts  
of war that turns fear into a disease  
and in fear one cannot think clearly.  
We should spread truth and not myths.  
The truth is that these populace have their  
own thoughts and their own ideas.  
Why are they not rendered to flourish?  
Our thoughts and ideas created things  
that we have grown to enjoy.  
Why do they not have this same  
luxury as each country in the West  
once had to build their societies?  
It is the power of myth that has poisoned  
our minds and everything that is evil in this world.  
We all deserve free will and the choice to do  
whatever it is that we want.  
We all have our guidelines and morals.  
There is no country or culture that is without.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Prophecies Of Saint Malachy

The prophecies of St. Malachy  
are coming to their fruition  
With only two more popes to go  
I realize that the only church  
is the Catholic church  
Peter was the first pope of the bible  
and once Benedict's papacy is through  
Peter the Great will follow and bring  
Christianity back to its grass roots  
then we shall have one thousand years of peace

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Proud

Go on being proud and see where it gets you.  
The proud are more vulnerable to my words.  
The proud stand tall to be cut down.  
Being proud breeds a false sense of invincibility.  
Really it is the ones who do not care  
who are invincible and invulnerable.  
The proud care too much so they judge too much.  
The proud hate each other and they have this  
ongoing war of who is the proudest.  
The proud think they are superior which  
makes them dislike everyone around them.  
The proud look in the mirror and see  
that vanity is staring right back at them.  
Go on being proud and live the rest of your life in vain.  
Each and everyday the world of the proud is  
challenged by a crumb on the kitchen counter.  
Bitch and moan, clean, and scrub, smile  
because the disaster has been diverted by your determination.  
THE PROUD

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Queen And The Barfly(Song)

the first time  
I saw her  
there was something  
about her  
My heart sang  
when beating

The moon is  
so jealous  
the man there  
looks at her  
looks through his  
monicule  
he loses her  
so it shatters  
on the ground  
in a crater  
and he angers

shes a queen  
shes a queen  
shes a queen  
of royalty

shes a queen  
shes a queen  
of royalty  
and she's lookin' at me

shes a queen  
I can't afford her crown  
shes a queen  
I can't afford her crown  
shes a queen  
I can't afford her

Shes a queen  
and shes lookin at me

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Queen Of The Orchids

You are the Queen of the Orchids, my Waling Waling.

Your skin is like a tinted paradise.

I want to taste your sweet nectar from your sweet pink flower.

I will water her with my loving nourishment.

I will let her know she is my sweetest Desire.

I will kiss her while I wrap my arms around her stem.

My tongue will fertilize her pleasure as her stem squirms

to its wet touches of eternal ecstasy.

I will lick her stamen and feel her stem curl back

until she busts out of the dirt that she is planted in.

My bumble bee will be sent deep within her ovary

as she moans and sways with the wind during our evening dance.

I need my flower, my queen of orchids.

You are the queen orchid in my greenhouse

that rests in my heart for eternity.

I will not rest until I taste your purity through chastity.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Rains

The rains come and wash away  
the happy gleam inside my eyes  
and darken them with their  
gray clouded blanket.  
Another three months  
of deeply felt loneliness.  
I will sink with in the  
precipitated mud  
where my self-esteem  
shall dwell.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Rapture Of This Life

Let the rapture of this life  
overwhelm me forever.  
Open the doors and let  
the crowd of peace wonder in  
like a regular barfly at a dive bar.  
Let their words be full of  
meaning and let it soothe  
the mental pains of a mental case.  
I'll listen and stay for a while  
until it all goes bad again.  
Until the mystical hands of life  
clutching a mystical broom  
that sweeps some dirt right  
down your dust pan of a mouth.  
You have to swallow or it won't go away.  
It's like the drunk who is never done talking  
about his filth and unsympathetic dialect.  
It's a language that I do not understand  
even though it is spoken in english.  
Not very often is this life spent with  
the great gift of rapture, but when it is  
everything else doesn't matter.  
The same reason why people do drugs,  
so that they can clutch onto the  
doesn't matterness of rapture.  
The feeling of ecstasy that  
is involved with rapture.  
We live for these moments.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Recluse

The recluse is a mind  
waiting idly until it is time  
to rise out of his confinement.  
His fire burns with intense  
thought on global preservation.  
His gills smell of alcoholic loneliness  
and cigarette shop leisure.  
His eyes catch the commotion  
of everyday facial emotions.  
He looks down with empathy  
at his worn seasoned shoes.  
These are the shoes that  
share the steps of everyday life,  
but they never get too close.  
He always keeps his distance,  
but he does notice the features  
of a beautiful woman.  
But he waits and waits until  
one day, he will rise again.  
He'll be young again and mingle  
with the individuals of everyday life.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Red Carpet In The Sky

There was a red carpet that flooded the sky  
it was rolled out by the dying sun  
The stars were about to walk out of their  
limos to greet the night with silent cheers  
that originated from adoring eyes  
and were thought about by adoring minds  
The sun wasn't about to let the night  
look prettier than the day  
Not even a full moon can take this away  
The clouds threaded a carpet so divine  
For once everyone looked to the west  
because something beautiful  
was coming from it

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Right Wish

I have got nothing to worry about  
These sins are not my sins  
Though maybe they are  
I really don't know  
I know that it is wrong  
to kill a man  
and each day  
a few good men  
are on the cover  
of the front page  
They were killed in a war  
between themselves or another man  
Some were even part of their own family  
Some where children killed in the dark  
Some had photographs  
I couldn't watch  
nor could I read  
It was all just absurd  
and all together pointless  
If somebody would've made the right wish  
maybe they would have gotten a brain

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Same Day

The same day every day  
Same habits and activities  
Same amount of toilet trips  
Where I flush down the past  
Day early in the morning  
I wake up get dressed  
And go to work  
I shower washing off  
Yesterday's dirt from my flesh  
I walk into the kitchen using the same  
Bowl as I did yesterday  
Pouring in the same amount of cereal  
Taking the same amount of bites  
Putting the dish in the same sink  
Where it lingers for the same amount  
Of time before I choose to wash it  
I go to my car and get in driving  
To work taking the same amount  
Of time as it does everyday  
I then work for the same amount of hours  
And then depart at the same time  
Each day I converse with the customers  
And I mundanely say the same amount  
of hellos and good byes as everyday  
I see the same faces getting the same  
Amount of smiles and frowns  
Everything is the same and life  
Seems dreadfully dreary when routines are built  
My life is a routine and there is nothing  
That I can do about it but live it

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Same Playing Field

I smiled a smile that vibrated my happiness,  
but the media tried to strip it away, bills,  
anger and aggression, and carelessness tired  
as well (but they too failed- luckily) .

Happiness is a moment that pops up like  
a picture in a pop up book, but you can't stay  
on the same page forever (eventually you have to  
turn the page) . Happiness is quite fleeting,  
so enjoy it while it lasts, but I think it is  
possible to have longer lasting happiness.

I think it is drawn from every second  
of satisfaction, ergo don't let yourself down.  
Focus on each decision you make, let failure  
make you proud (at least you fought and tried) ,  
therefore it will make you happy. Happiness  
is a state of being and it tells us if we are  
in love or if there is a new stair on the  
staircase that leads us higher up into our  
consciousness that is love. Love feels as if it  
is both in our subconscious and conscious, so  
that is why I feel that happiness is on the same  
playing field. It all starts with loving yourself.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Scene With Jessica Alba

Beauty is so immense  
when paired with  
an eye-catching smile  
as potent as Jessica Alba's.  
If I were crazy I would be  
her stocker, no doubt,  
but I am not, so I can  
only see her in movies  
and in photos from magazines.  
What would I say to her  
anyway if she were  
right in front of me?  
I hope I would say  
something to make  
her heart melt more than  
any scene that she could  
ever dream to be a part of.  
I would say something like:  
'I hope your smile is a window  
to a beautiful soul.  
I know I am not a famous man  
nor do I really wish to be,  
but I wouldn't mind being famous  
just as long as you are the one  
that makes it that way.  
I bet you are just going to smile at  
me and walk off, but that is okay  
for atleast I have been given  
this chance to tell you this.  
I'm sure many have told you  
beautiful words or given you  
obscene whistles, but I have  
a clean heart that is genuine.'  
She would probably blush or  
laugh and say thanks  
and walk on, but you never know.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Skin Of A Woman

The flower blooms  
when the sun shines  
flashing the reflection  
with a glow of a lantern  
The soft pedals  
feel like the skin of a woman  
The fuzzy middle reminds me of  
the warmth of a woman  
The smell of its sweet tenderness  
brings you back to a perfect night  
The golden poppy is  
worth more than gold  
but its color deceives  
the story being told

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Smallest Island

Across the eastern seas  
On the smallest island  
Tropical restlessness  
Radio silence  
Colorful birds spoke  
Fruit trees multiplied  
An abundance of natural habitats  
The sun leaked in through the tall coconut trees  
White sand surrounds the very tip  
In a world of unseen preservation  
Islanders set in stone  
Their feet walked alone  
Leaving shallow footprints in the sand  
Fishing with nets before the week ends  
Cooked fish dressed with fruit  
There is only the ocean  
Their lives floated in the ocean  
The waves brought them their food  
Until a ball of flame crashed upon their island  
Leaving half the population dead  
Skin pierced by shrapnel  
Women and child lie upon the beach  
Changing the sands and tide to the color red  
A boat filled with sharks wearing helmets for war  
Swam through the ocean with teeth like bullets  
Biting into all the remaining life  
First it became a military base  
Then it was used as a plantation.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Social Human Blueprint

People like to live  
But they take it away  
When they should give  
We're selfish  
and we're lonesome  
But it doesn't mean shit  
and it doesn't mean shit

Why take away anything  
Why give us a struggle  
I want none of it  
it doesn't mean shit

Religion falling short  
Building up a crusade  
That will take the world  
Is one of you the devil  
Are all of you the devil  
But it doesn't mean shit  
It won't ever mean shit

Why take away anything  
Why give us a struggle  
You're really preaching in a bubble  
Causing dividing trouble  
you don't mean shit

You've made up another god  
who has made too many mistakes  
He's not supposed to be one of us  
But he's written by us  
And it doesn't mean shit  
But this is all just shit

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Soldiers And Workers Bleed

Slither away you pesky serpents of the night.  
It is not enough for you to reign for half the day,  
so you try to make our days full of your shadow.  
Ripping through the hearts of the struggling people,  
giving yourself more wealth because profits have swelled.  
Why not distribute it to all the struggling people  
except that it might make you look weak  
to all of your wealth swimming friends.  
The only weakness in people is some foster  
the ability of surrounding themselves with greed.  
The rich should be ashamed because they only  
make money when their soldiers and workers bleed.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Soothsayer(Song)

Your brown eyes and brown hair  
I knew that I'd have to stare  
Fixation was kindly pressed there  
I did not know how to approach you  
Butterflies fluttered under my skin  
It burst out with a smile that came from within  
What am I missin'  
I'm missin' you

I knew that you had soul  
I knew that you had soul  
Memories with out me  
What gave me the right  
She's so restricted  
she's so clean

I'm dirty washed into mud  
I'll fall we'll fall to make a thud  
Humpty dumpty will not be put back together again  
I see you and I don't want an end  
The soothsayer says no  
This river will not flow  
My boat sails away  
Forgotten words is what's left to say

I knew that you had soul  
I knew that you had soul  
Memories with out me  
What gave me the right  
She's so clean  
I won't corrupt her  
She's so clean  
I wouldn't corrupt her  
No, no, no  
Cause she's got soul

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Spirit Of Gaia

The spirit of Gaia raped for the gain of 1%.  
Gaia gives us life and we take it away  
right on her very breast.  
She's got to watch as the blood  
spills all over her skin.  
She gave us trees...we chop them down.  
She gave us water...we drink it all up.  
She gave us land...we over populate it.

We hand the decisions over to a person  
with aspirations to be a part of the 1%  
or is already one of them.  
Of course they're going to protect these few.  
They can't relate with us because they aren't one of us.  
What happened to the promise of a philosopher?  
Why do we get butchers instead?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Time Is Now

Give me death because there is no liberty.  
Let the chains be visible, because your lies  
about freedom aren't keeping me from being tied down.  
Stop picking on communism, because if people actually  
think about it, it is the most moral governmental system.  
If people were moral too it would work out, but people aren't.  
Every leader in every form of government has been immoral  
so it is not the systems fault, but the people who lead them.  
With democracy it is our fault that corruption is going on,  
because we have allowed it to go on.  
Our form of government gives us a way out for everything,  
but we are not exercising our way out when we should.

THE TIME IS NOW

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Umbrella

A big compound forms these cards of oxygen and hydrogen,  
upon them are the numbers that distinguish them from others.  
Below the numbers are the name that personalizes them.  
Near the name and the numeric sequence is a date that  
show how long the life of this card is in all actuality.  
It is then put into an envelope with a generalized letter.  
In this letter it states that they care about you and that they  
hope that you use this privilege wisely rather than loosely.  
People then open up the envelope and read the interest rates  
and all of the annual fees and then go out to use them.  
They buy big screen televisions, blue rays, surround sound, and stereos.  
All these things that they don't really need.  
Then they decide that they need furnishings to go with it.  
They buy black leather chairs and sofas and sit down  
in comfort fit for royalty as they watch new images upon their televisions.  
They feel like the kings that they have over thrown,  
but once the first bill comes in they can't afford to pay on it.  
The money keeps piling and piling on in interest charges.  
The deficits pile up until they lose all interest in their bill.  
The vultures call and yell at them telling them to pay them.  
They decline until they are given a new deal.  
Then they start to pay on their bill and their credit score is horrible.  
Their life is a nightmare until seven years pass and it all blows over.  
They want control over you, these banks that hold all the cards.  
They want you to be in debit to them.  
They are messengers from hell that send you little pieces of mail  
that sell their ideas of how money should be spent or used.  
Their way has ruined our financial world, why should we trust them?  
We get a salary, we get a pay check.  
Save up for the things you want, do not be like me.  
Don't feel fenced in by plastic cards because they will spend you.  
I am spent; I have fallen into their evil grasps.  
To hell with these heartless scavengers.  
This crisis should tell us to not trust them anymore.  
They created this credit system that creates this storm  
and we all have to be under this umbrella in order stay dry.  
This is a world that is always going to rain and we are  
always going to need to hold onto an umbrella even when it is dry.

## Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Vultures Are Here To Finish The Job

I woke up with the feeling of being  
a carton of ice cream in the freezer  
I got out of bed and my bones chomped  
like mountain-top snow  
The cold was nibbling on them  
because it already got the meat  
The vultures are here to finish the job  
When will the spring come

Theorem The Truth Serum



# The Wall

The time passes  
like notes in a classroom  
I look at myself  
And can see that I am getting older  
I bet most people have this moment  
I just thought that I'd share it

Each new wrinkle  
becomes a new day  
Each new day  
becomes another brick in the wall  
The wall is my life  
One day it will become a ruin  
but for now it is a wall  
It holds up everything  
that I have done  
and for now I am proud

Proud to be alive  
because there are many people dying  
by our own hands  
For this I am sorry  
I do not do enough  
But I am fortunate to be alive  
Sometimes the weight of my fortune  
threatens the stability of my wall  
This very fortune may bring it down  
All you can do is...  
Watch it crumble

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The Window Shattered

The window shattered  
by boulders heaved  
from a heart of discontent.  
Rage built up  
like a castle meant to become  
ruins because time  
stood against its construction.  
It all fell down  
making people run  
to reconstruct the stones  
that lie on the ground  
smothered by moss and age.  
Some where along the way  
it was left behind.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The World Is An Earthquake

The world is an earthquake that was started by two bombs  
The sheer fascination of it taking over our country  
The world is an earthquake shaking us all to death  
Down the lines of it's face  
Plate tectonics moving and breathing fire out it's mouth  
The world is an earthquake that is started by the chaos  
That we all strive for because we want to see it  
The world is an earthquake that was started by the out pour of money  
Once a man or woman accumulated a lot  
The other people had to have it too  
The world is an earthquake started by our simple thoughts  
Should I go after this one or should I go after that one  
The world is an earthquake once we get married  
Will she like it if I did that or would she like it if I did this  
The world is an earthquake and there is nothing we can do about it

Theorem The Truth Serum

# The World Of Selfishness

The greatest threat to the world is selfishness.  
People must give themselves the gift of a Republic.  
Within a republic, strict rules must be followed  
in order for a collective to exist morally.  
Outside of a republic chaos is bred  
like maggots inside a heap of garbage.  
Too many people in our past and present history  
crave for chaos so they can soak up the chaos  
in a sponge and create power for self gain.  
They become this sponge that lingers  
within our lives and through time it forms  
mold and mildew that is so strong that people begin to die.  
They don't die for anything good, for if they did  
this world would start to be good because  
if good acts were to be implemented on  
the world stage then the world would be influenced  
by it's existence because actions become trends.  
Our trends are aimed at proposing the opposite.  
These trends start wars that surface from selfishness.  
Every country has a selfish side to it.  
Empires are selfish and empirical selfishness  
aims at bringing out the selfishness in you.  
If selfishness succeeds then sooner or later  
selfishness will want it all...the world and everyone within it.  
If this world was made to populate selfishness then  
there would be only one person living in it, but there is not.  
Instead we have many people who mostly live for themselves  
but we cannot live this way, because for the better of everyone  
shouldn't we all just live together as one?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# There Is No Peace In War

I woke up sweating  
and my face was an electric burner  
that was turned up to atleast eight.  
In my mind, were visions of a bad dream.  
I saw blood soaked streets  
and bloody breathing bodies  
that lay upon the sand.  
I saw flashes of explosions  
going off all around me  
and lit up lines streaming  
up towards the sky.  
I got up and turned on the news  
and saw that it was reality.  
Our world of turmoil  
needs to be a world of peace.  
There is no peace in war.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# They Fight Like Cats And Dogs

A smile quickly turns to a frown  
They always fight like cats and dogs  
A full beer becomes an empty one  
They fight like cats and dogs  
It is so difficult to sit through sometimes  
But 'Stay, ' he says  
He wants support  
Though her mental anxieties  
Which are brought up  
I might add  
By his lack of support towards her  
He can say she is crazy  
All that he wants but the truth is inescapable  
He drives her mad  
His words are poisonous  
He knows not the antidote  
They fight like cats and dogs  
He's got scratches on his nose  
And he's tried to bite her heart  
They fight like cats and dogs

Theorem The Truth Serum

# This Analogy Is A Gamble

There are so many days  
That make me feel  
Like I should be handing  
In all my cards  
And folding to the dealer  
Life is the worst dealer  
And I find that no matter  
How much you tip  
You still get bad hands  
If I really took the time  
To recollect what has happened to me  
I guess you could say that  
My hands have mostly been  
On the horrible side  
I wish I could just forget  
A few of the hands  
But with the statistics  
And logistics fresh on my mind  
It is kind of hard

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Three Natural Pleasures

Have you ever tasted  
A teardropp that has  
fallen from the sky?  
Really tasted?

Have you ever felt  
the wind crash into  
your face, chilled and frozen?  
Really felt?

Have you ever done a hard  
days work and felt good about  
the fruit of your spoils?  
Really good?

If you haven't, these simple  
things are as good as bliss.  
Or that first awaited kiss.  
They rush straight to the heart,  
it pumps up your spirit.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Three Pigeons

Three pigeons flew up  
and landed on a light post.  
They cooed in their language  
having a conversation with one another.  
One said, 'Let's go bomb that blue car down there.'  
Another one replied, 'Nah, let's go bomb that black one instead.'  
The last one answered, ' Yeah, you can see it more.'  
All three of them took turns landing on  
the car and dumping their truck load.  
After they were done, they left  
the owner a big turd pie on the hood.  
The three pigeons then disappeared out  
towards the eastern horizon.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Three Pups And A Dog

I was a rabid dog  
trying to get three pups  
to play nice with the stick  
they found along the way  
during their stroll home  
I might not have used the right words  
well actually I used some vulgar words  
which caused these pups to go home  
and talk to their parents  
Their parents are quite angry  
and are out for some kind of revenge  
that I cannot sniff out  
I was acting out of anger  
for I do not like pups being  
bullied by other pups  
and when I see this I get angry  
I shouldn't've been so harsh  
especially when I didn't know every detail  
I remember when I was young  
and how the older kids  
used to pick on us younger kids  
It just brought me back  
so I went straight to attack  
I apologize for doing this

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Through Town

The traffic babels its way through town,  
she races through the hills that are  
packed with human population.  
Their painted fortresses give a glimpse  
to the prosperity in years past.  
They almost over threw the beauty of the hills  
like a pestilent tyrant who doesn't deserve his thrown.  
They crowded it with power lines and towers.  
A serviceable city lies at the bottom of the hill.  
A city that is filled with hope.  
She has bought it and given it back.  
She has scratched and clawed to keep  
herself from becoming anything but a  
small town with simple pleasures;  
her coffee shops and restaurants,  
the movie theater and shops,  
and all the other places that fill in  
the triple stacked valley.  
This is where I live.  
This is where I grew up.  
I was isolated from the big cities  
that are very close by.  
We're surrounded by hills  
and protected from the chills.

Theorem The Truth Serum

## To -B- Free

Wouldn't it be splendid to be free?  
Of course, to be free to me is probably  
not the same as your definition,  
especially if it is the American view.

To be free- to completely live without  
any need of anything from the world around you  
(except for the occasional beer and movie or whatever  
you would provide your needs for yourself) .

What this means is to have my own shelter  
to have my own food that I have produced  
and controlled, so I am free of the burden  
of taxation of my own very life sustaining needs.  
I'd have chickens, fruits, and vegetables  
so that the price gouging of the corporations  
wouldn't effect me as much.

It would only effect me if I were to leave my home.

To -B- Free

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Today's Society

Anonymous are the struggles of the common person,  
but loud are their feelings when they are heard.  
The common person has broken their bones  
and shed their blood so that common people  
and extraordinary people alike can live in security  
as well as in fabricated financial fantasies.  
We work and we breakdown for the good of it all  
but are treated as if we are insignificant.  
We no longer push and pull the world,  
we are more like the door mats around the world.  
We are stepped on and soak up the muck  
and are forced to deal with it.  
Our strength is still here but our freedoms are stripped.  
Our freedom is a piece of paper fed to a shredder.  
It is a harlot printed on paper and written in persuasive propaganda  
erected in the minds of pimps and racketeers.  
We should no longer be anonymous,  
we should be heard and without fear of endangerment.  
Stop this rubber bullet cowboy massacre.  
No more tasing the mind of the populous.  
This mind just wants to feel at home.  
This mind just wants to speak out for what it believes in.  
Our minds are inalienably untouchable,  
but some still try to touch them and control them.  
We need to reverse this process and gain back our minds  
that are the source of attack in today's society.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Traffic Jam

Our politicians are like  
one big traffic jam of cars  
trying to merge over but  
because there is a big  
wall of stalled cars intent upon  
staying where they are,  
they cannot move forward.

We the people have got to  
take the keys of a bulldozer  
and run right through the middle  
of all of them and force them to move.

To hell with these stubborn ideologies  
that would rather make our lives difficult  
rather than move forward and erase  
this political war that has been going on for years.

We've honked our horns to get their attention,  
we've put up signs, created carpool lanes,  
and even thrown up the occasional bird.  
What more do we have to do to get them moving?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Tree Huggers

They call them tree huggers  
Is it not wrong to hug what gives you life  
You hug your mother  
The trees are also your mother  
They nourish us and give us life  
We give the world pollutants  
and it turns it into livable breathable air  
Without them we'd definitely turn this planet  
into an unlivable one in a years time for sure  
Hug a tree and let them be

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Tree Of Dreams

My mind is a tree of growing dreams  
It seems like it produces more each day  
But with every day that passes  
There is also a forgotten one  
When you add all the forgotten ones  
you get a tree that is dry  
A tree with many rings  
but with one leaf  
One green leaf that appears  
every day but also dries up  
when the next day comes  
When a tree only has one leaf  
no one really looks at it  
It is a tree with no ambition  
A tree with only one dream  
No one wants a tree with one dream  
especially if it is never fulfilled

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Trickery

Life is tricky first time encounter with a finger trap.  
The more you try at things sometimes it seems  
as if you are trapped with frustration.  
I'm an unsatisfied grumbling tummy  
that no matter how much I feed myself  
the grumbles and growls get louder.  
I'm an uncomfortable chair that has been  
brought in from the rain but I have  
placed it inside because it seems  
just as lonely as I am.  
When will the trickery end?  
When I finish a puzzle another one  
falls from the sky that is even harder.  
I take a step up on the ladder and  
find that it is oil slicked and I slip.  
I can't get past the first step.  
I've tried to set goals but they  
slip out of my buttered fingers.  
Maybe all I need is a good pair  
of gloves so I can grab life and  
keep it within my grasp.  
I want to make these feelings a thing of the past.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Un Innocent

I don't want to do anything.  
I'm a duck that has drown in a pond  
that is sick of swimming.  
Is my whole existence spent to swim?  
Must I do what all the little ducks do?  
I want a different life, one that is worth living.  
One that doesn't feel so awkward and out of place.  
I don't want to slave away just to exist.  
Why don't you slave away?  
Why does everyone want to go to college?  
So that they don't have to do shit.  
I'd really rather not do shit in the full sense of the word.  
My hard earned cash is going to kill the innocent,  
which makes me un innocent.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Unattainable

What if my soulmate was slaughtered  
and I have to wait for her in another life?  
It feels like I have been traveling  
the world on an old galleon  
looking to find my sovereignty.  
I haven't seen a sea gull or anything  
for a long, long time and I grow impatient.  
I want to find comfort and stability,  
but it seems that each are unattainable  
atleast in this lifetime.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Unbreakable Box

I still long for you  
though you are out of bounds  
A ball struck too hard  
because fate brought you to me  
in a clear unbreakable box  
I can see through the plexi glass  
and I can hear your voice  
sweet voice as well  
This is all I can enjoy  
I'm afraid  
Unless fate brings me a tool to break open this box

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Understand?

Here I come again with vengeance  
Upon the tyranny that attacks the defenseless  
It's just recklessness  
Without intelligence  
Every lie that Fox News tells is irrelevant  
There are always two sides of the fight  
Only one is reported as right  
analyze it for yourself  
If you listen to just theirs it will ruin your mental health  
It is completely biased  
So try this  
I guarantee it will change some of you  
If you look at every view  
I take a neutral standpoint  
So what if I smoke a joint  
It doesn't make me a bad person  
So what if I'm cursin'  
It doesn't make me a bad person  
The innocent die because of one lie  
I will not cry  
But I will not justify  
the actions they take  
Just because there could be a twist in my fate  
They'll come get me cause I'm preachin'  
They do not like what I am teachin'  
We go after Saddam  
When we can blow up the world with a nuclear bomb  
Who's the evil one  
We want to hold onto the ability to murder  
I hope somebody becomes a learner  
We don't need the bomb  
Listen to the words and keep calm  
We can change it because we own the world  
We who live in it can change the world  
Do it before this war gets out of hand  
Understand?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Unfinished Song121

Is this why we exist, pissed  
why do we do this, pissed  
Is this why we exist, pissed  
does the bible teach you this, pissed  
Is this existence

Does an archangel pray before he kills a man?  
Do demons smile at a new born?  
Do the soldiers eat lunch with the dead?  
Are we here to judge ourselves  
Or are we here to live.  
We're stressing over the wrong things.  
Why can't we handle this?  
Do you like how we exist?

Is this why we exist, pissed  
why do we do this, pissed  
Is this why we exist, pissed  
does the bible teach you this, pissed  
Is this existence

Say goodbye to your Greek and Roman empire.  
A life that is a smoldering fire.  
Say goodbye to your past feuds.  
Say hello to good moods.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Unicorn

Here before me on the camera  
Is a dark haired unicorn  
Oh if only you could see her  
She walks with such trained grace  
There is no comparable face  
Nor shine or glimmer  
That would take my eyes off this one  
She leans against the front desk(my place of work)  
And I can only sit in the back room  
Where I rummage through the vocabulary  
That is inside my head  
Just to describe this beautiful entity

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Unity And Separation

I am a man  
an individual  
That means  
I am nothing  
Power comes  
from unity  
Separation  
comes from  
frustration  
Is there  
unity  
or is there  
separation

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Unnamed Flow

I'm the pinnacle rhymin' about the cynical  
things we face in life, you can cut it with a knife  
like the fat off of your steak with your eggs when u wake.  
I see America under attack for the things that we lack;  
like our inability to translate the Constitution  
or the way we give retribution.  
There are so many things we have done  
to buy our diamond rings  
and the songs that we sing.  
Why can't we live within our means  
and cut the drama from our scenes?  
We are a big fat flesh bag of insecurity  
who give away authority to people  
without the proper credentials  
and who are a bunch of mentals  
who think they won a gold medal.  
They ride tandem bikes with one set of pedals.  
There is no team in their game  
only a place to shift the blame.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Unscathed

We drift like driftwood  
hitting two different shores

We drift like Viking funerals  
slowly fading into the distance in flames

We drift like a pair of vagabonds  
getting work on two different ships

We drift apart  
and there is nothing else happening

There is no fight  
There is no fuss

No frown  
but I have one now

We drift like two unwanted lovers  
and we happen to be unscathed

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Unstructured Piece

Am I a bird with one song  
who has been telling it for too long  
Does what I think really matter  
Will it turn me into the mad hatter  
Filling up my blatter  
with poison  
Cause I have chosen  
to make sense of sense  
but there is no presence  
Not around my chosen residence  
But I still smile  
Because it's my style  
It's apart of my everyday life  
Because I know we're under the knife  
With threats and haters  
Forming now and later  
When most of us are just trying to live  
but emotions are strong  
so drama is what they choose to give  
I hope one day I fall asleep  
and never wake up from a  
never ending dream  
First I'll count sheep  
and fade away  
These lines are an unstructured piece  
that say what I want to say  
Peace

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Useless Facts

Give me a pen  
and I will write a thousand poems  
with selfish meanings  
Give me a pencil  
and I will write five hundred  
on account of the eraser  
But this is really not what I want to do  
I want to tear these words from the dictionary  
limb for limb and write just one that will make you all  
kick and scream  
Maybe then you will wonder  
who is this alien that they have breed  
My mind is filled with the same useless facts  
as my neighbors and my neighbors  
have sent their kids off to learn the same useless facts  
Why, why, why do we do this  
We are on the brink of a world war  
and all we can do is learn the same useless facts  
Why not learn useful facts  
like how this whole thing happened  
We send a depressed man to be psychoanalyzed  
but why can't our country be psychoanalyzed  
The problem comes from the past  
and we better fix it before it is lost

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Views Of Tomorrow

I can only live my life.  
I can only take each day.  
I cannot take tomorrow  
for tomorrow is not here yet.  
Besides, that would be greedy.  
Tomorrow is not mine  
and tomorrow is not yours  
It is everyone's and not for  
just one man  
I'm sure there is a man  
who lives thinking he  
possesses tomorrow but this  
is a bloated up lie.  
Filled with the puss of their  
venomous thoughts  
that bring them to their  
destructive conclusions.  
I'm sure there also is the man  
who wakes up and does  
all the good things that he  
possibly can and there  
is also the man who does nothing.  
He just lays there, sits there, and  
does nothing constructive there.  
He's caught in some imaginary black hole.  
I'd rather be the happy one  
who does his best to do nothing  
in a negative manner.  
I wonder which one each person  
is that I have ever encountered.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Visions

I sit in my chair  
Doing what I love to do  
As I drink from the wine bottle  
It is an efficient process  
That brings me here  
Reflecting on this moment  
These feelings of current  
The love of this moment  
I can close my eyes and see her  
I can close my eyes and be with her  
A vision worth being seen  
Cause I get many other visions  
But this one I like  
This one has solidarity  
It makes more sense  
It feels meant to be  
More so than anything else  
I have been in her presence many times  
But these are difficult times  
Sometimes the obvious  
Makes one oblivious  
I will never be oblivious to you

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Vote

So many steps have been taken  
Many bones have been broken  
Many tears have fallen  
Blood perforates through flesh  
Thoughts fall upon distress  
Vote our way out of it  
Vote this evil duration  
Out of our existence  
If so I can perceive better times  
Though they may not be peaceful  
We are far away from being peaceful  
Set up the next president with success  
Get this country out of this mess  
Vote

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Waiting In Line

She's Space Mountain at Disneyland  
everyone wants to ride it and has  
I'm the zealous one waiting in line  
my time will come but do I want  
to stay in line because when  
it is my turn to ride it  
I'm sure it is going to need  
some repairs or some  
kind of a cleaning  
I'm a man but I couldn't hold out  
besides I think she has a kid now  
That could have been my kid

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Wake Up People

The heart of the world  
rests in our hands  
You can't count on  
miracles or politicians  
You can only count on us  
We have followed the politicians  
for many years  
of poverty and carelessness  
When will we actually  
listen in history class  
to realize nothing has  
really gotten better  
The attempts of the politicians  
are all just an illusion  
that take you away from  
the fact that nothing is being done  
Everything that has been done  
has all been administered by us  
the people  
Wake up people  
because today is  
a new day  
and there are  
too many things  
that need to be done

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Want To Be My Girl(Song)

I am searching for another soul  
To spend my time with until I'm old  
Yeah  
She's gotta be perfect  
She's gotta be pristine  
She's gotta have her own style  
She's gotta be clean

Want to be my girl  
I'll get down on one knee  
I'll lay you out a carpet  
And escort you my queen  
I'll be your king  
It's you I want to have

Yeah mmm yeah you know  
mmm yeah

I'll give you what I can  
But my love will be a priceless fan  
That blows on you day and night  
Does this all sound alright  
You're the one that I choose  
You're the one I don't want to lose

Want to be my girl  
I'll get down on one knee  
I'll lay you out a carpet  
And escort you my queen  
I'll be your king  
It's you I want to have

Yeah mmm yeah you know  
mmm yeah

Oh baby I hope you're listening  
My eyes are open and you're all I see  
I don't want to blink  
I think I'll just stare

Until we get to heaven  
Girl I will take you there

Yeah mmm yeah you know  
mmm yeah

Want to be my girl  
I'll get down on one knee  
I'll lay you out a carpet  
And escort you my queen  
I'll be your king  
It's you I want to have

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Watch The World's End

Chemical burns  
Come from hands  
that have churned  
Now as the world learns  
Or country contradicts them  
causing us to hate them  
Watch the world's end  
I guarantee it will be televised  
so why don't we sit on the couch  
when the time comes  
It's going to be entertaining

Theorem The Truth Serum

# We Are Animals

Born from the ashes of the greatest destruction  
that this world has ever seen,  
I question the general's and all the leader's motives.  
I fail to justify why cities continue to keep burning.  
I fail to recognize a way out of these unintelligible blunders.  
We are man, we are the animals that have  
come to destroy the universe.  
If there is one thing that man can control,  
it would be destruction and we all love control  
over our lives even if it means the control over others lives.  
Where does this love for control come from and why  
is it translated in such a way?  
May we translate our control into peace.  
That is all that we should be worried about.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# We Hide The Truth

My selfish rhetoric hits the eyes  
Of about five a day  
With mixed reactions  
Of good and bad  
Does it really help to write these poems  
Can they really make a difference  
I want to implant love in the heart  
Like a surgeon performing a heart transplant  
I want to give my open mind  
To the minds that are fenced off  
Like our countries media  
Our propaganda turns to lies and hiding  
We hide the truth through lines of murders and rapes  
We fill the pages with the truth of our dwindling souls  
We need our soul back  
And the only way we are going to get it is through good acts  
Good acts is the only thing that will buy it back

Theorem The Truth Serum

# We Really Need The Light

Lets fuse the world into one community  
Where we'll have immunity  
From death and be able  
to take advantage of every opportunity  
I know this is far off  
and many start killing because  
they know that people aren't doing enough  
Cancel this remission  
of our life's mission  
to be one that is self-involved  
because problems are not solved  
Especially when selfishness  
is the only thing seen by this witness  
How can we change our course  
How can we divorce from our current philosophy  
Gold is not the true trophy  
A trophy is an award given because of hard work  
so let it be known that you haven't won anything  
This war on terror is devastating  
and it is not accomplishing anything  
Step back relax and take another look  
but I bet there will be no new plan it is just a hook  
so that we take the bait and think that you care  
but really you have nothing new to share  
Look at Fox News it doesn't fool me  
It can't convince me  
that this war is worth fighting  
I'm the newly placed canned light  
here to give you new lighting  
Bring the light to the darkness  
that is cast upon us like the hand of Satan  
Be gone you false entity that claims to be a leader  
You lead us into darkness when we really need the light

Theorem The Truth Serum

# We Send The Poor

When we smell trouble  
we send the poor  
and they go to war

I do not think this is fair  
The rich need to grow some balls  
They have the minds to send us in  
Why can't they go themselves

You won't find any recruiting offices  
in Beverly Hills or on 5th Avenue  
They are only in poor areas  
Because the rich think they have more to loose  
Is a life a life  
Doesn't every life have it's purpose  
Quite frankly  
the rich are the ones with more cars that pollute the earth  
and they buy more things and create more waste  
Their houses are bigger  
which means they take more trees to build

Why can't they go  
They use the poor as if it were a renewable resource  
When we smell trouble  
we send the poor  
and they go to war

Theorem The Truth Serum



# We Should All Have The Ability To Survive

Why do things always go wrong for me  
It is like William Shakespeare is the  
author of my tragic life  
Everything was going so well  
until I got the vial of poison  
that ended a chapter in my life  
I am only denied simple things  
I never ask for the complex things  
You do when you are young  
but then the reality of the situation  
sets in and you realize what  
you can really have for yourself  
I'm no heir to no republican bureaucratic throne  
I'm not a person who looks to better myself  
in ways that would make me rich beyond my wildest dreams  
Why would I do that  
That would just make another person poorer  
and we should all have the ability to survive

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Weaklings

We should all give thanks to being alive  
That is the trueness of Thanksgiving  
No pilgrimages or Indians  
Though this may have somehow  
been the message of this so called meeting  
but it is really just a misuse of metaphors  
Thanksgiving...ha...we turned around and  
drove them from their land  
and killed them by taking away  
everything that they loved  
and that is the earth  
We in turn destroy the earth with  
an undying comet that accelerates more  
and more to the earth's core to explode  
it with an implosion that nature will  
feed us like a doctor  
A taste of our own medicine  
Be thankful because we are alive  
We can change this diagnosis  
Democrat or republican it doesn't matter  
we all have this burden  
Now carry it you weaklings

Theorem The Truth Serum

# What

What do you love?  
What do you want?  
What do you need?  
What, what, what,  
what, what?  
What is what?  
What are wants  
and what are needs?  
What is love?  
Life gets more confusing  
once you learn that  
nothing has a straight answer.  
Point of views are the answers  
and what good is a point of view  
if it is not a moral one?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# What Are Bees Without Their Honey?

I can deny  
I'm dry  
alone  
confused  
and condoned  
allowed and still well  
look at my smile  
can't you tell  
it's vibrant  
and alive  
like the bees  
in the hive  
but still  
where is my honey  
now that I got the money  
I'm awkward but funny  
where is my honey

Theorem The Truth Serum

# What Is Life Without Love?

Take my hand  
We'll fly across the sky  
Like a message dangling from an airplane  
It will say love one another  
Let's love each other  
We're all just struggling orphans  
Who want to survive  
In peace and in love  
But we can't explain  
Why we always find pain

Life is a mystery  
Death is our misery  
Love is in history  
Atleast it appears to be  
What is life without love?  
What is life without love?  
War is engraved in us  
Like our name on a tombstone  
There is no escaping it  
What if it was about love  
And not our selfish needs  
I think it would suit us better  
What's its purpose without love?  
I look at it like a disease  
Could we cure it please  
It's a house without a roof  
What is it projecting?  
Who is it protecting?

Life is a mystery  
Death is our misery  
Love is in history  
Atleast it appears to be  
What is life without love?  
What is life without love?

A man on the streets

With five layers of clothes  
Trying to survive through the winter  
Is without love

Theorem The Truth Serum

# What Is The Value Of One?

What good does fame really do?

It opens up individuals to a lot of temptation.

They are known and can pretty much  
get out of anything that they do.

I think fame sets glorification  
where glorification doesn't belong.

What good does one person's greed do  
other than the preservation of one individual?

Let's glorify the people who get up everyday  
and risk their lives to keep this world in working order,  
but do we really want that to happen?

What good has our production really done lately?

Hard work may be valuable,  
but is it really valuable?

Theorem The Truth Serum

## When They Are Not Said

I can peer through the window all day  
Just to catch something fair inside my eye  
Let it be a reflective glow  
Let them see the reflection of  
What my mind is thinking  
Because sometimes things  
Are better when they are not said  
Let the silence of my motion  
Be the language that speaks to you  
Because sometimes things  
Are better when they are not said  
And sometimes things are better  
when they are not read  
Then we can get on with doing  
What we were meant to be doing

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Where Has Art Gone?

TV actors struggle with their ineffectiveness  
to create a believable character that  
is why TV is not believable.  
They must work around these peoples shortcomings.  
Most of the actors nowadays are all crap  
there are too many of them doing it all for the money.  
Where has art gone?

It is lost to the world like respect.  
If art was truly loved again  
then so would a person with a good heart.  
If art was loved then so would romance  
because romance is the art of love.  
If the art of love came back then the art of violence  
shall be killed by a sword forged by the art of love.  
The passion inside the heart of love burns  
much hotter than the one of the art of violence.  
We love plastic because we are plastic.  
Fake and manufactured, that is what we all are.  
Even a blind man can find this through the dark.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Who Starts The Wars?

I'm sick of yelling at the TV  
and getting no response.

It's a waste of my time,  
as is protesting.

I think more people go there to  
drink and to look at women,  
than they do to actually argue their point.

Everybody is becoming careless  
because they are restless when they care.

I agree that it is easier not to care,  
but then no change will come about.

We really don't fall into the realm  
of change, because they will not let  
us change anything.

There is always a word that they like to  
throw around, unconstitutional.

Is there really a real definition of this word  
or is it a view that lies in our hearts?

Meaning that we have to be appointed  
to a position in order for us to use this word,  
because if we argue about an interpretation  
it really only falls on the ears of those who cannot help you.

I have spent many nights thinking about how I wish to change things,  
But how can I really change anything.

We got voting machines made by Diebold  
that have a mind of their own and vote for the republican.

Why?

Because he is a friend of the republicans.

We have this worthless group called PNAC  
that thinks in order to unify the world,  
we have to start wars in multiple fronts.

These being the so called nuclear threats  
when we are the nuclear threat  
because we have actually used one.

We made this nuclear threat by using the 'big boy' and 'little boy'.

People argue that if we didn't make it Germany would have.

Germany was done with...we didn't have to drop them there now did we?

We dropped them on Japan,

thus ending a war that started another one,

which started another one,  
which will of course start many more.  
Who is the threat?  
Who starts the wars?

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Willow Trees

I miss the carefree days among the willow trees  
whose green hair grew wild and jungle-like.  
She didn't mind when I plucked a whip from her scalp  
or when I grabbed a bunch of them to fashion  
a rope that in which we used to swing on.  
The willow tree, she was a kind babysitter  
who didn't mind our abuse towards her.  
She let us play upon her freely.  
Oh how I miss those days at the park  
with the willow trees, wild and free.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# With Poetry

With poetry  
I have found a purpose

With poetry  
things just seem easier

With poetry  
words will dance the tango

With poetry  
I can put meaning to my thoughts

With poetry  
I can ramble on and on

With poetry  
everything is easier

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Without You We Are Nothing

Truth is the only thing  
that makes life worth living.  
Love is true and can never be avoided.  
Our dreams are true  
and we hope to achieve them.  
Truth is the only thing  
that is worth our time to search for.  
Unfortunately lies show their ugly face,  
but they are not pretty  
and they are usually noticeable.  
Truth on the other hand, is hard to find  
and it is hard to feel.  
Please make yourself seen oh truth of truths,  
because without you we are nothing.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Words-Verbs-Expression

Hip hop can be a poem  
Just like a family tree can be a totem  
Representation in the words  
Drastic action in the verbs  
A collaborative suggestion  
From the mind, body, and soul through secretion  
Let it drive you to your destination  
Your body elements need a vehicle  
So your thoughts can turn into particles  
That add up to the sum of your expression  
You can't leave a likeness if you don't leave an impression  
Whether it's a footprint or a penned script  
Or if it's said outloud or silent and lipped  
It's equally important as the sun and oxygen  
Just like those every man needs his den  
It's where I pick up my pen and start to write  
Whether it's hip hop or rock it's got vision, it's got sight  
My words stare you down till you look and confront  
They target both sides of the brain from the back to the front  
Let them come in this is an intro to my philosophy  
What is next to follow can only be me  
Salteen with no i just a double E  
AKA Cokbod Lodwogo so you'd remember me  
I like bein' a crack as opposed to a full on G  
Just know I'll be writing words till my eyes close completely

Theorem The Truth Serum

# World Reverting Back To Imperialism

I can hear the cries coming from Africa.  
The people of bludgeoned nations  
that cannot unite with one another.  
The people look like they know  
that they are completely forgotten.  
The imperialists from the past  
still get to keep their loot that  
has now long been 'theirs'.  
The Africans are fighting each other  
when they should fight to get  
their property that is owed to them.  
Their lives would be more enriched  
if they had a sense of self.  
Their own people have given into  
imperialism and force this view upon  
their own people without regret.  
They got guns and they got drugs.  
They got food and they got 'power'.  
There is civil war and there is slavery.  
The real imperialists sit at home and read  
their papers and condone an irresponsible  
war like Iraq because we don't speak  
against it as much as we should.  
We should be fighting for Africa.  
We should be fighting for humanity.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Wouldn'T We Give It All Up For Love?

Wouldn't we give it all up for love?  
This war and our jobs?  
Everything that we know and are comfortable with,  
wouldn't it all just seem second best?  
Your lips and this kiss I'd rather have.  
I'd give up my heart just for one more.  
I'd give up ever thinking about politics or war.  
I would rather have you instead.  
If I couldn't, I'd rather be dead.  
You can take my possessions  
and everything I've ever done.  
I just want one kiss to see if you're the one.  
Yes, I'd give it all up for love.  
Just to feel the fire burning in my soul,  
I'd take a thousand lashes set upon my flesh.  
I'd keep them open and live through the pain,  
because it's for love and I won't refrain.  
I'd walk through forests of rain  
and fight off bears just so I can claim,  
'This heart, this body is all for you.  
Choose to take it or do what want to do.  
Leave it behind, but know that it is all for you.'  
Wouldn't you give it all up for love?  
Why not you ignorant coward?  
You must not know how it tastes  
and I sympathize for this lack,  
but do not simmer in this ignorance  
until you yourself understand the meaning.  
Maybe then you too would give it all up for love,  
so you can ask others,  
'Wouldn't we give it all up for love? '

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Would've Been Short

I know that you have a boyfriend  
I can just tell  
By the way you turned your head  
Your long dark hair  
Waved good-bye  
And your eyes never met my silhouette again  
It was a shame but not really  
I could tell that how you laughed  
Whenever he bought you a drink  
You just acted coy  
Man....your timing was perfect  
He ate you up like a truffle  
He didn't care too much either  
His slow hands were having their way  
With your smooth tanned skin  
You dropped naked to his touch  
I'm sure it would have been fun  
To be the one who is delivering  
But then again  
Time with you  
Would've been short

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Writers?

Writers?

You call them writers?

They write things that are  
put out to sooth our troubled minds.

Isn't that the actions of drugs?

Used to escape reality so that  
we can become a part of a few  
moments of controlled false reality?

What happens when you leave the experience?

You come out to the same world  
with the same problems.

In my youthful experiences,  
drugs are better because you come  
to your own self-found realizations  
not ones concluded by a fake fluffy  
cloud embodied by the ideas of  
a so-called writer who whores themselves  
out for the riches that money can provide.

If anyone wanted to publish me,  
they'd have to find me because I am  
not looking for them.

A true artist is not cheap and petty like  
a television script writer.

A true writer soaks in his own art  
preformed by their own point of view  
that is completely uncompromising.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Yo-Sah-Mite

Surrounded by granite walls  
I marveled at the cracks  
And bumps upon the side  
Of the mountains  
I could see El Capitan  
And Half Dome  
I can honestly say  
That I feel at home  
Inside this rocky embrace  
Being in this valley is like  
Being hugged all day by  
The person who matters to you most  
I don't want to blink  
I'd rather have my eyes pried open  
If I was given an eternal task  
I would love to protect and preserve this place

Theorem The Truth Serum

# You Me And The \*stars\* Tonight

I could walk with you into the night  
You me and the stars tonight  
Accomplish a memory  
So sweet cause it is you  
Soft touches  
Soft voices  
It is nameless  
It could be a poem  
It could be a love story  
It could be our story  
It could be just us  
You me and the stars tonight

Theorem The Truth Serum

# You'LI Do Fine

So...your having a baby.

You might be scared.

You'll be alright.

The fact that you are concerned means that you care.

The fact that you care will mean that you will love.

Since you love, you will give it your best shot and I bet  
your best shot is a good one.

Right between the eyes...

it's where you got to aim.

Execution will come after thought.

You'll draw from your highest example and think what would they do.

Our behavior as a parent is in our genetic code.

It's what makes us individuals.

Communication at both ends is thee conquering factor.

In this, solutions will be found.

Punishments can be well placed.

Consistency can be well placed.

Good luck you'll do fine.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Your Eyes Rain On Me

Your eyes rain on me  
like the depressing  
rains of winter.  
My eyes look at  
you with a native  
rain dance hoping  
that their winter  
representation would go away.  
You keep walking by  
as if I am  
not really here.  
I'll just sit right here  
and drink beer.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Your Path To Flight

We all start out like little birds;  
all we want to do is just fly.  
You don't need wings or  
even a plane to fly.  
All you need is brain  
and goals that are met, to fly.  
A featherless bird eats until  
it realizes that it wants to fly.  
Once it does it stands  
and flies almost instantly.  
Grab a hold of a little  
urgency that is somewhere  
in the filing cabinet of your mind.  
In those cabinets there is the blueprint  
that will turn you into a flying contraption.  
We are all like Wright brothers and birds.  
All they wanted to do was fly, so they did.  
Simplify your path and you will invent  
your path to flight.

Theorem The Truth Serum



# Your Sails

Our life is a reflection of who we are,  
what we are capable of doing.  
A wasted minute is a wasted breath  
and it is an insult to those who died young  
or wish they could still live.  
We should walk this earth with our heads  
held high and looking to the mountains,  
for they are the highest thing in our horizon.  
One who stands on them can see all  
that goes around them as if they are a god.  
Know that there are very few that reach their peak,  
you should always climb until you hit your peak.  
Never give up until you hit your peak,  
the place you were meant to go.  
Everyday is a rebirth and you get to start over.  
Do not repeat regrets, just squash them when you can.  
Learn from your mistakes so you don't repeat them again.  
A life on rewind is a mundane desert of never ending sand.  
A life that moves forward is moving with direction.  
Find the wind that blows for your sails.

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Your Smile Tells Me Everything

Your smile speaks in words  
that I can understand  
It is your lips that move  
with your tongue  
to form words that I cannot  
It still doesn't change anything  
Your smile tells me everything  
that I want to know

Theorem The Truth Serum

# Zookeepers

A zoo describes the world we all live in  
and the US is the zookeepers putting Africa on  
a time table to which they get fed supplies.  
The Europeans are the the big cats because  
they are favored with big slabs of steak.  
The Islamic desert countries are the reptiles,  
we look at them as being vile yet fascinating.  
We keep them in the smallest cage so they  
are rendered practically powerless.  
The Russians are the gorillas who we watch  
closely because we know they are a threat  
that could do a lot of damage if anyone gets close.  
The Chinese are the rhinos temperamental big  
and powerful animals that like to show all their  
cards right on their faces in the form of horns.  
North Korean is the orangutan throwing itself  
at the world while the world is hit in the face  
and offended when they find out that it was fecal material.  
Really we need to get away from these zoo keeping tactics  
and become a part of the zoo and let the whole world  
try to survive in the cage they were given all on their own.

Theorem The Truth Serum